

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF

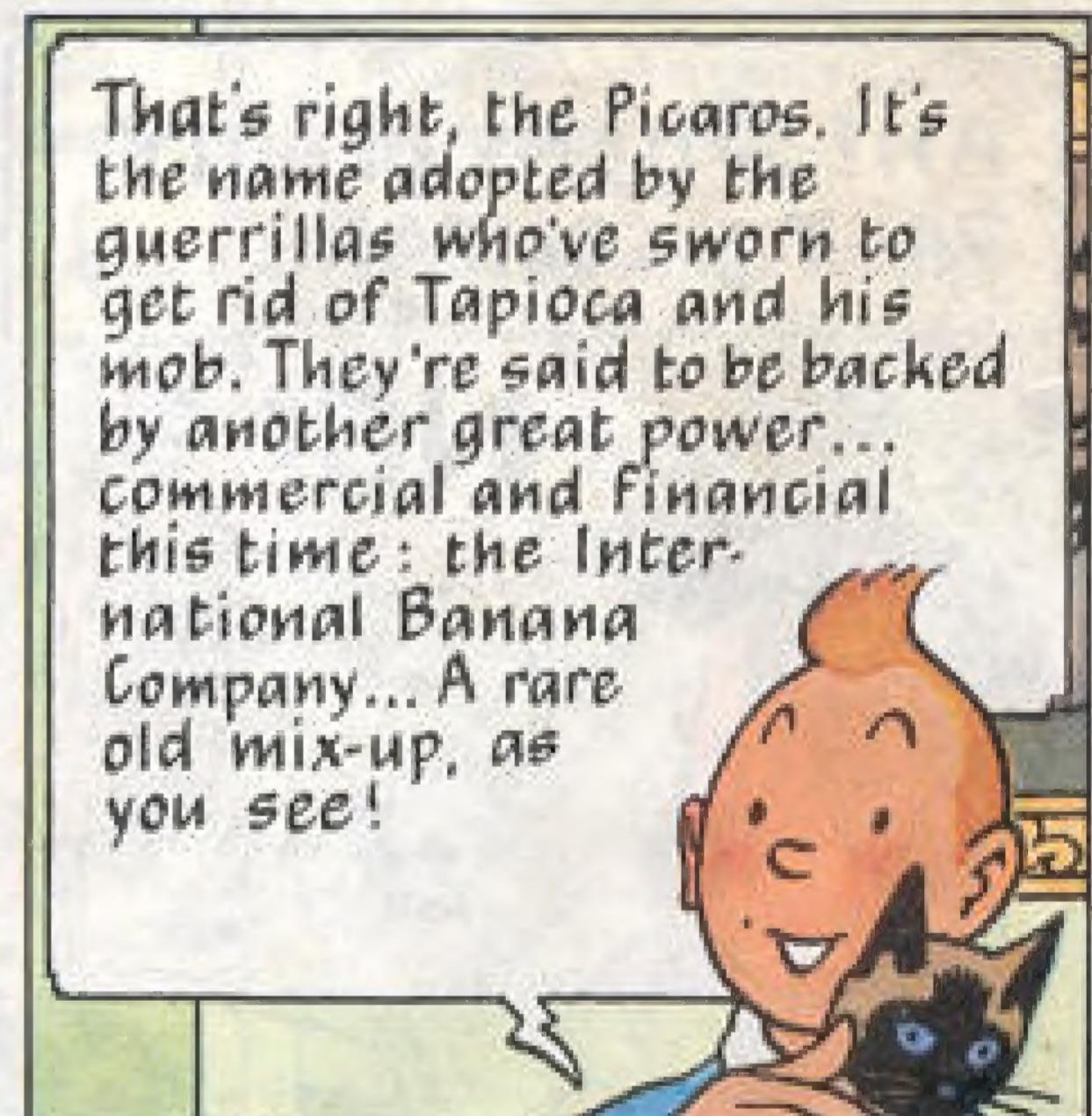
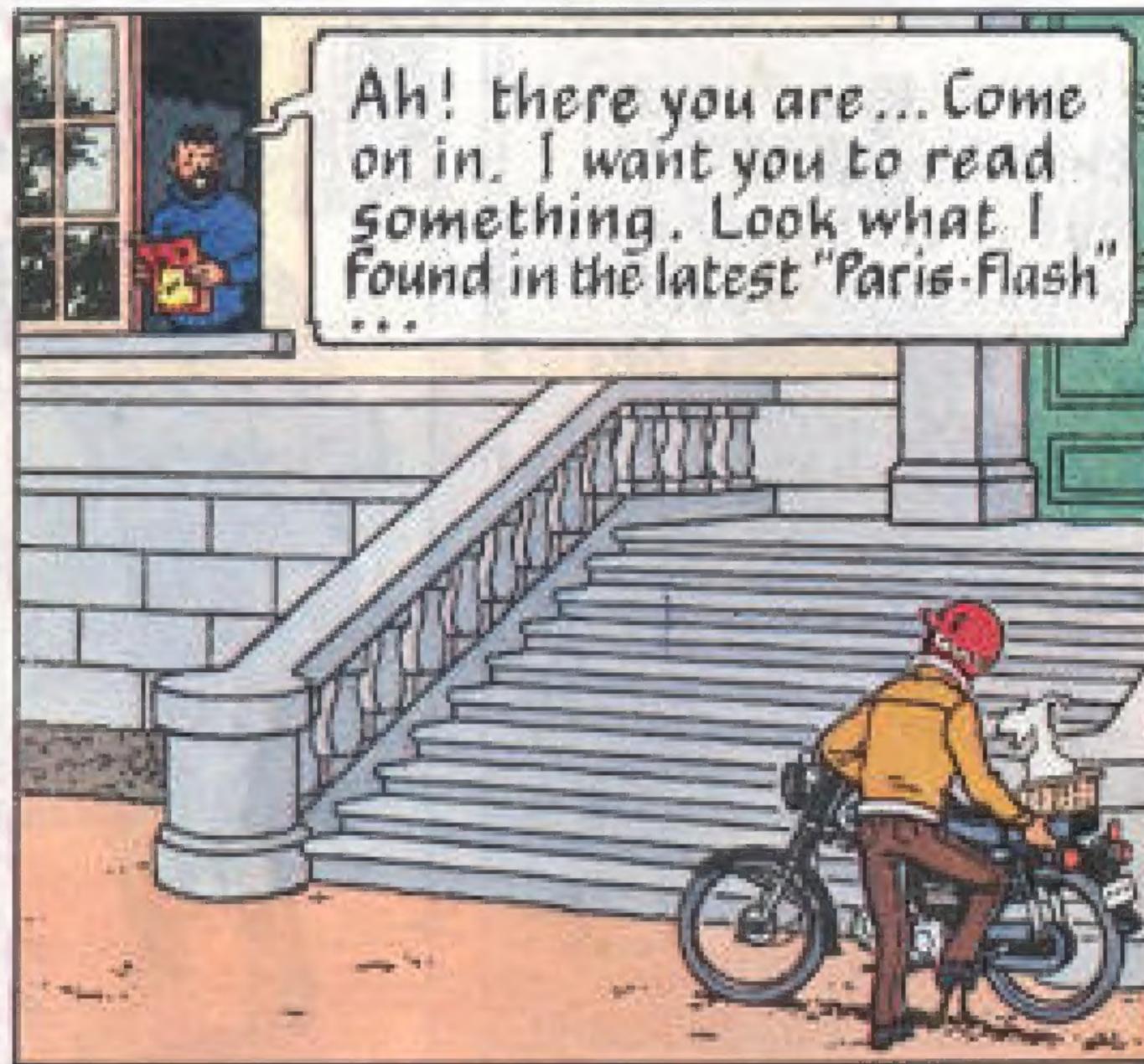
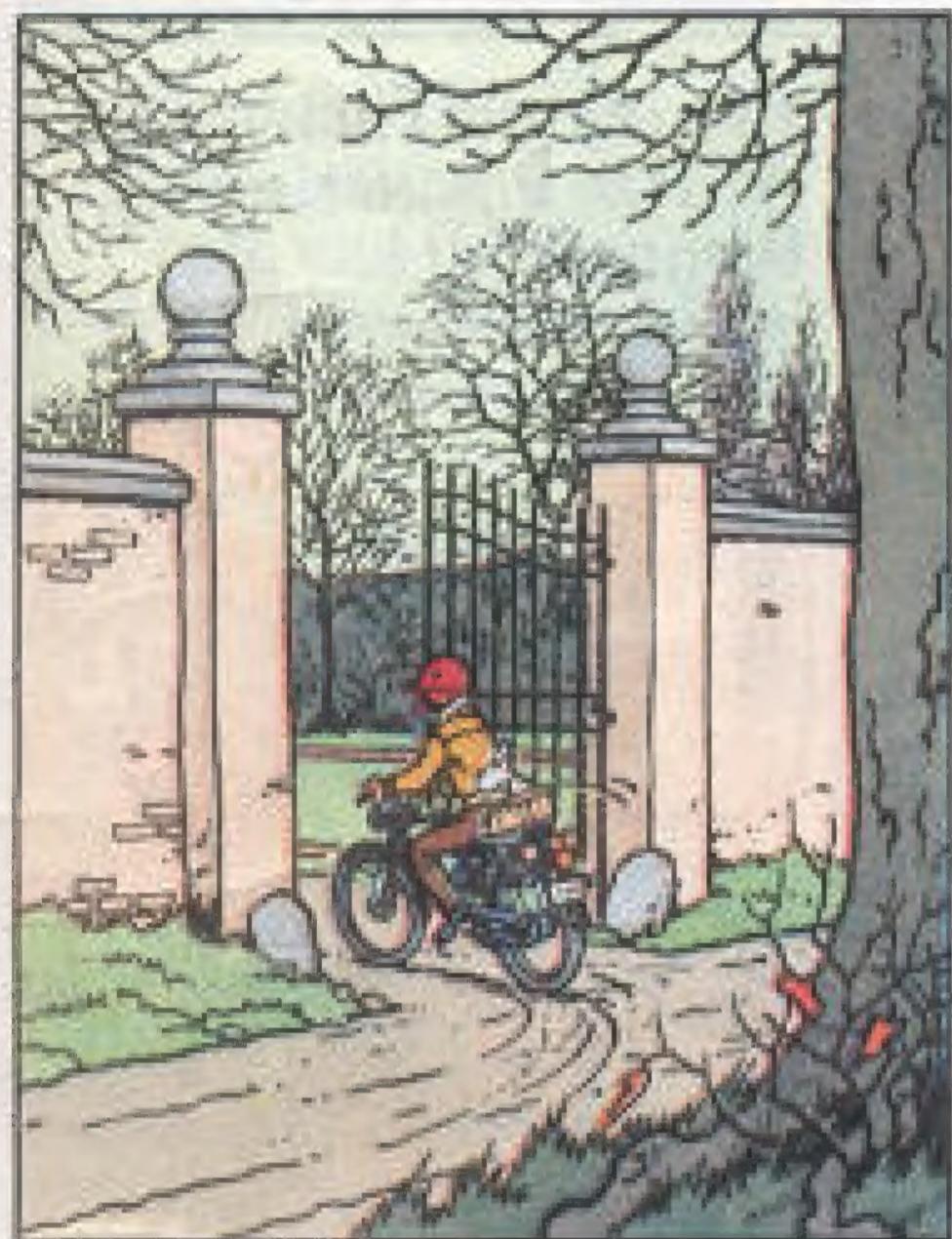
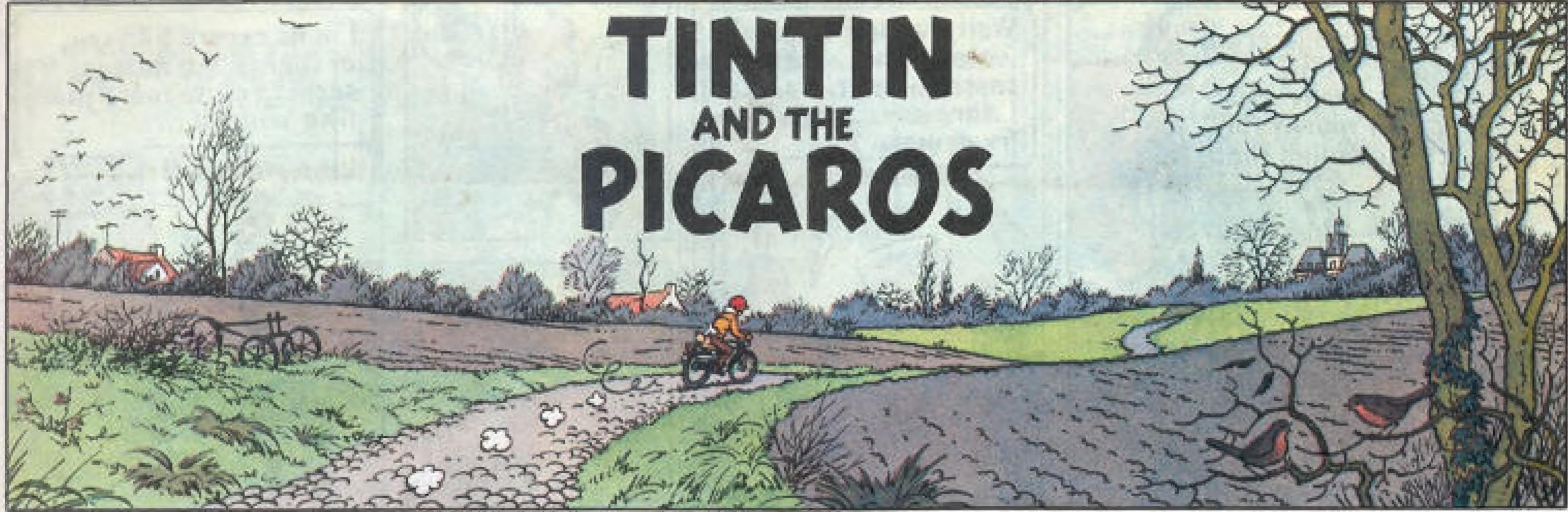
# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



MAGNET



# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Some anamorphic aardvark switched my whisky for this... this cleaning fluid!

Cleaning Fluid ?!?

Well, bottled bilge-water, then... it all tastes much the same, I dare say... Here ! Try some !

I ...

I'm no expert like you, of course, but it does seem to me to taste just like whisky ...

Like whisky ?!

My poor young friend, if that's a glass of whisky, I'm a jellied eel ! And as you so rightly pointed out, I'm an expert and I know a bit about it !

Of course, of course... But still...

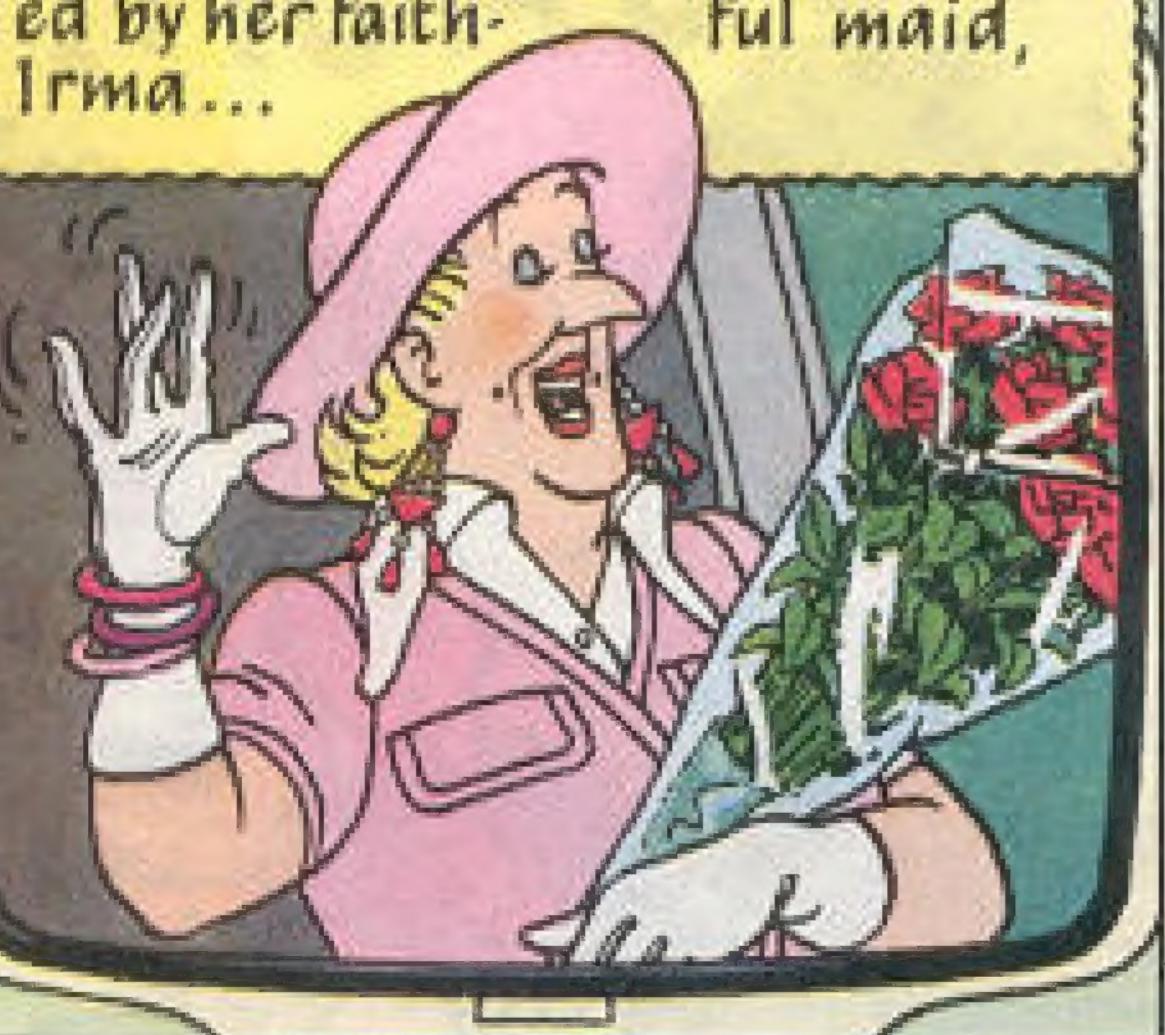
I don't know what that hogwash is, but it certainly isn't whisky. However, just to please you, I'm prepared to give it another try...

Pfouagh!... Filthy!... Foul!... Disgusting!... Disgraceful!...

AH ! *AS MY BEAUTY PAST I COMPARE ...*

NO !

...where she met with a tumultuous welcome. As usual, she is attended by her faithful maid, Irma ...



...THESE JEWELS BRIGHT I WEAR♪  
...Everyone knows the golden voice of the famous Bianca Castafiore...



... who continues her triumphant tour through Latin America. Today she arrived in Tapiocapolis, capital of San Theodoros ...

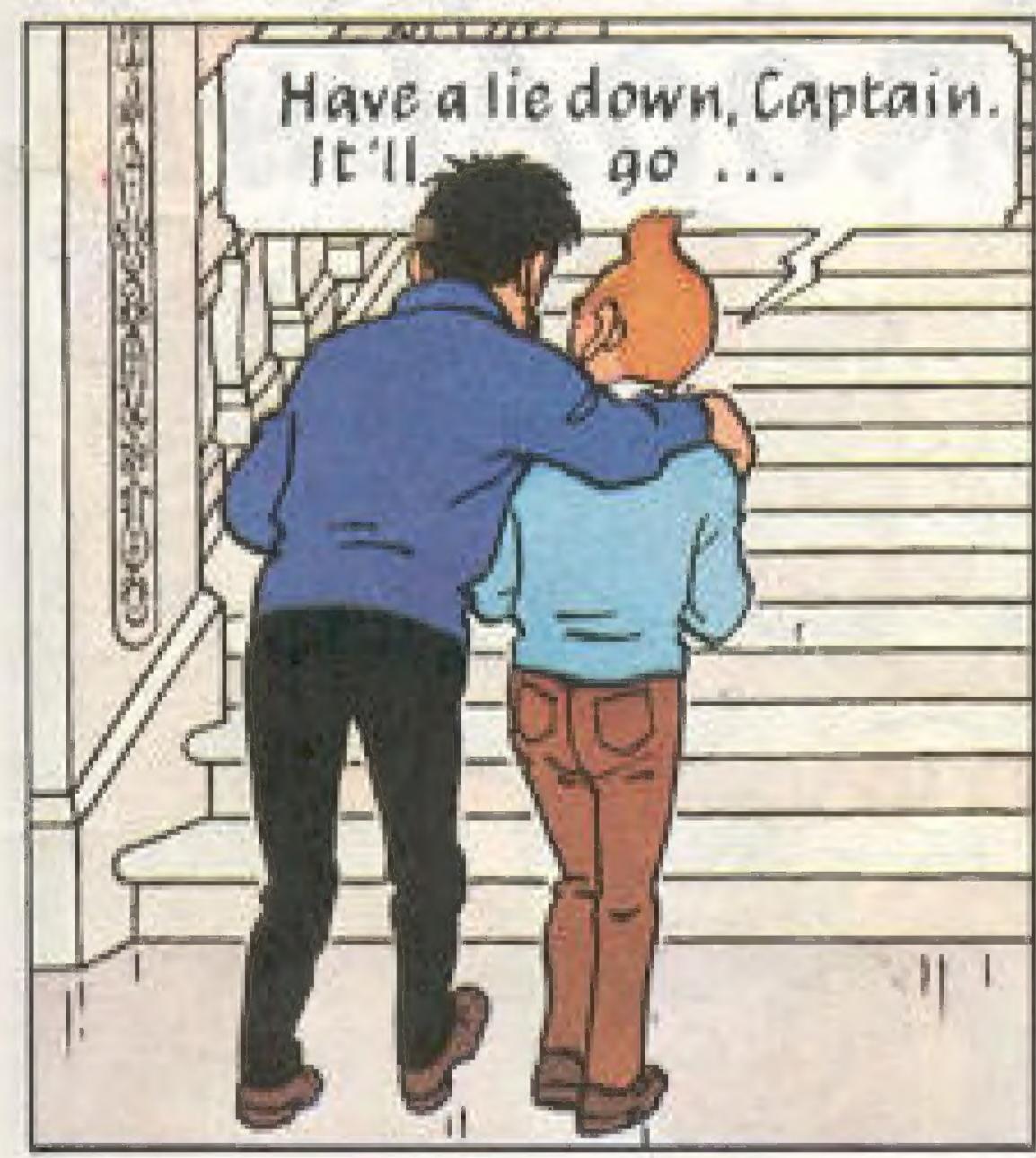
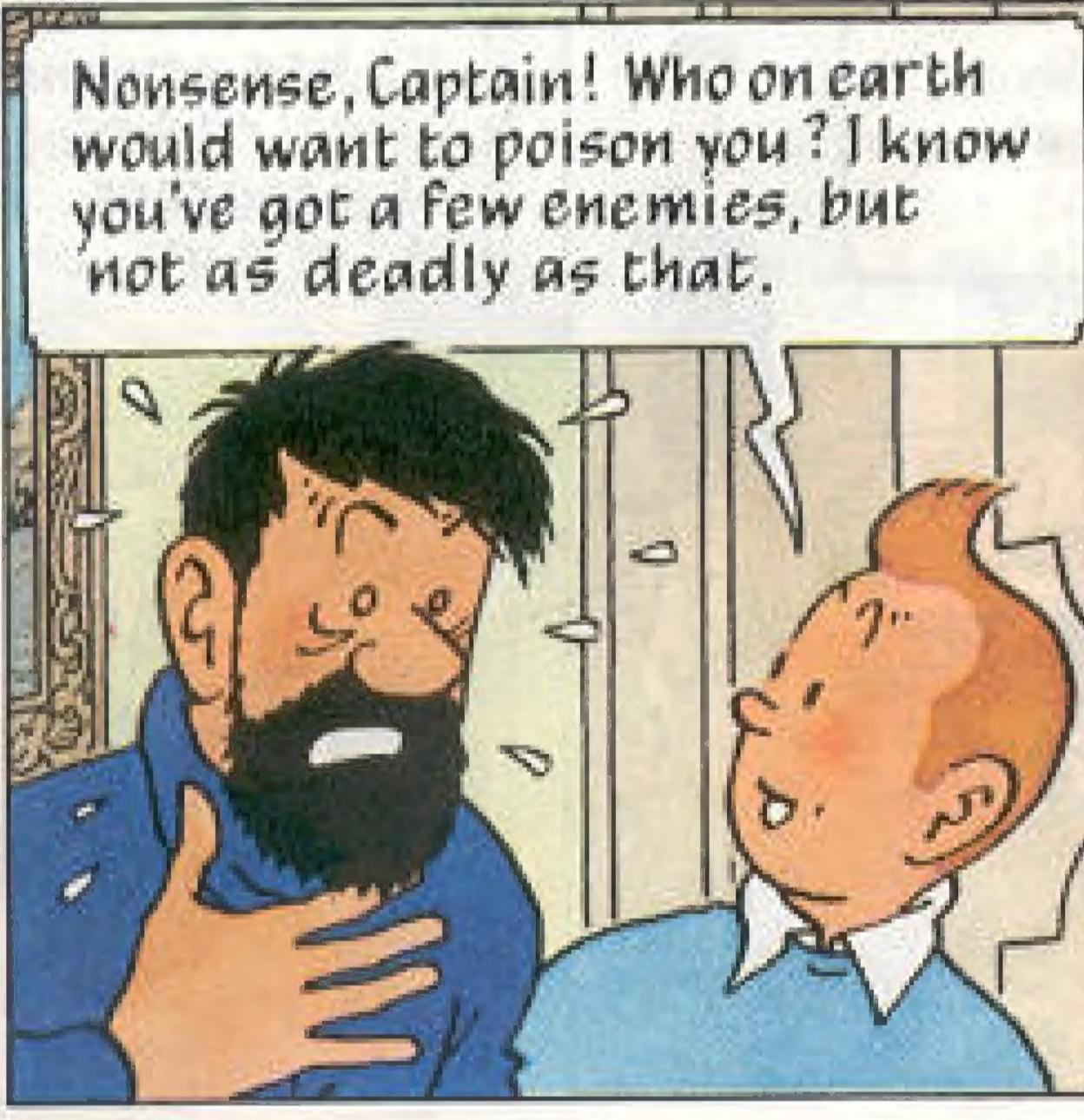
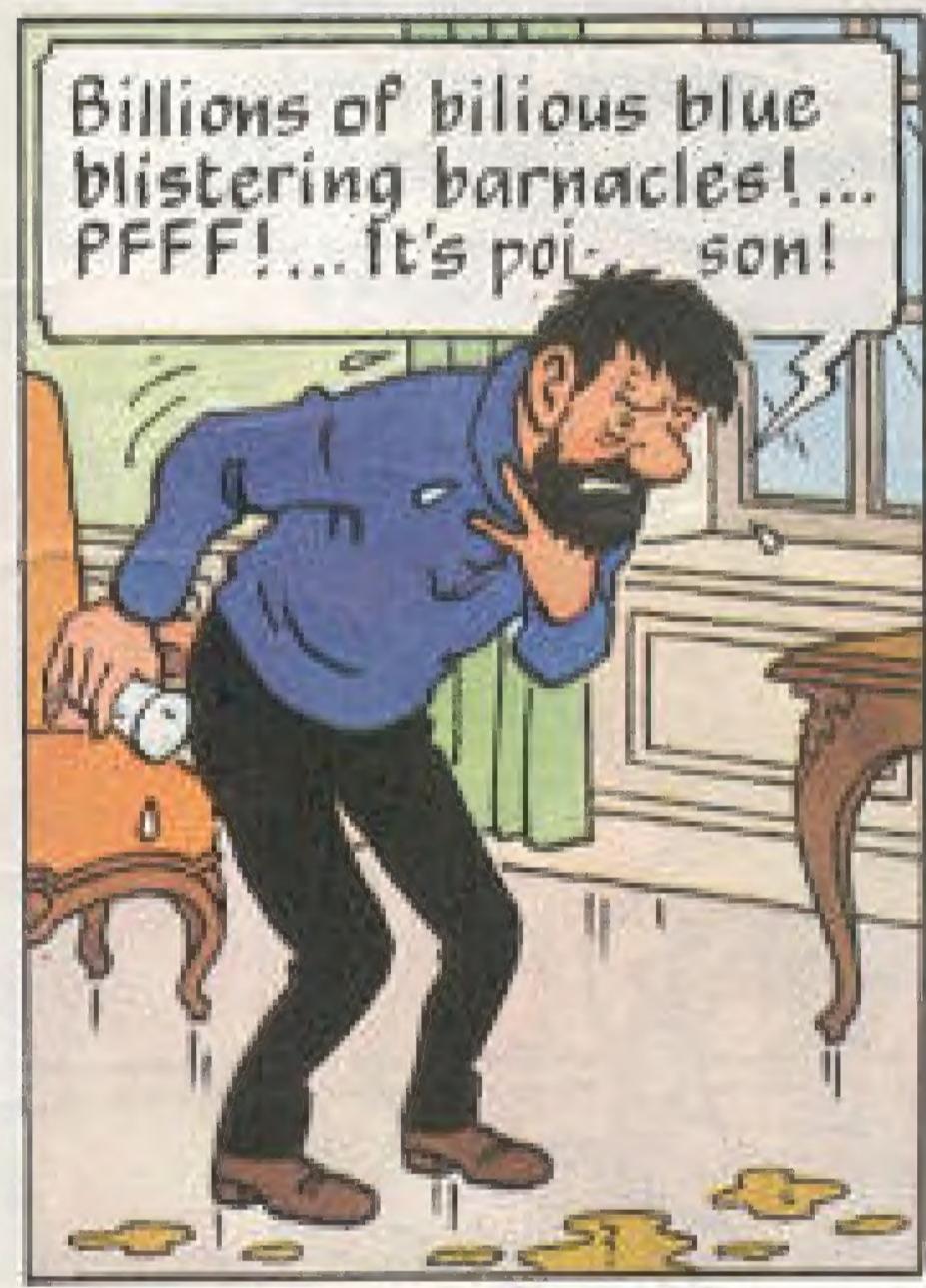
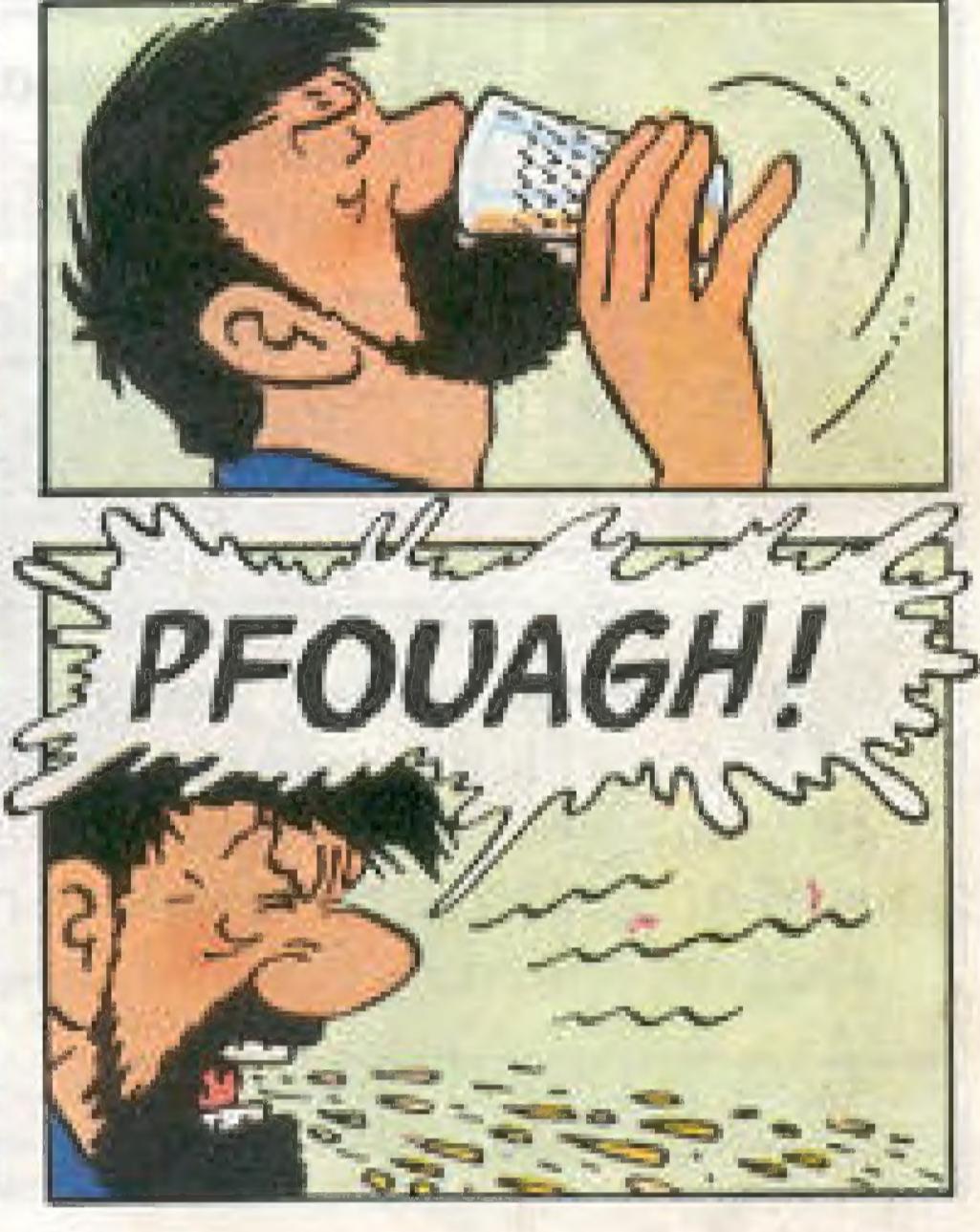
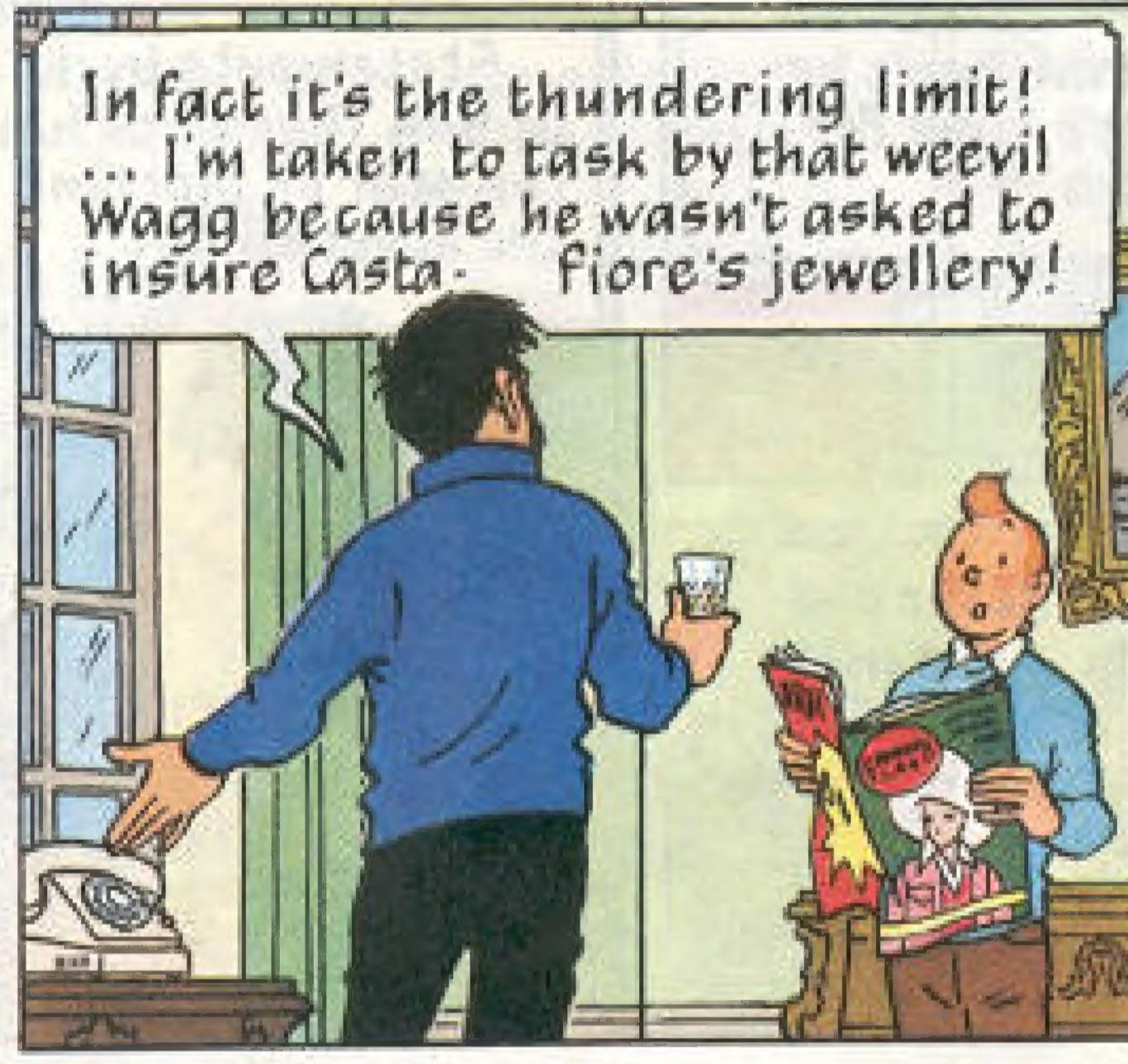
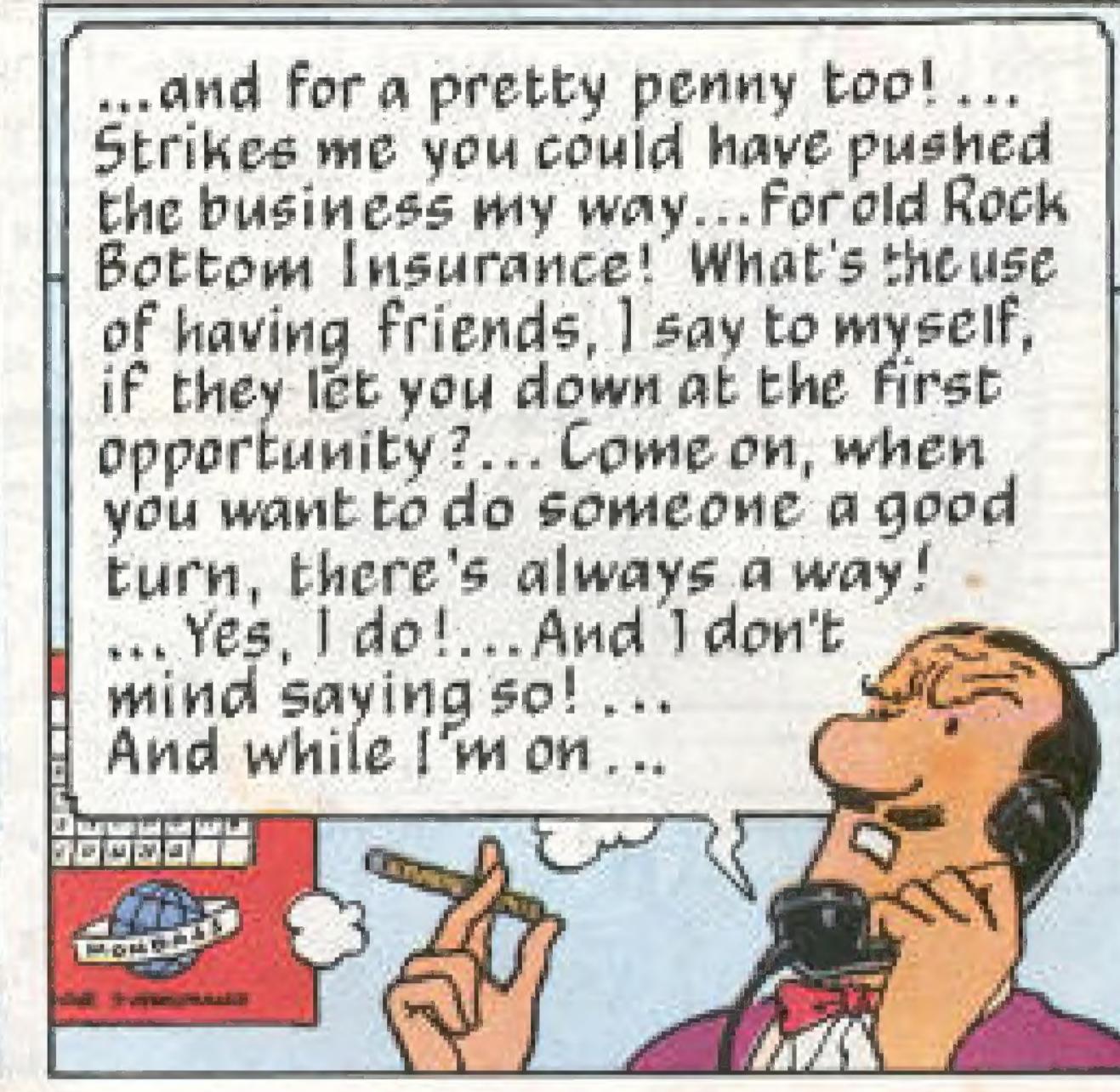


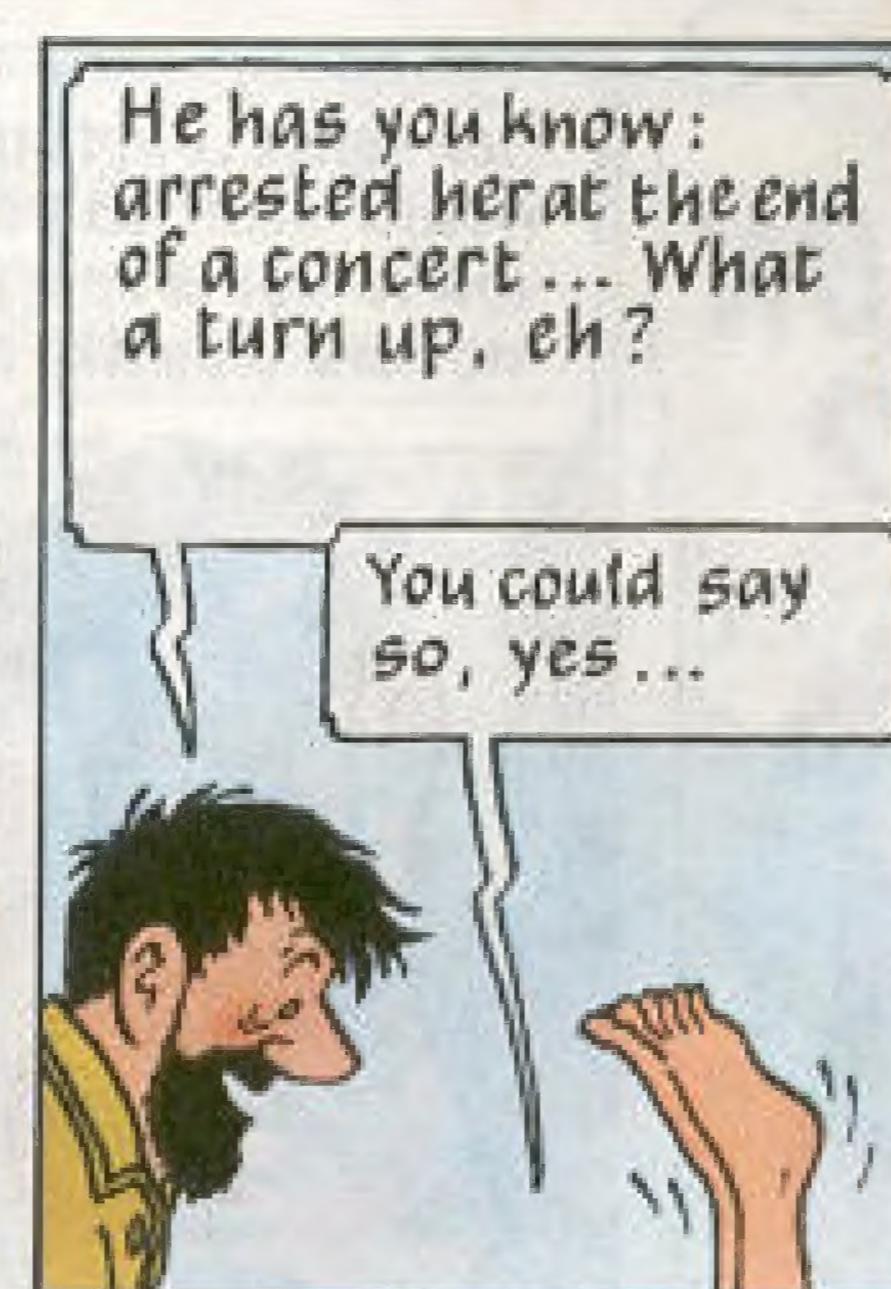
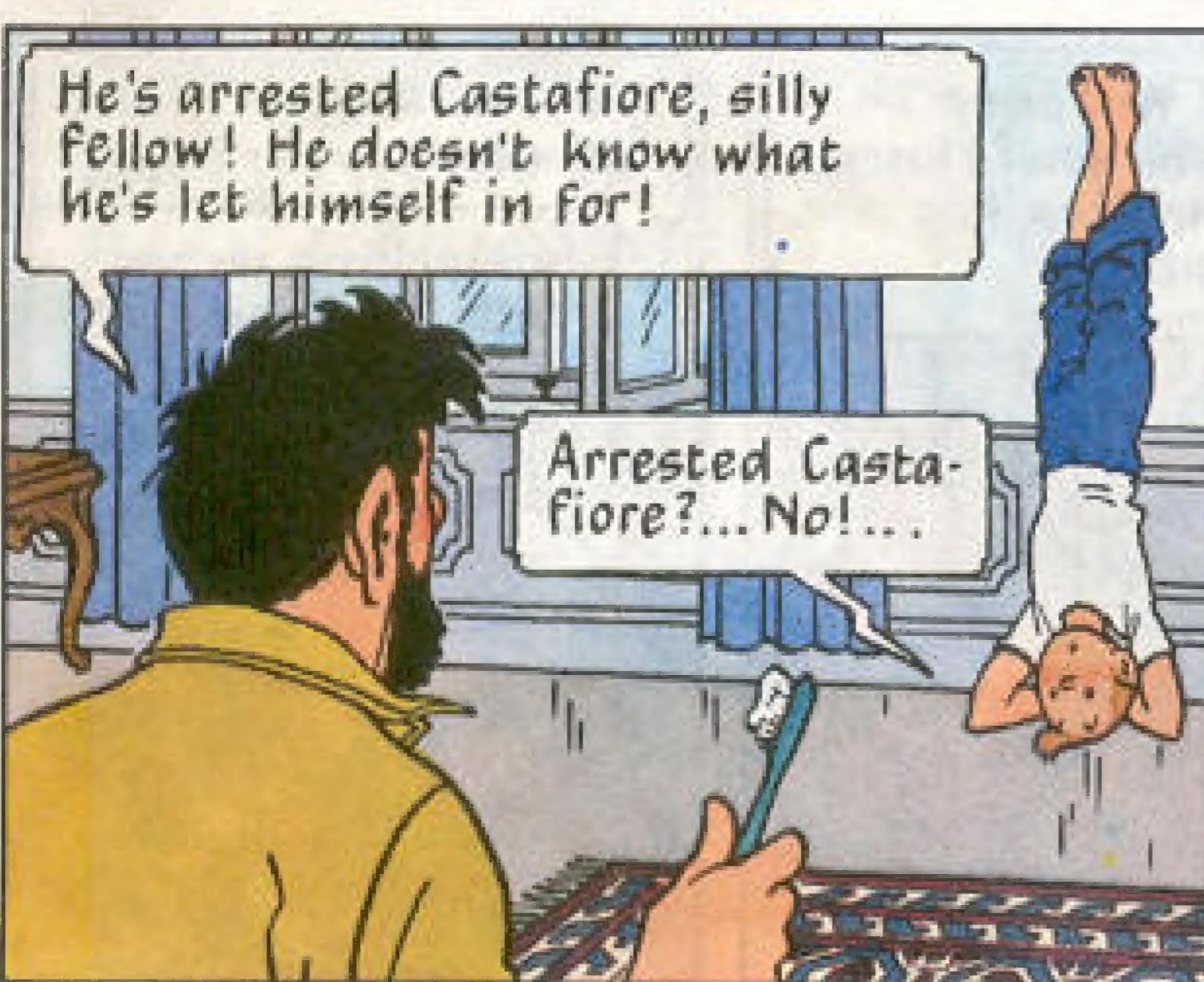
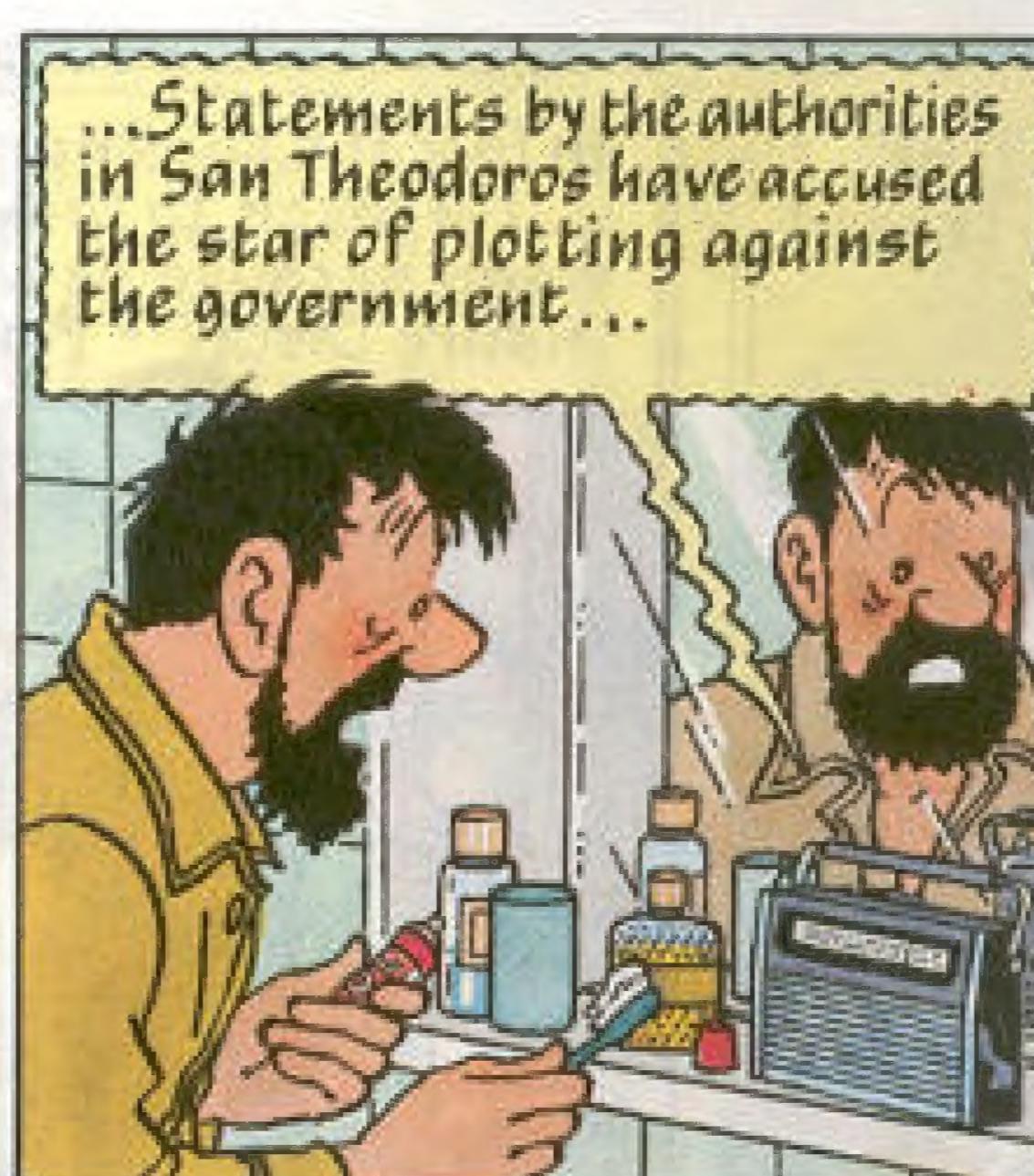
...and her accompanist, Igor Wagner. Also in her entourage, to watch over her jewels... insured for millions of dollars ...



...are two certified detectives, always on the alert, always following discreetly in her footsteps.







Listen to this, Tintin: it's positively hilarious!

Go ahead.  
I'm all ears.

each  
have been  
ference when the n  
erwards. Some agree  
no statement was issued.

## STAR IN TERRORIST PLOT BIANCA CASTAFIORE ARRESTED

TAPIOCAPOLIS, T  
International oper  
Bianca (Milanese  
Castafiore was a  
tonight by the S  
Theodoros pol  
is accused of  
against the st  
Members of  
entourage  
taken into  
city

... A search of her luggage re  
vealed documents which prove  
conclusively the existence  
of a plot aimed at the removal  
of General Tapioca and the  
overthrow of his regime ...

... The San Theodorion government  
have let it be known that the plot  
is centred in a West European  
country, where the singer was  
staying before her departure for  
South America.

It's just like a  
cheap thriller!

Castafiore in a conspiracy!  
A conspiracy of silence, let's  
hope!!

Excuse me, sir, but there are  
two reporters downstairs...  
asking if you will see them.

Already??!

All right. Just let me  
put on a dressing-gown  
and I'll come.

Why, it's Christopher Willoughby-Drupe  
and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".  
What can I do for you, gentlemen?

Good-morning, Captain. Forgive us for  
calling so early, but we wanted to be  
the first to ask what you think of  
this Castafiore business.

What do I think? ...  
Perfectly simple!...

I think it's a load of old  
rubbish! Blistering  
barnacles! Accusing  
Castafiore of  
conspiracy!...  
Ridiculous!

Yes, but what about the accusations  
made against yourself?

Accusations against ME???

Ah, so you don't know about  
that yet? Here, look... in  
today's "Trumpeter"...



Impossible!... Those San Theodolites must be off their tripods!

Oh, it's you. Here, read this. It concerns you, too.

Me?

Yes, you!  
Read it!...

courageous action which will bring widespread benefits.

## CASTAFIORE CONSPIRACY TAPIOCA GOVERNMENT MAKES NEW CHARGES

Tapiocapolis: The Castafiore conspiracy was masterminded from Marlinspike in Western Europe, claimed a government spokesman today. He accused supporters of General Alcazar, and named as principal figures in the plot: Captain Haddock, Tintin the reporter, and Professor Cuthbert Calculus. All three are long-standing friends of General Alcazar. It is known that Signora Bianca Castafiore was recently a guest at Marlinspike Hall, country home of Captain

What is all this? They must be crazy!

You deny it then?

I'll say we do! The whole story is bilge! Bilge from stem to stern!

You're telling me!

# DONG



'Morning squire!

"Daily Reporter"! Hi!

A few words for "Radio-Round", Captain...

... and for "Radio Rave-Up"...

Gentlemen, these accusations are as grotesque as they are false! Us? Conspirators? ... Blue blistering bell-bottomed balderdash!

Seriously... Here comes Professor Calculus. Look at him, then tell me whether you think he's capable of taking part in a conspiracy!

Perfectly, my dear sirs! And proud of it!

Perfectly!... And I weigh my words. It's a shame, I tell you! A scandal! ... Imprisoning a poor, weak woman like that! We must take her case at once to the International Court of Justice!

You deny the allegations, Captain. All the same, General Alcazar is one of your friends, isn't he?

If you say so. But I take it you won't deny that Signora Castafiore has been a guest here, at your invitation?...

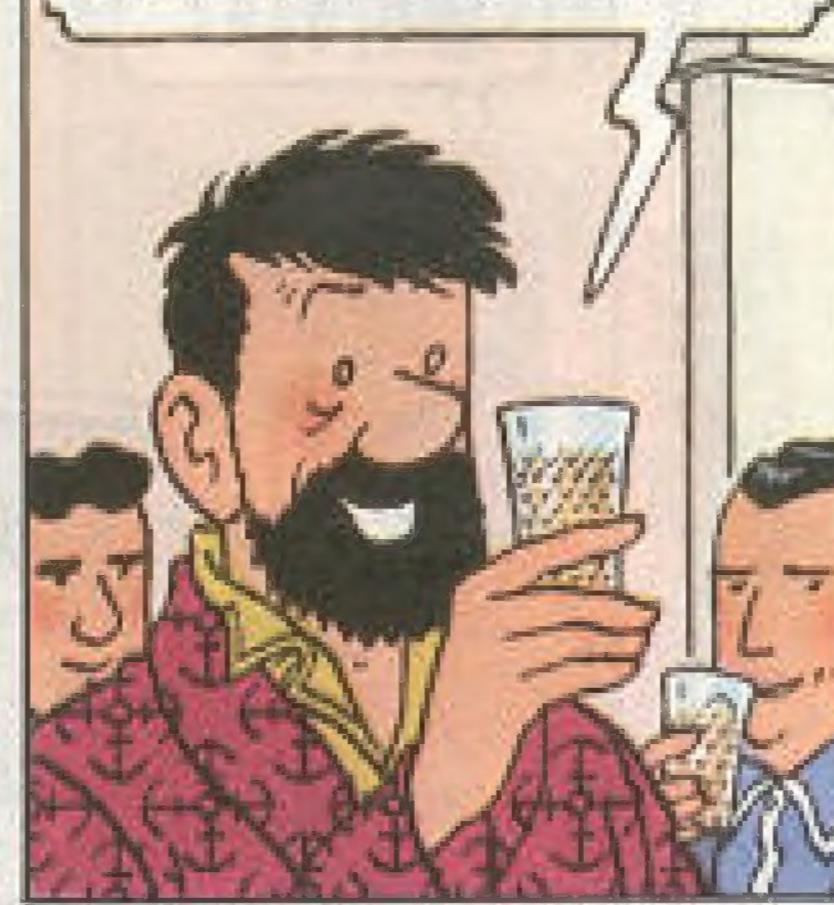
Invitation? You mean invasion! But from that to conspiracy...



Still, let's not discuss it any more. I tell you, the accusations are insane... Now, gentlemen, let me offer you some whisky ...

Let's drink to the release of the Milanese Nightingale, and...

... your good health!

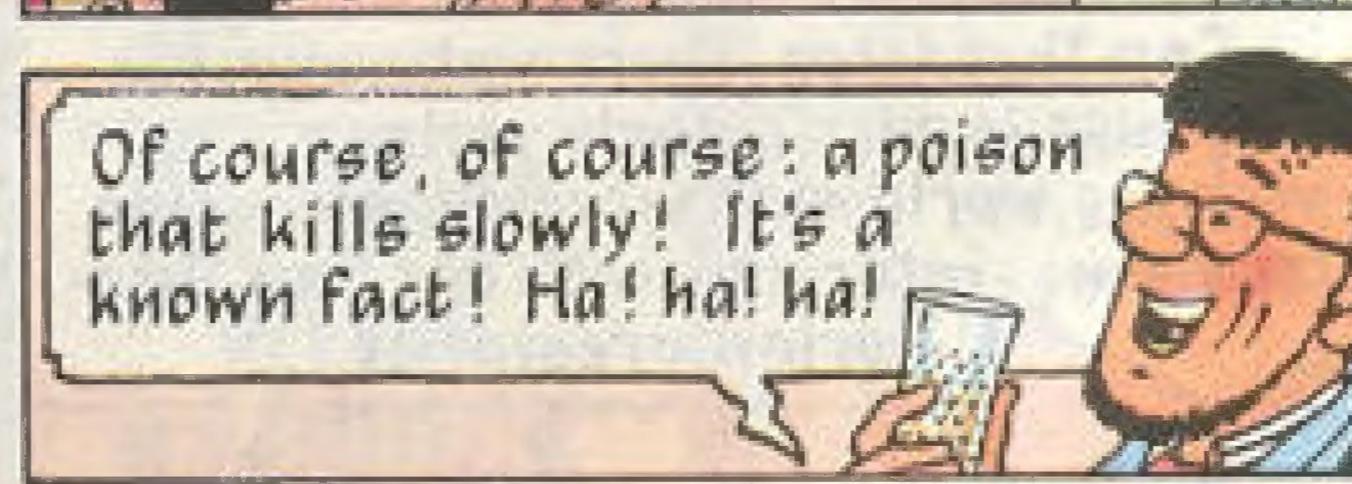


Stop! Don't touch it!... There must be some mistake. This whisky is quite undrinkable!

Undrinkable? On the contrary, it's excellent!

You mustn't drink it, I tell you! It tastes like poison!

I'm the only one who finds the whisky revolting. Why? There's something fishy going on ...

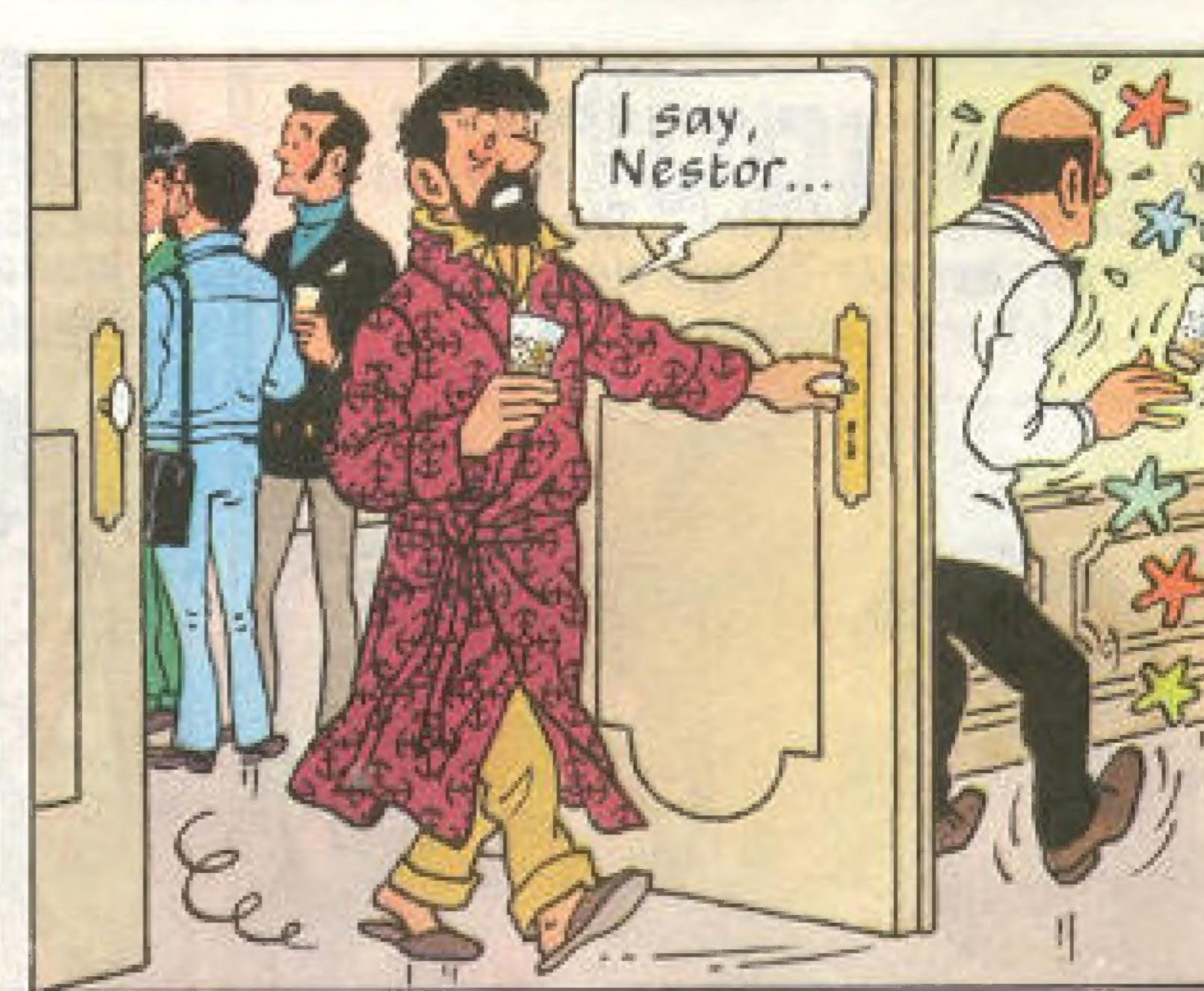
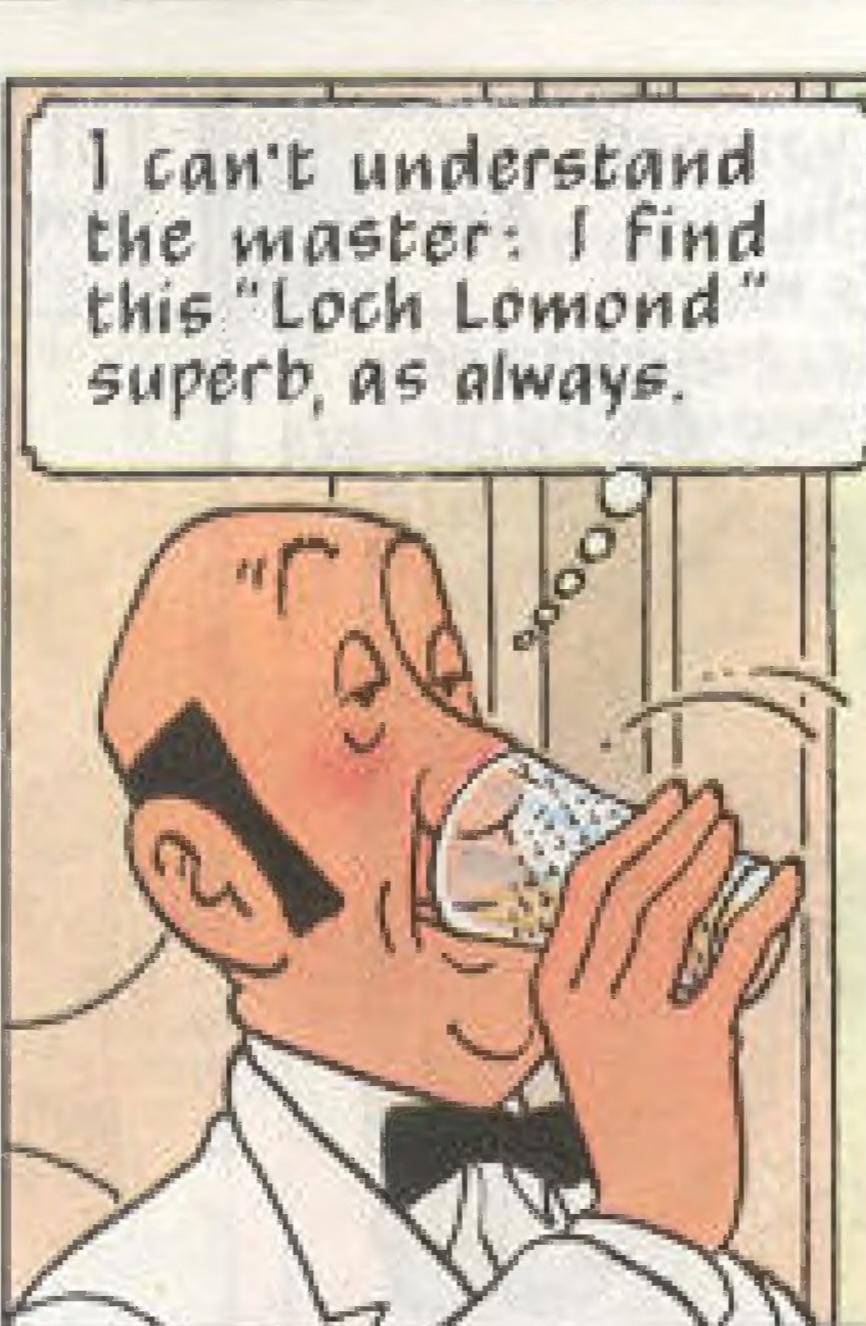


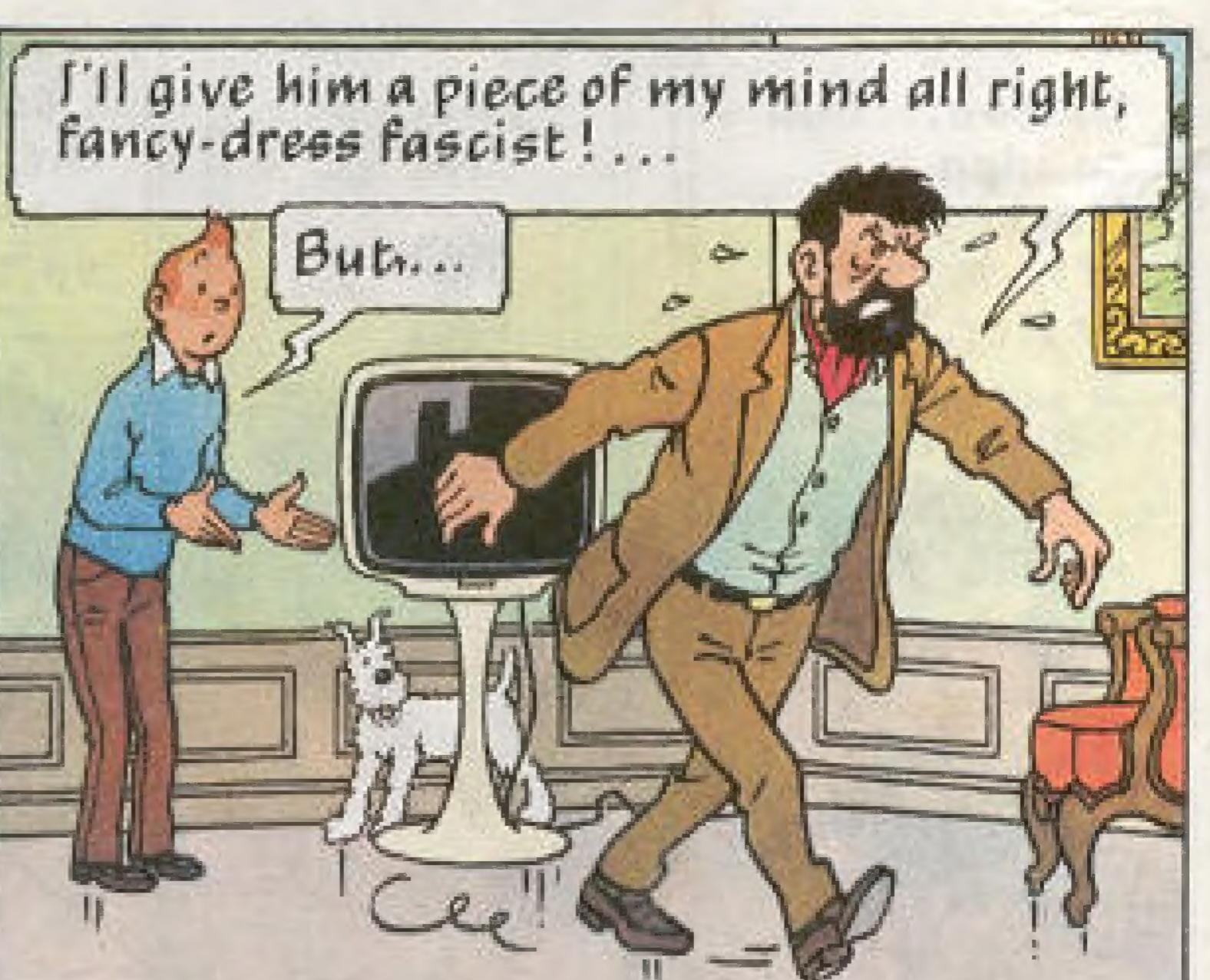
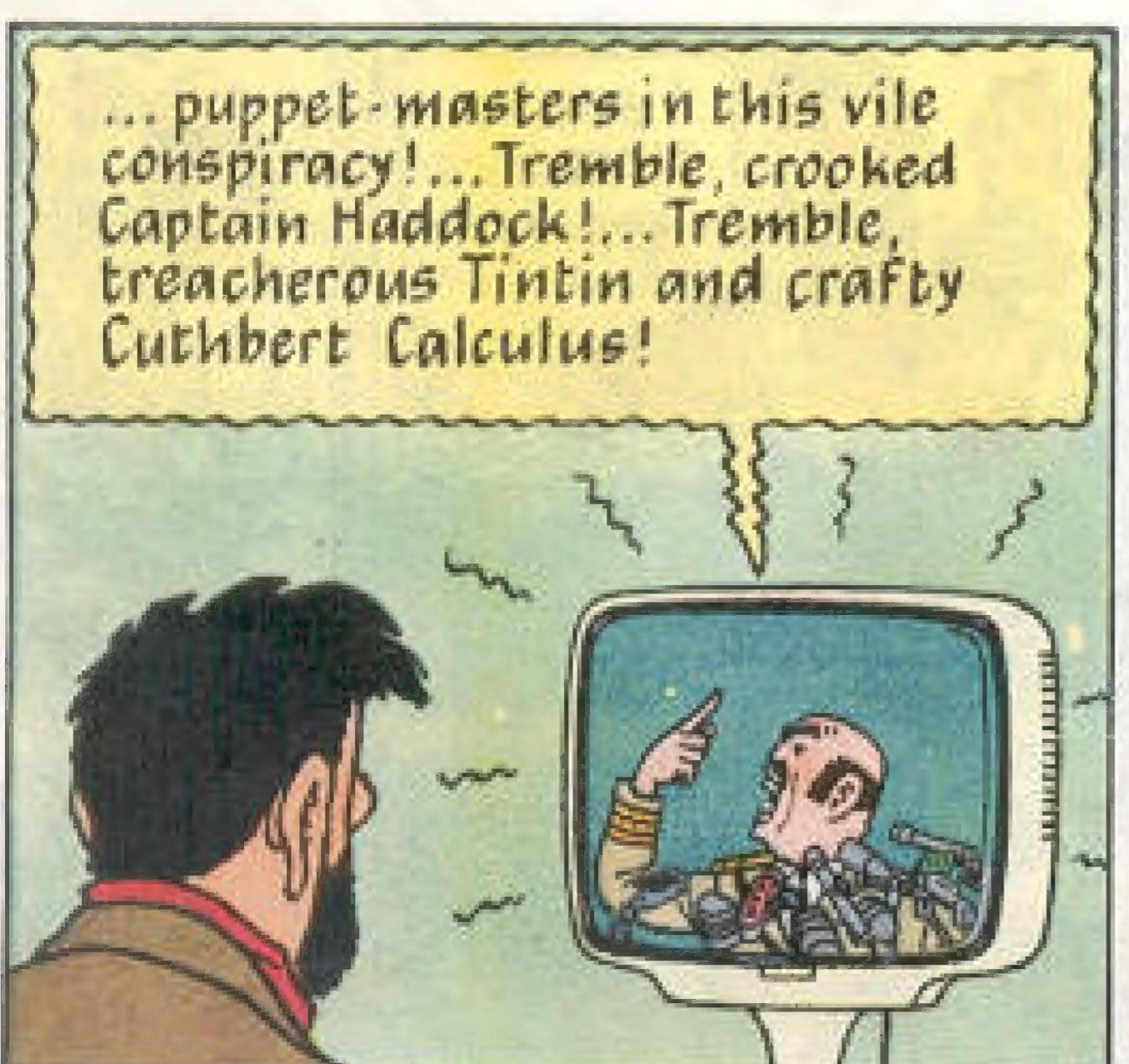
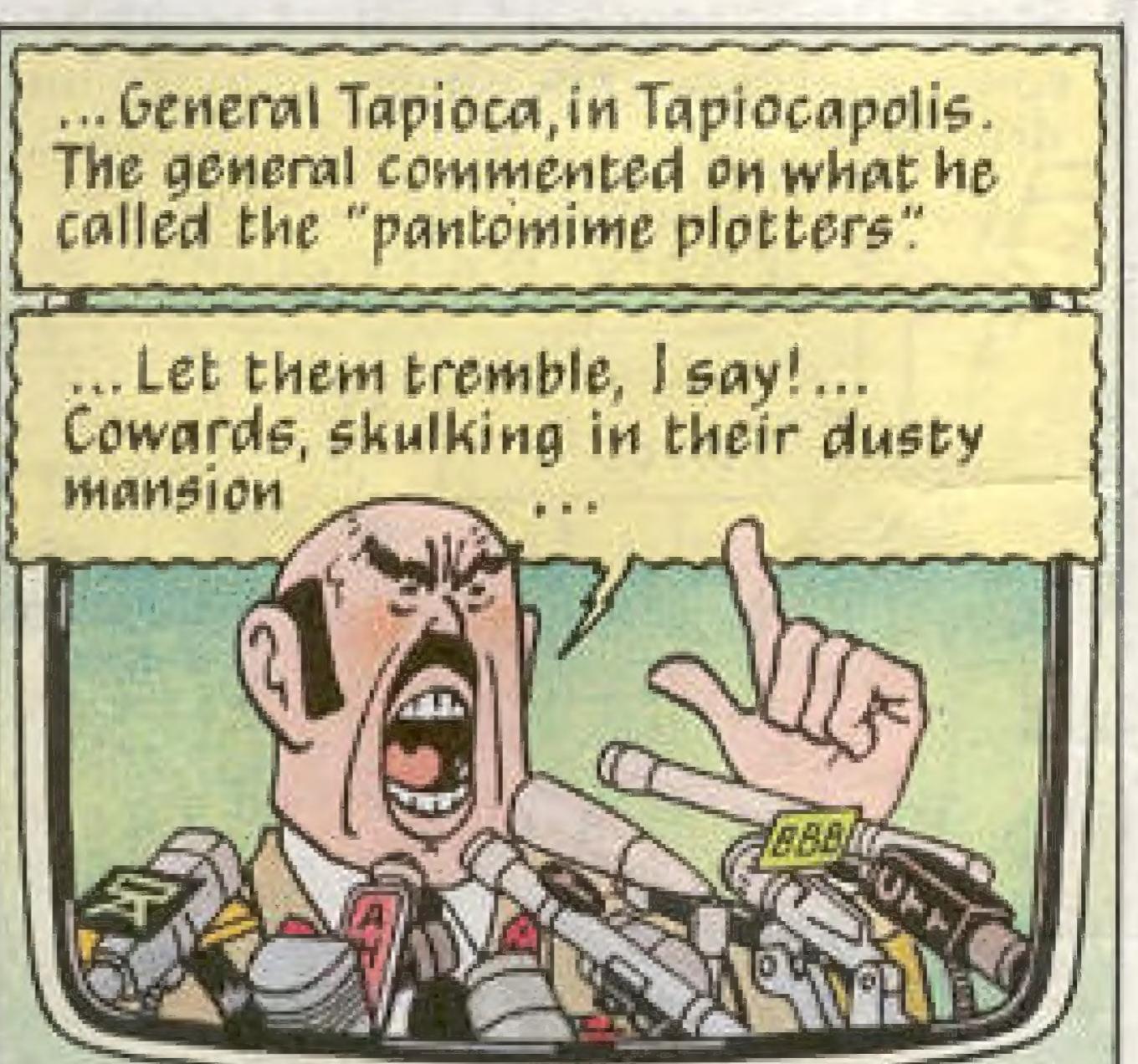
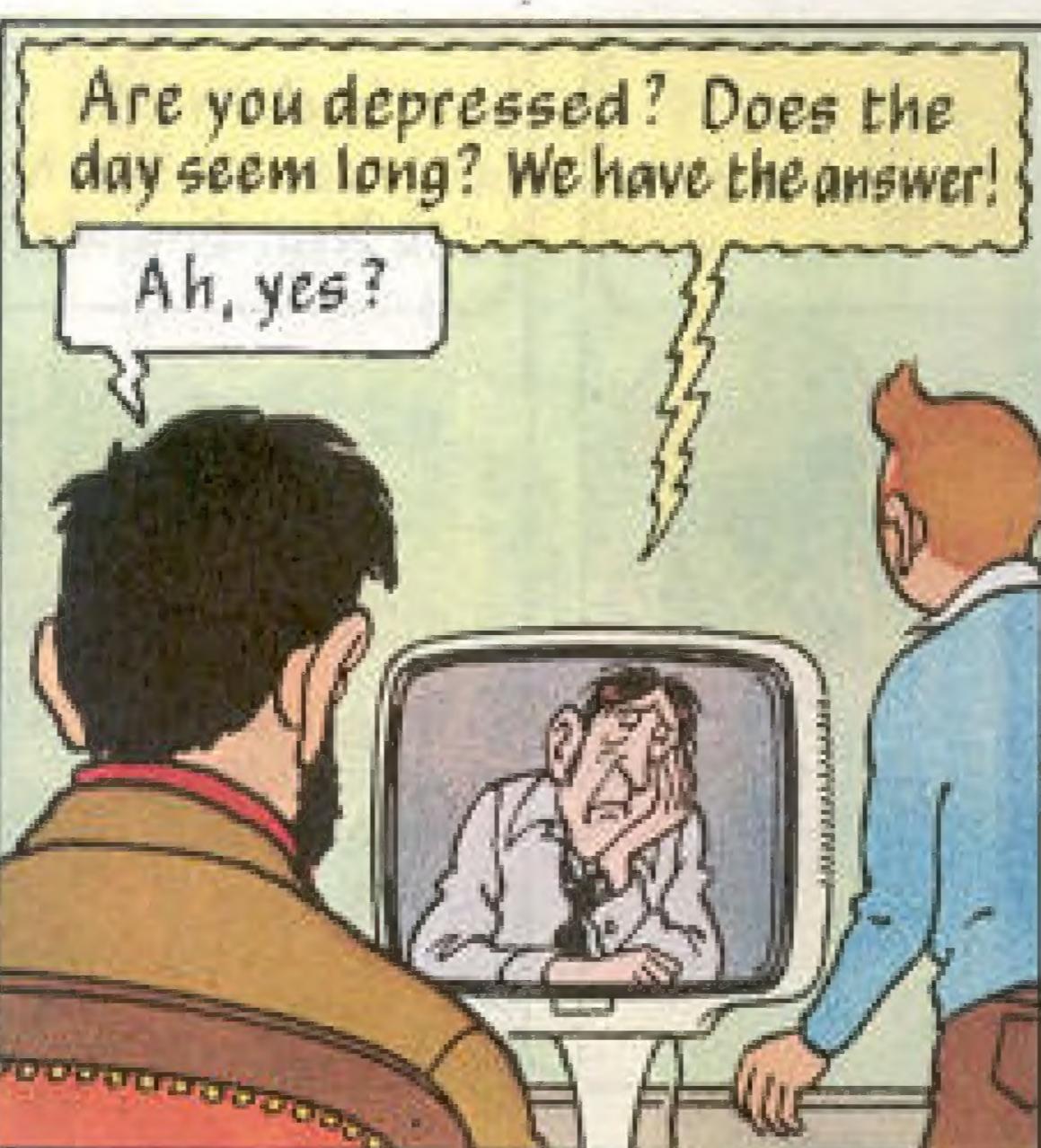
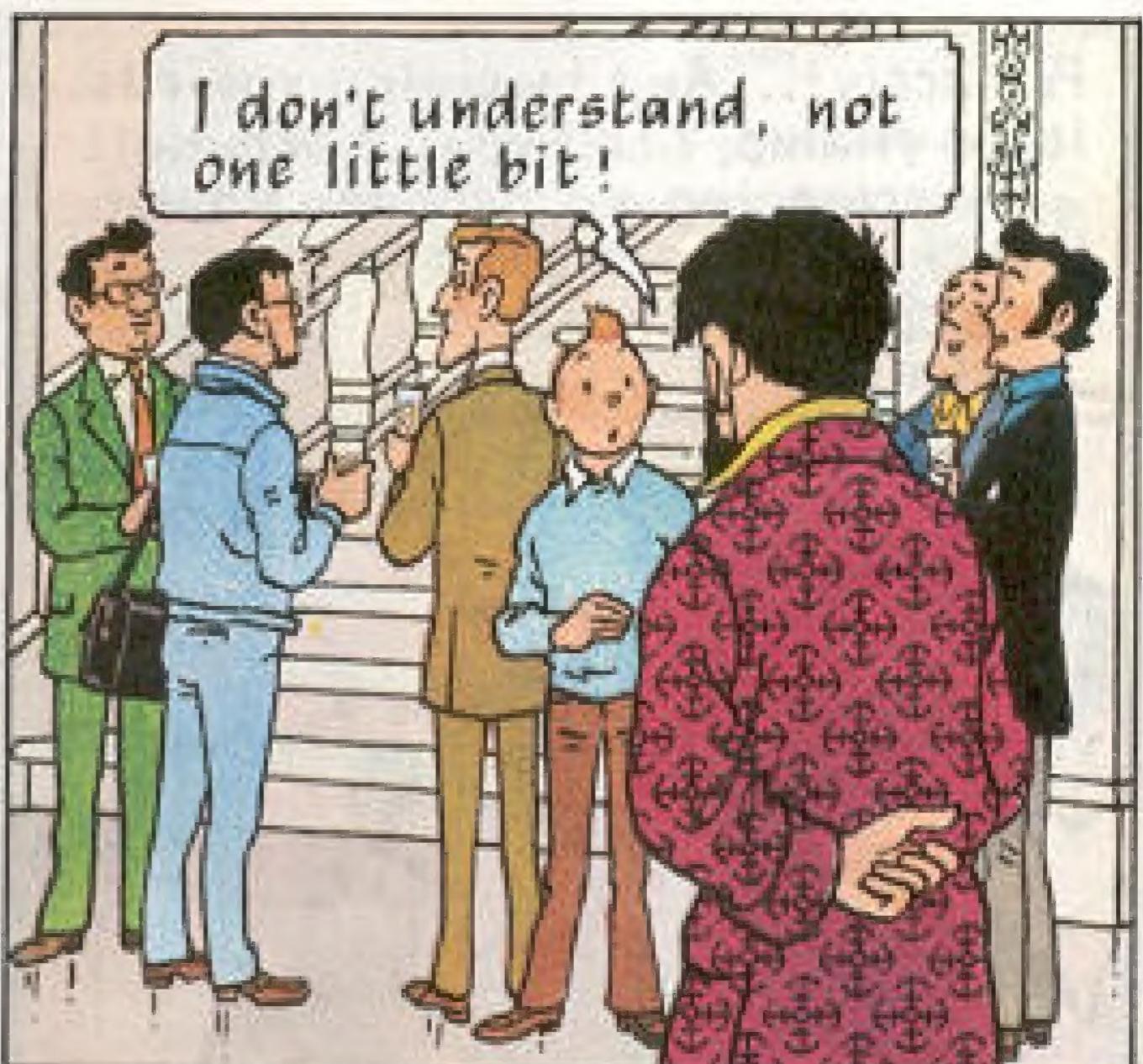
Unless... That's an idea... Maybe it's a new brand Nestor bought.

I must ask him...

I can't understand the master: I find this "Loch Lomond" superb, as always.

I say, Nestor...





Hello, International? ... Give me South America... Tapiocapolis... General Tapioca!... What?... Tapioca, yes, as in tapioca... exactly!

I'm sorry, sir, but we don't stock tapioca. This is a butcher's shop, sir... Cutts the butcher!... Not at all, sir!

Thundering typhoons! Cutts again! Why do I always get him?

Why not send a telegram, anyway?

A telegram... You're right!... That's a very good idea: a telegram!

Wait, I'll give you the number ...

And a few minutes later...

I'll repeat that : General Tapioca, Tapiocapolis, San Theodoros. Message reads: Profoundly shocked by false accusations made against us Stop We register formal and absolute denial Stop No regards Signed: Haddock, Tintin and Calculus.

Good! Thank you very much.

A greetings telegram, sir?

ARE YOU MAD?

Next morning ...

## Daily Reporter HADDOCK: I DENY!

CAPTAIN FURIOUSLY DENIES PARTICIPATION IN ANY PLOT WHATSOEVER

## TAPIOCA: I ACCUSE!

GENERAL CLAIMS IRREFUTABLE PROOF OF COLLUSION BETWEEN MARLINSPIKE CONSPIRATORS AND INTERNATIONAL BANANA COMPANY

General Tapioca, Tapiocapolis. Oh! You know that... Good. Message reads... er... Downright lies Stop Will make you swallow false allegations... Yes, in the plural ... one day Stop You will end up hanging from yardarm. Yes, y as in yashmak ... Stop.

Two days later ...

### Daily Reporter

## TAPIOCA OFFERS HADDOCK ROUND TABLE TALKS IN TAPIOCAPOLIS

At a press conference today, General Tapioca announced that he is inviting Commodore Haddock and his companions to Tapiocapolis for a full, free, frank and fair exchange of views. Each visitor would receive a safe-conduct through the good offices of the embassy. "My only aim," asserted the general, "is to seek out the truth."

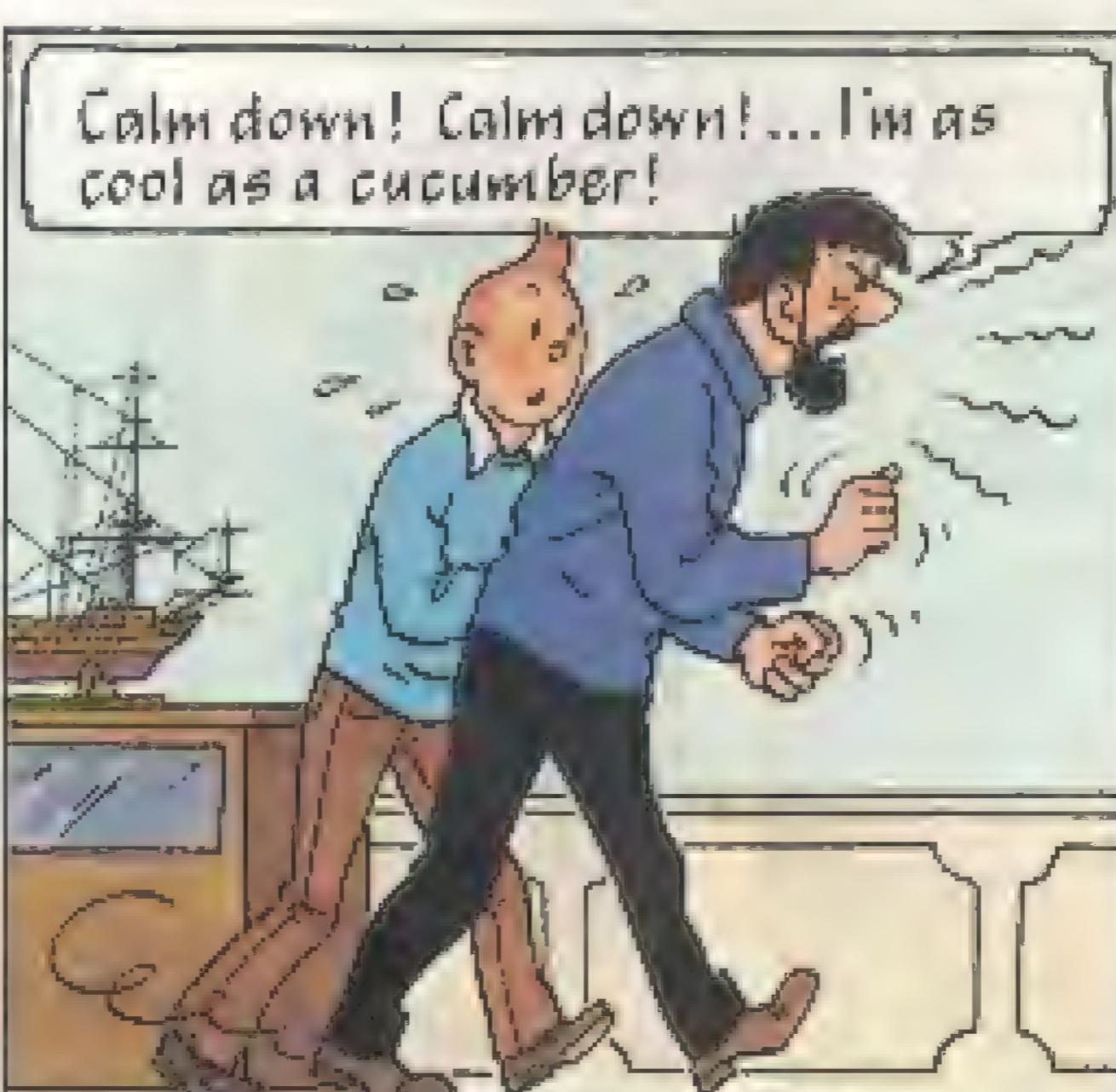
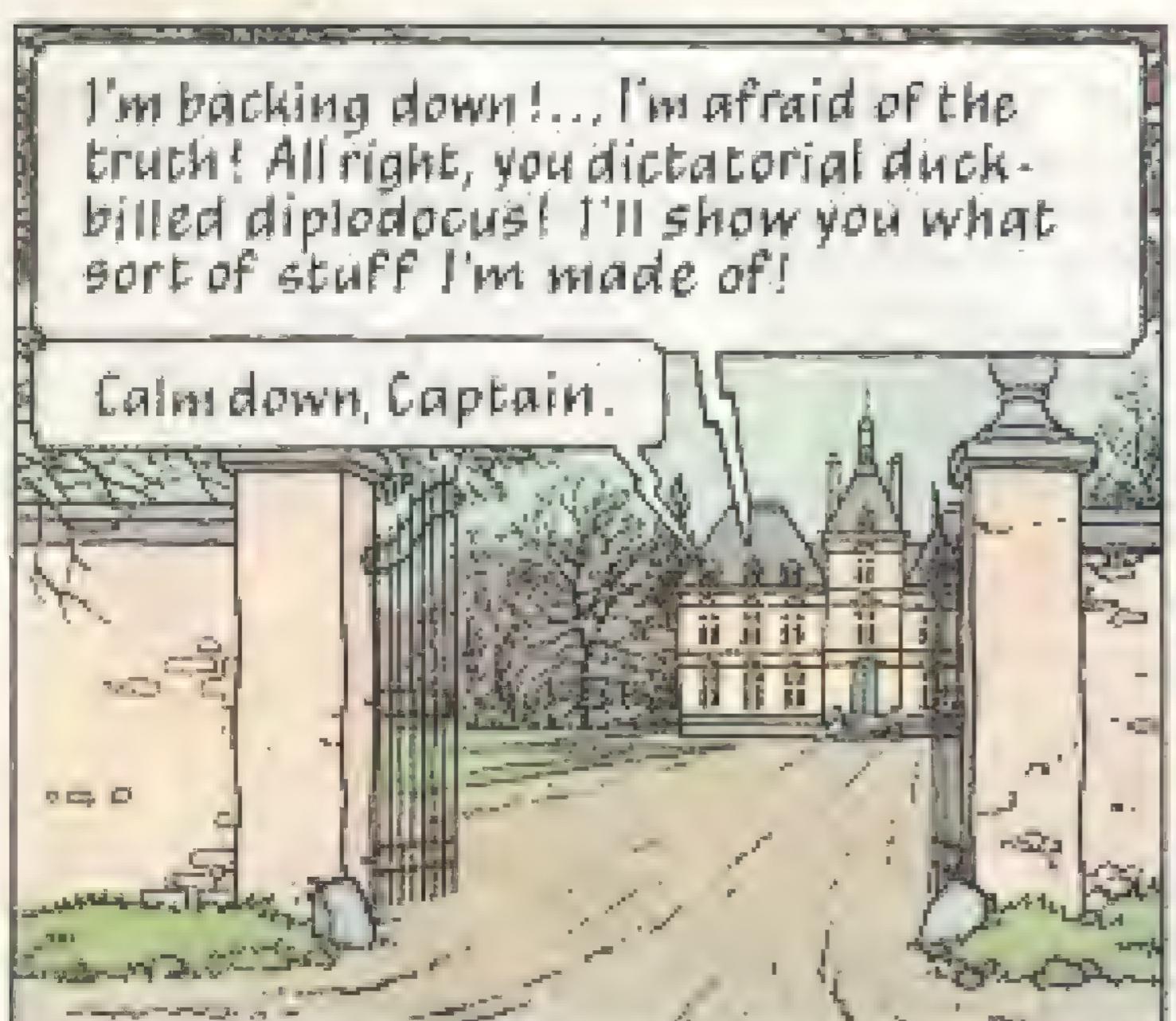
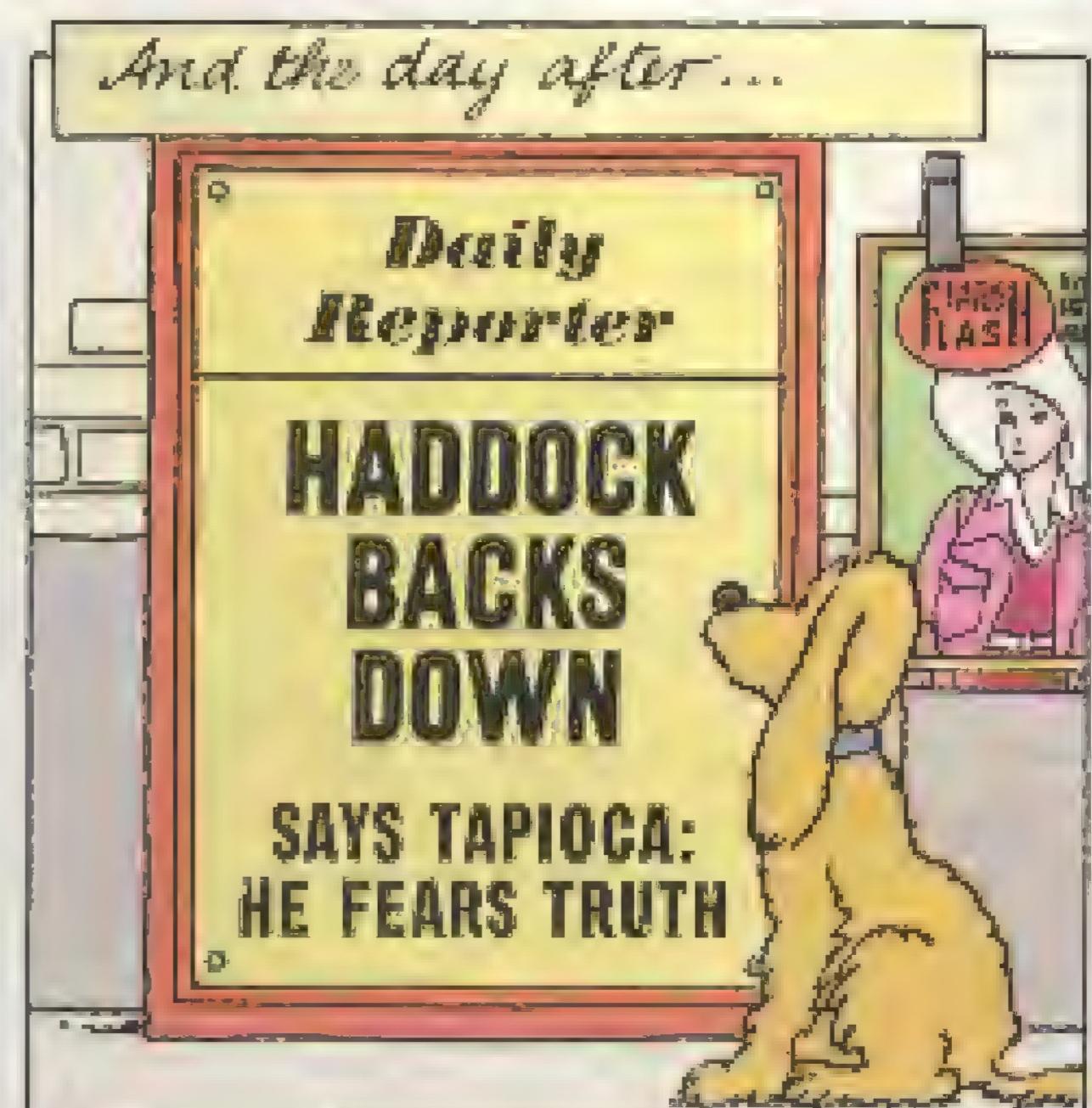
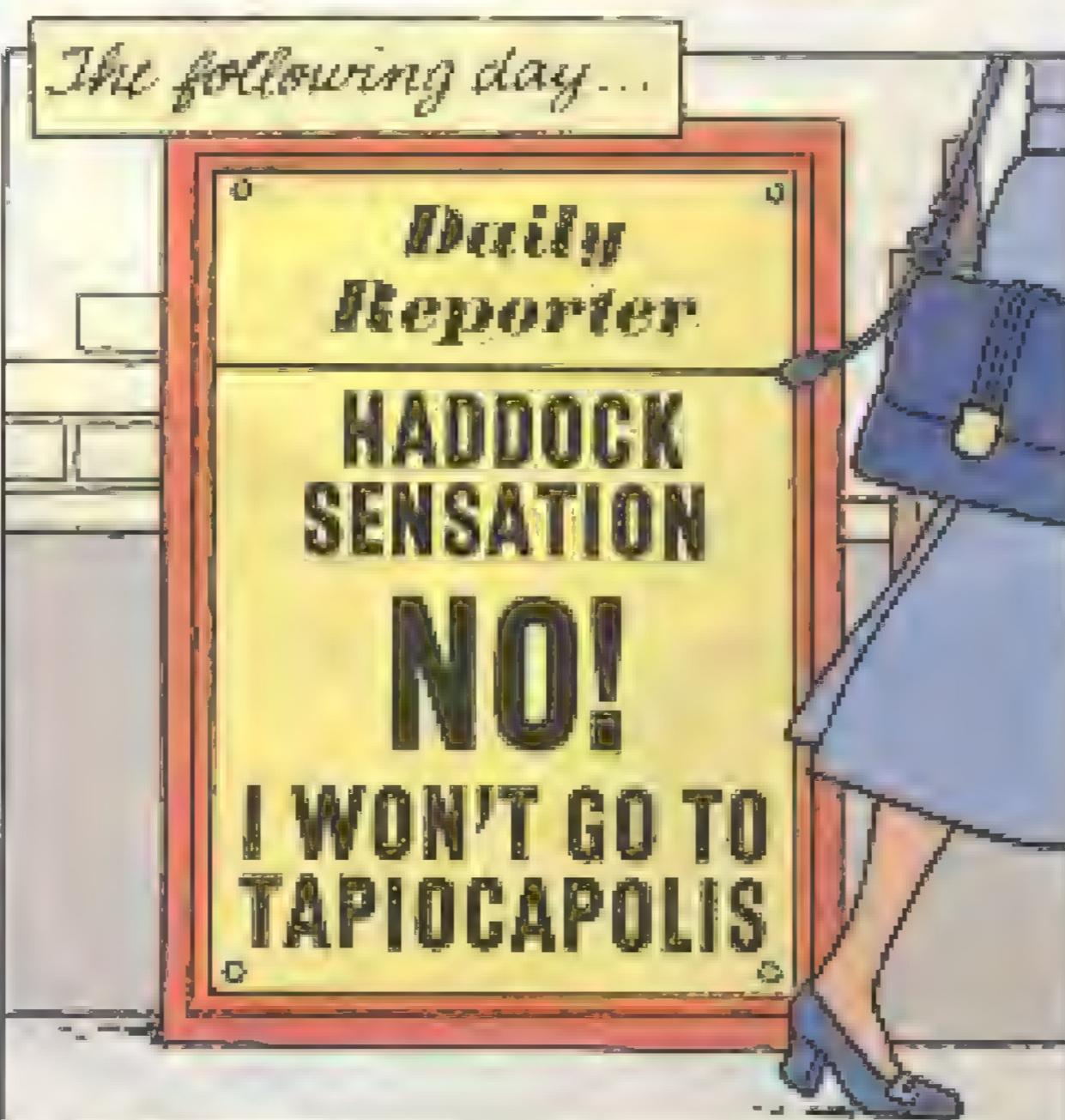
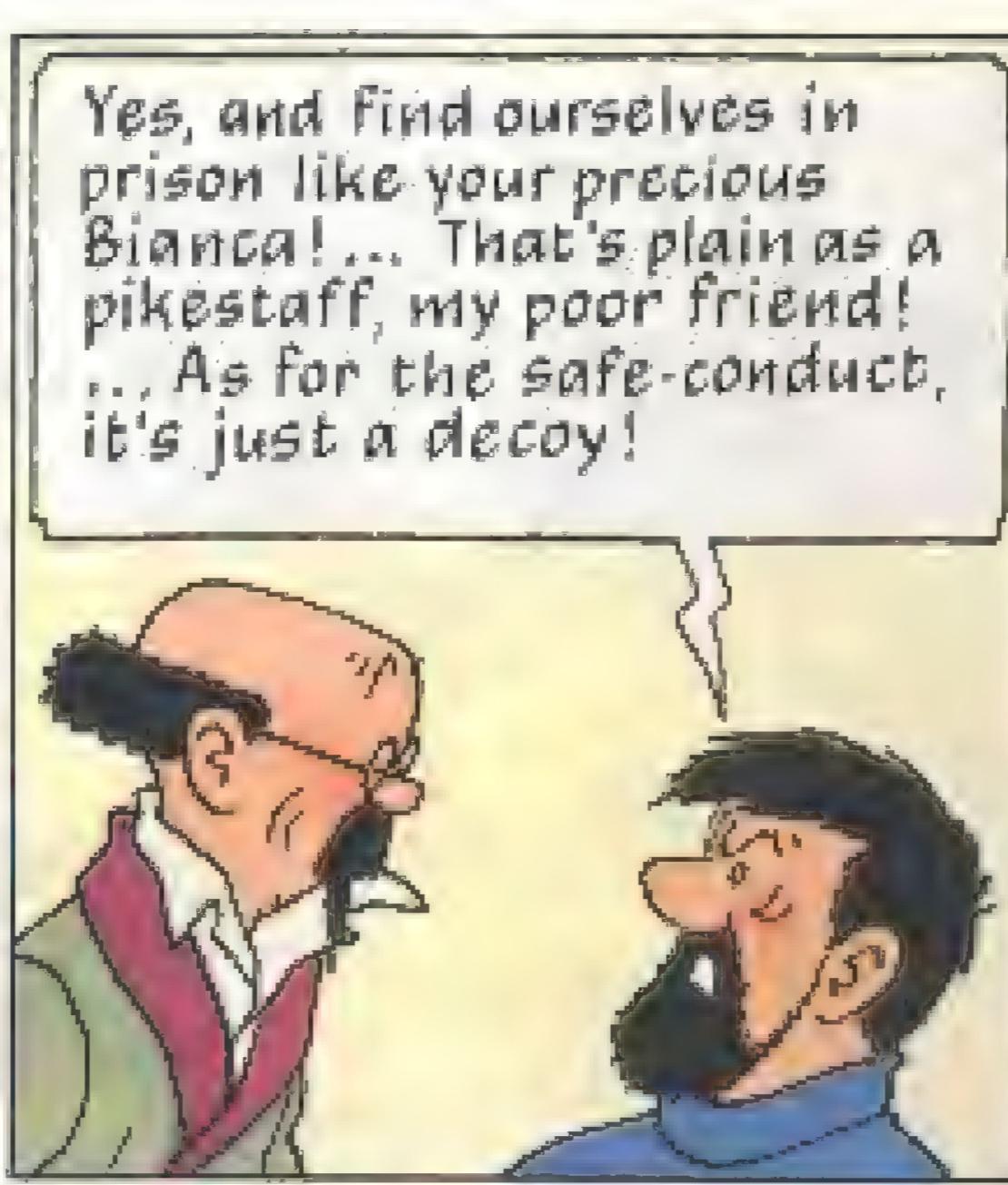
You know, he isn't a bad old stick really... I've a good mind to accept his invitation. That way, we'd show everyone our good faith.

Or else we'll find ourselves in prison, like Bianca Castafiore. Thanks very much!

Oh, you! Always suspicious!... Anyway, we've a safe-conduct.

I'm not in the least impressed, Captain. The safe-conduct could be nothing more than a decoy!

OOOH!



What? What did you say?

I said I'm not going, Captain. You're quite free to fall into the trap they're trying to set for us, but as far as I'm concerned it's NIET!

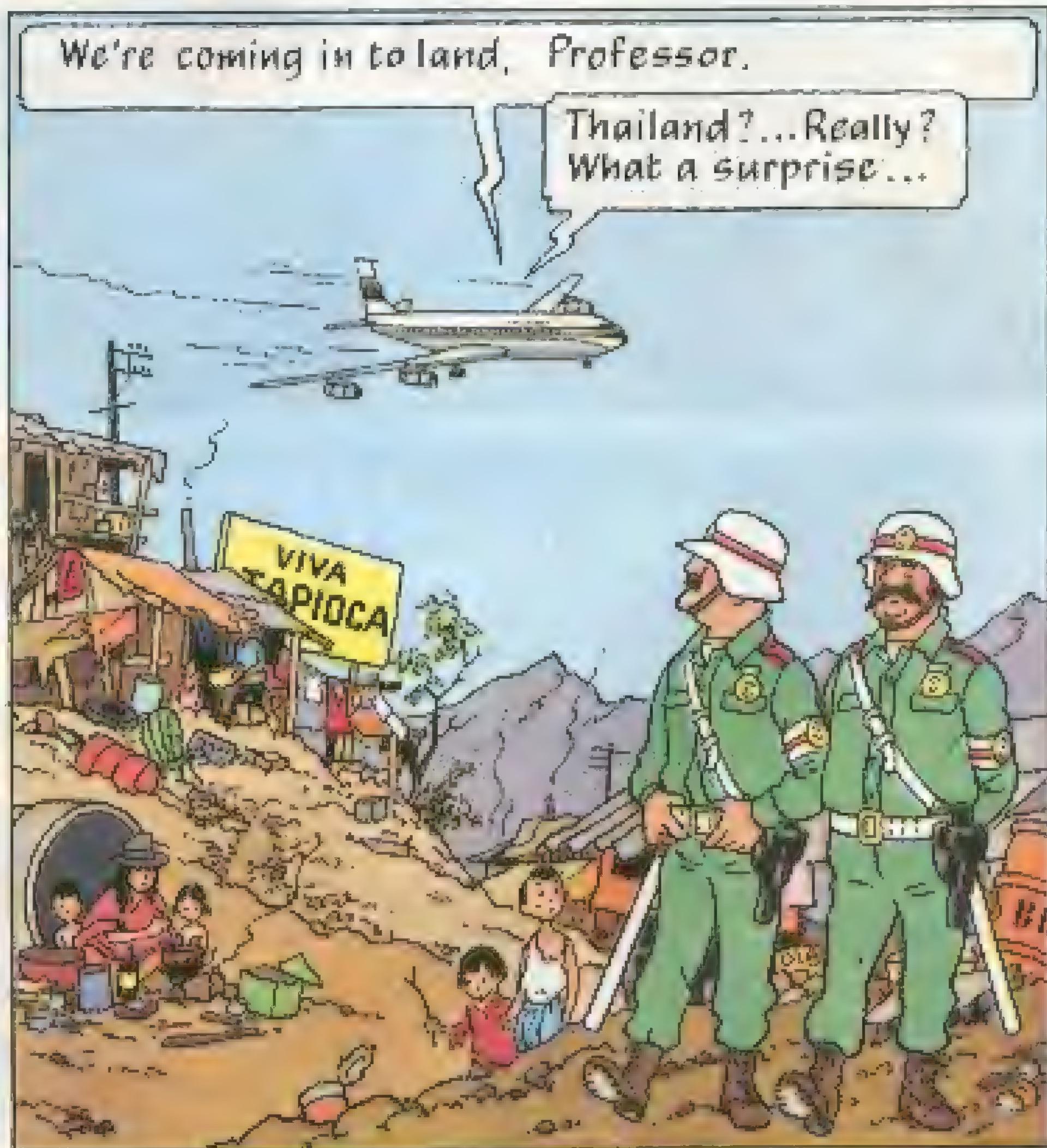
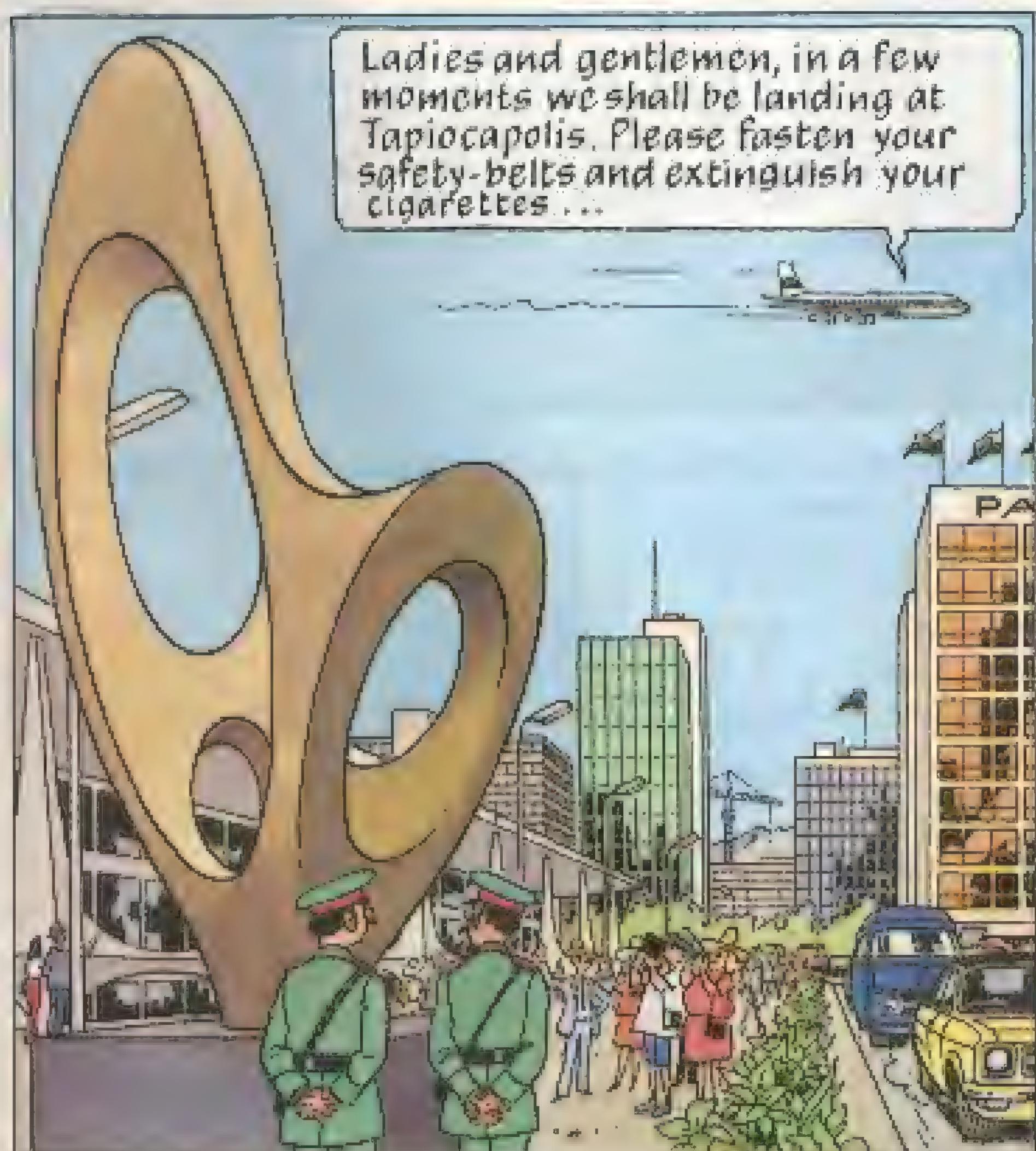
Oh! You and your suspicions! They're an obsession! According to you, the world's composed of nothing but scallywags and scoundrels!... Why shouldn't General Tapioca be an honest sort of chap, eh?... Why?... Go on, tell me!

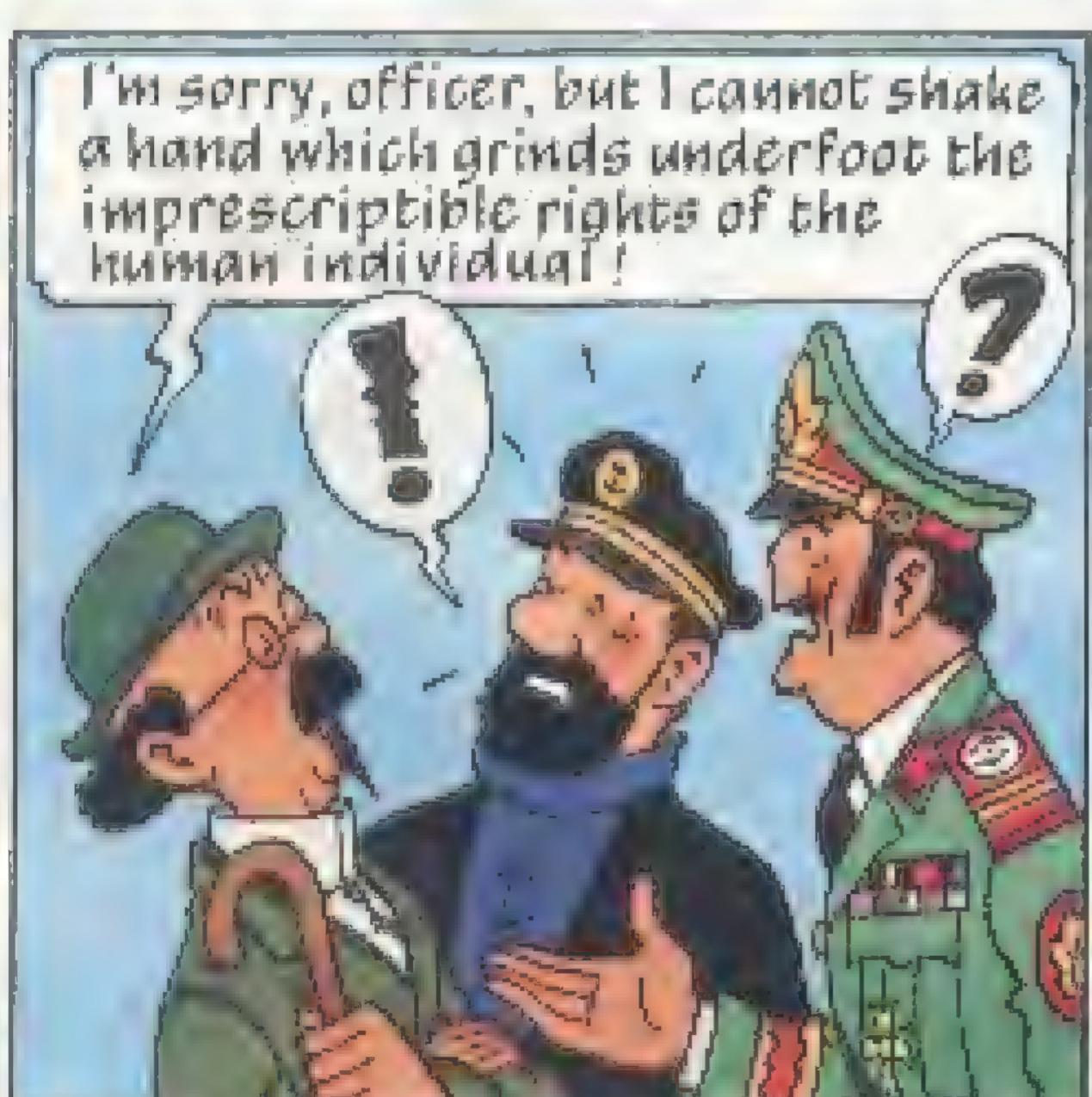
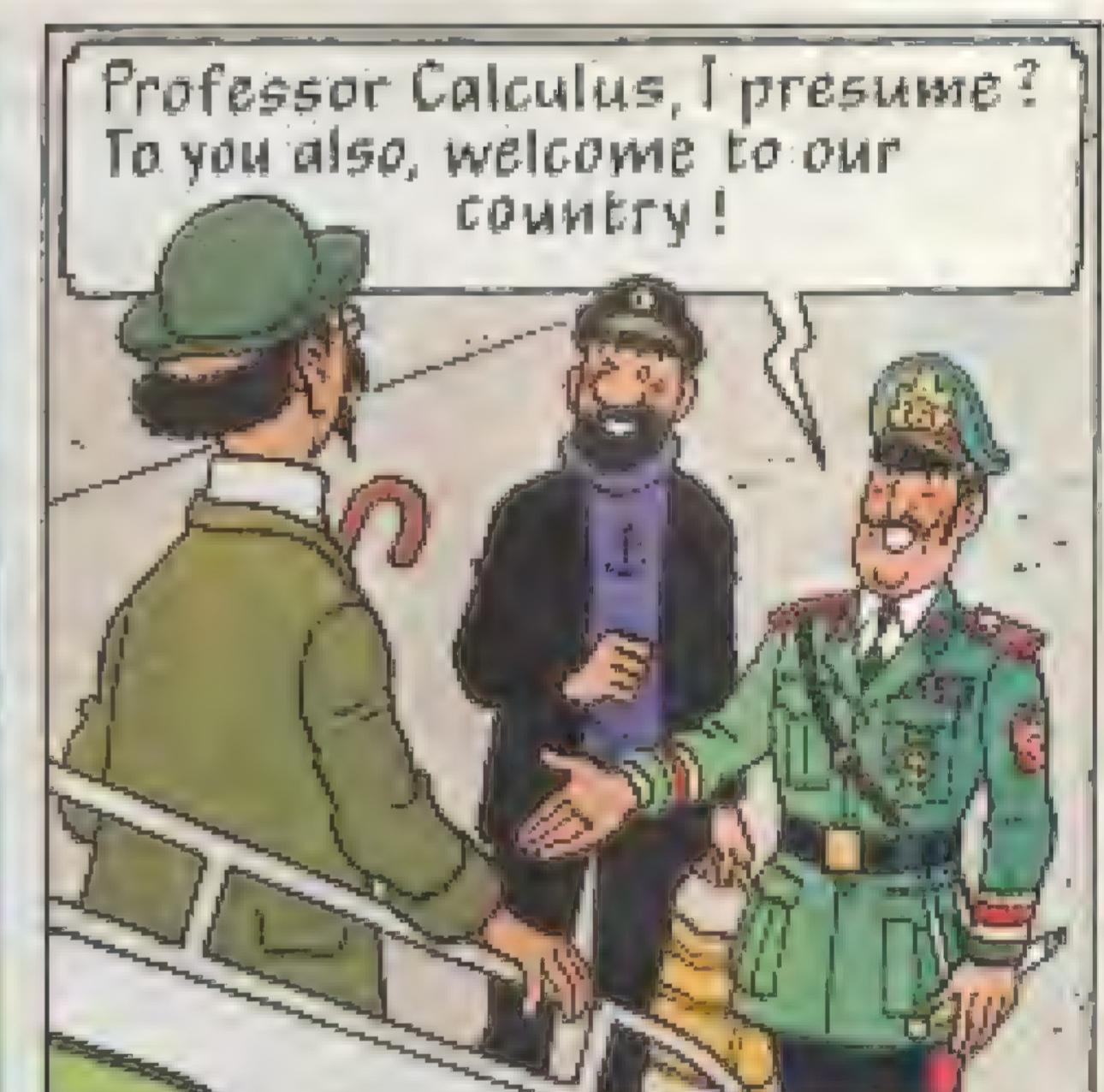
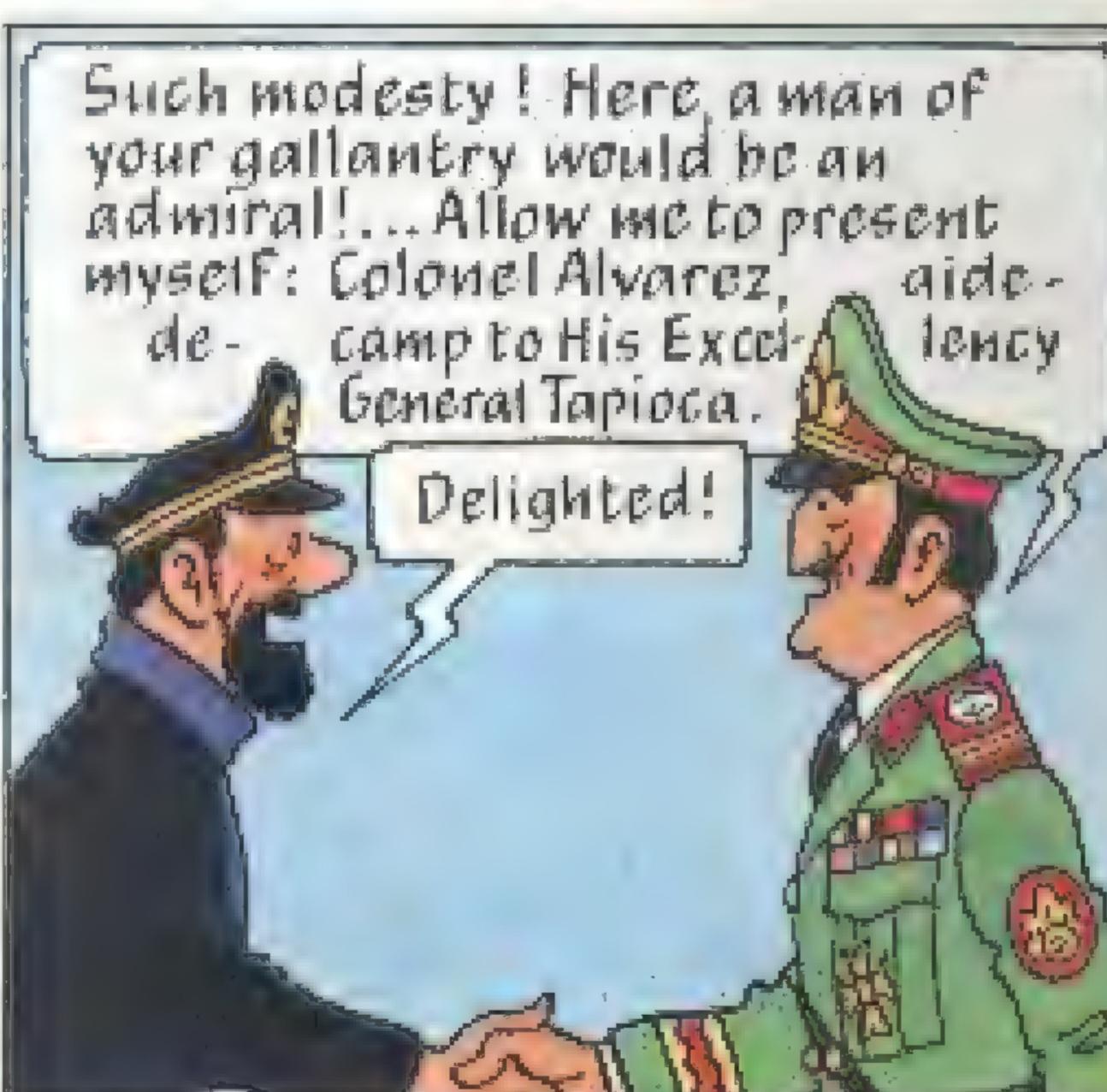
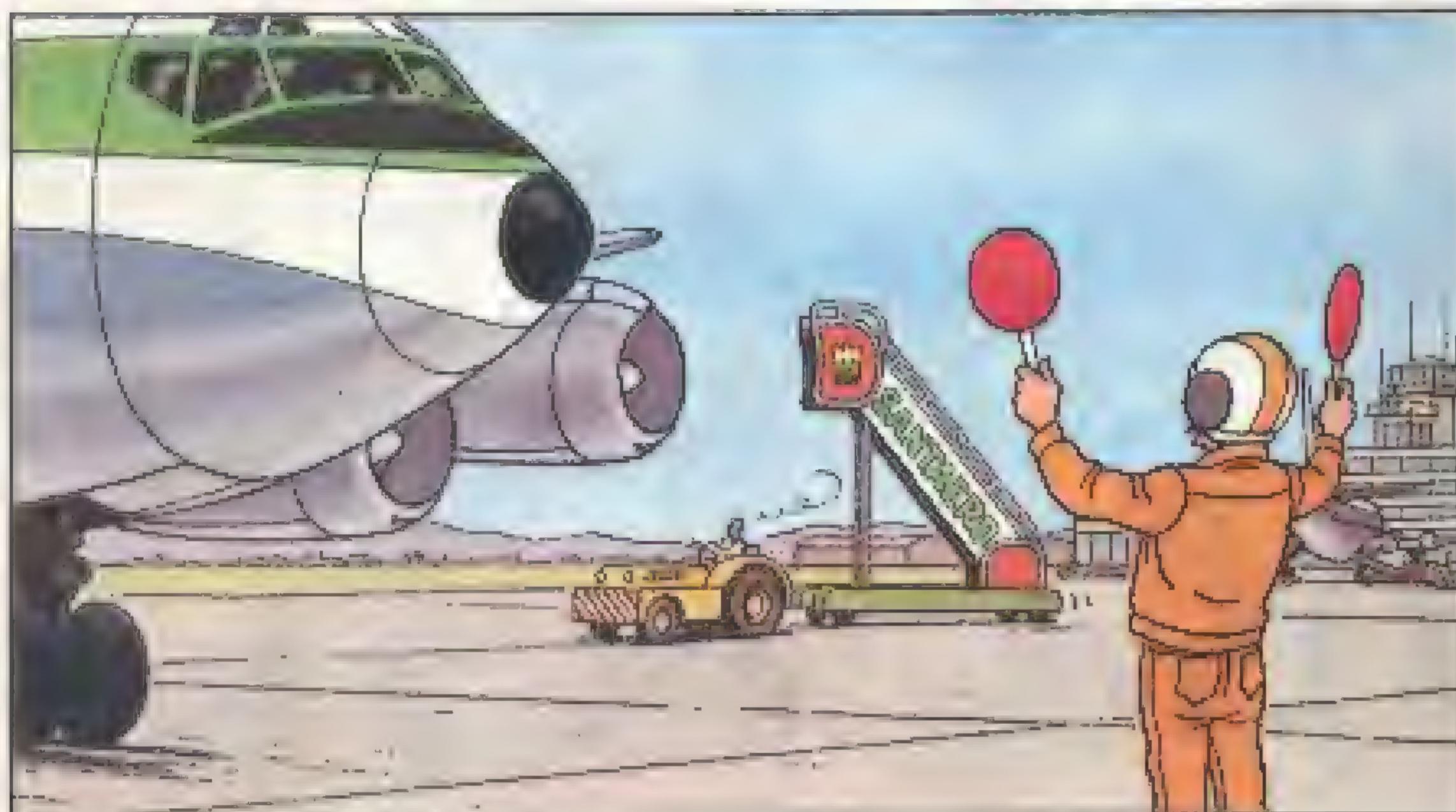
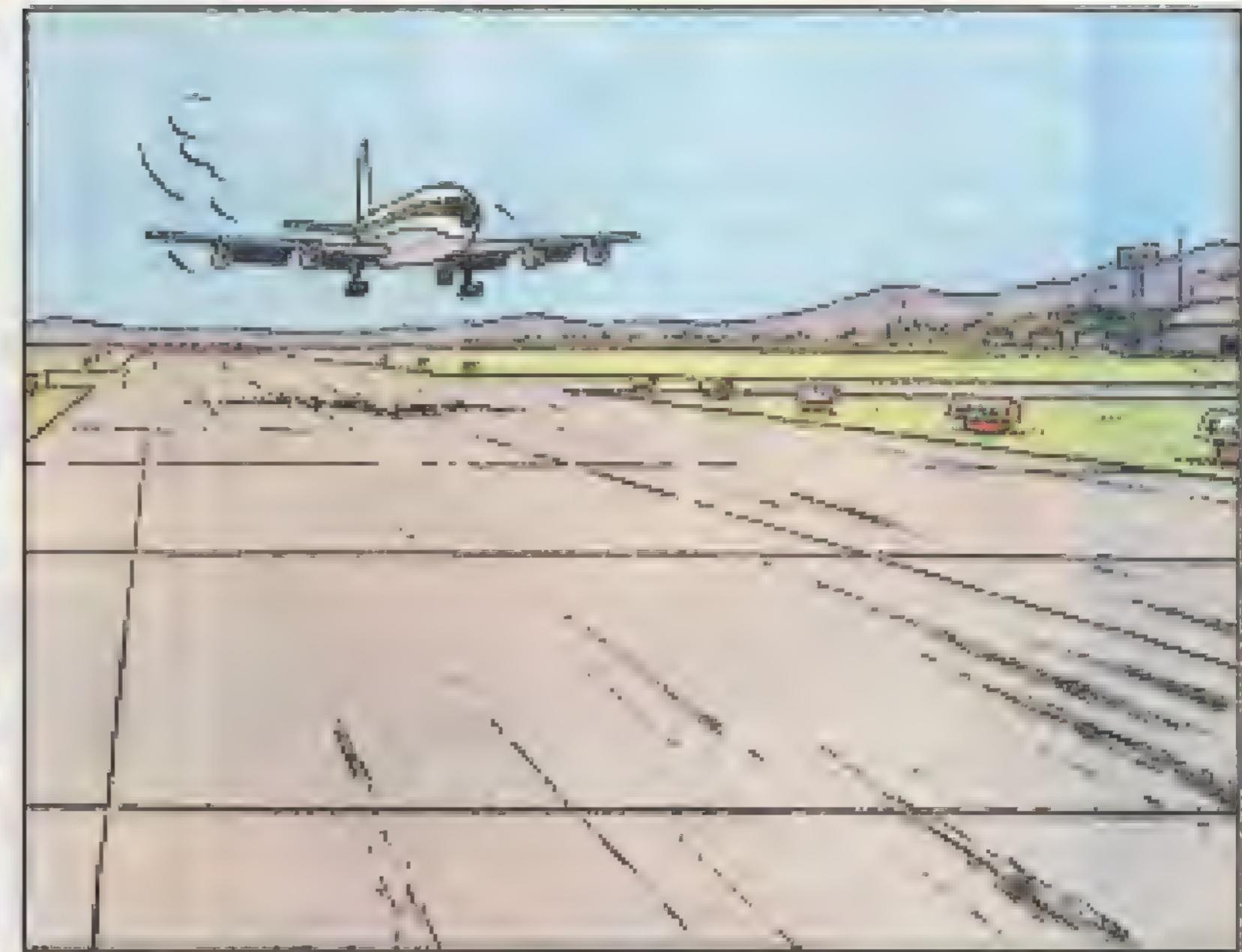
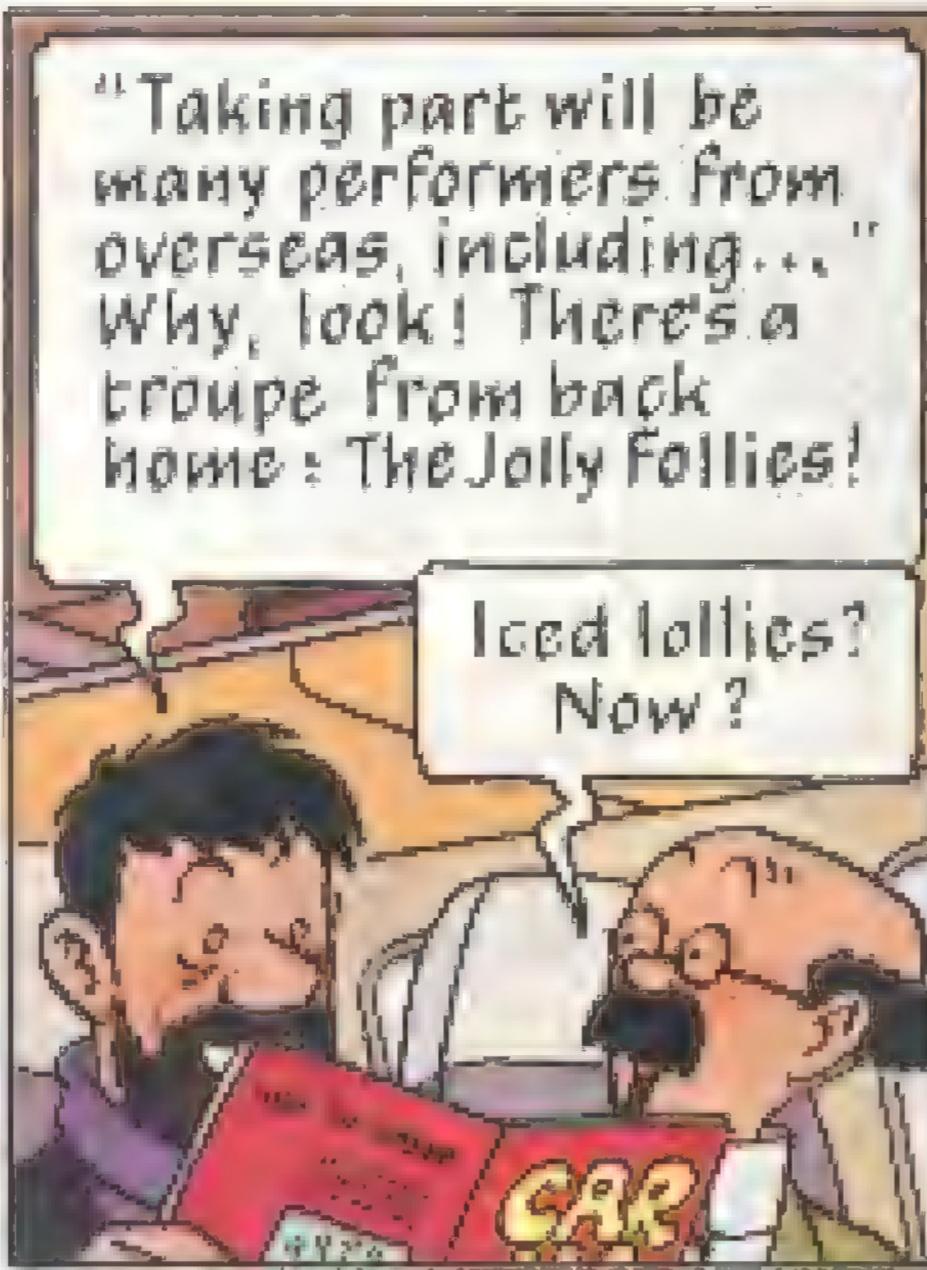
It's always possible, but...

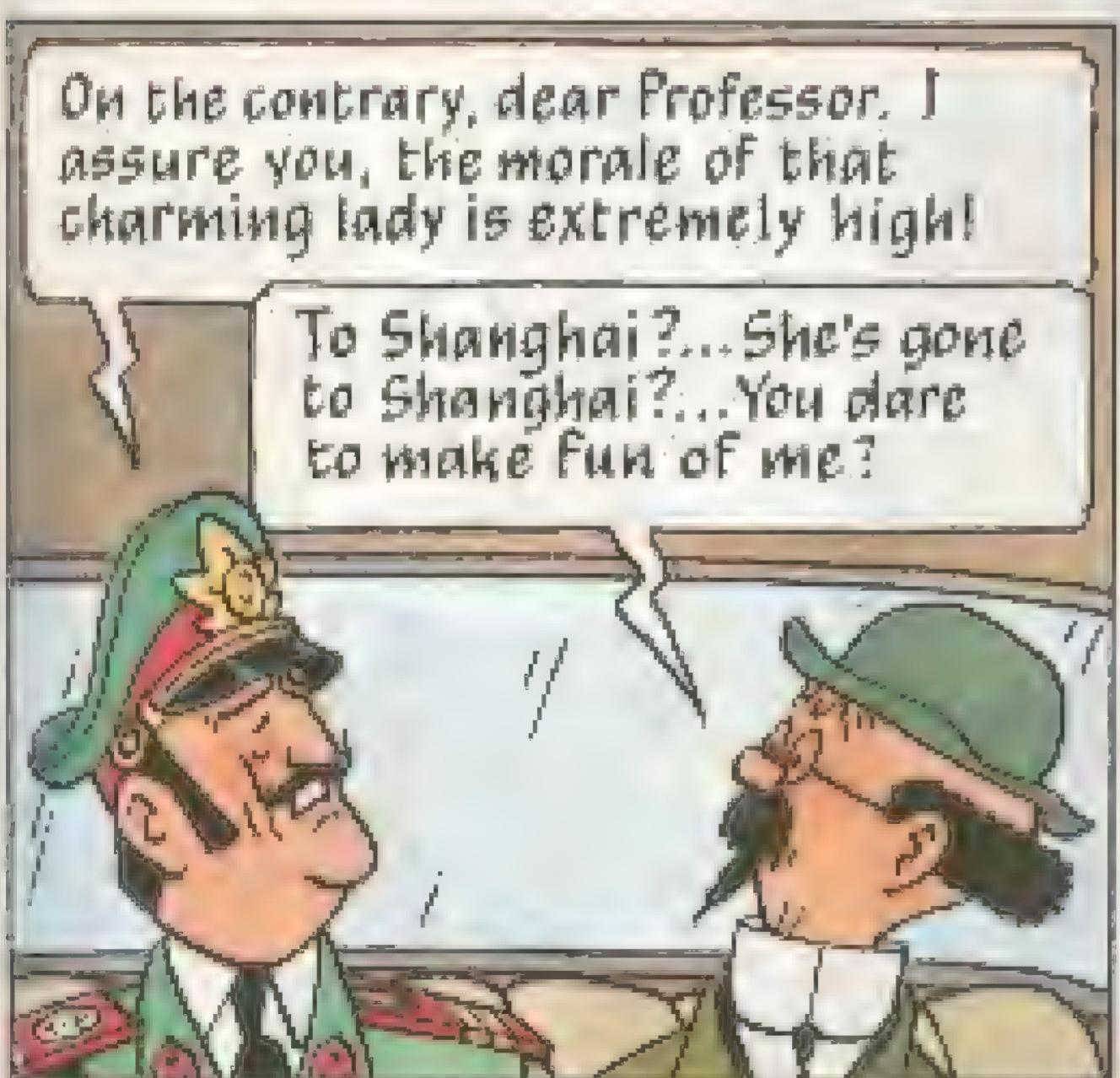
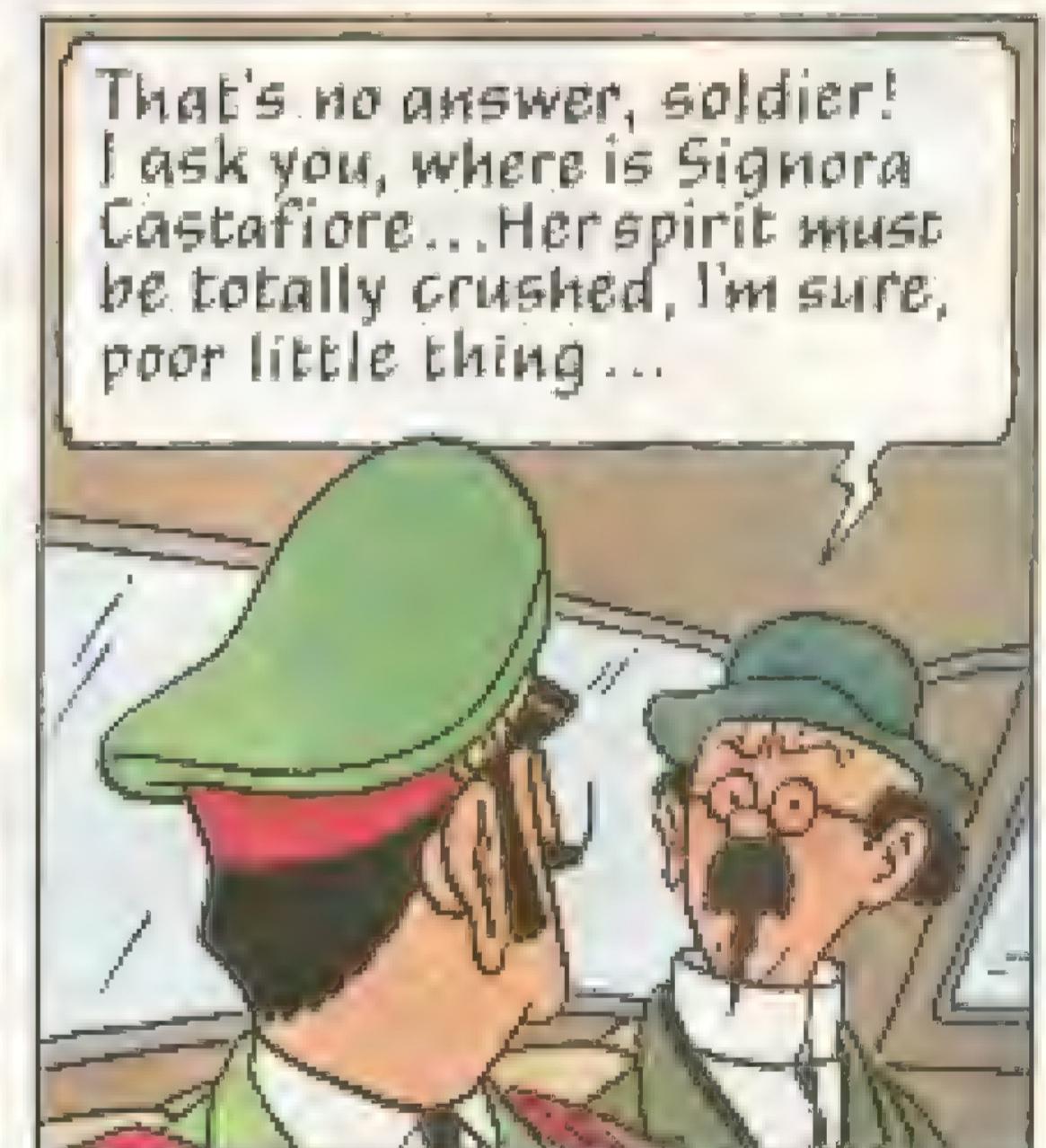
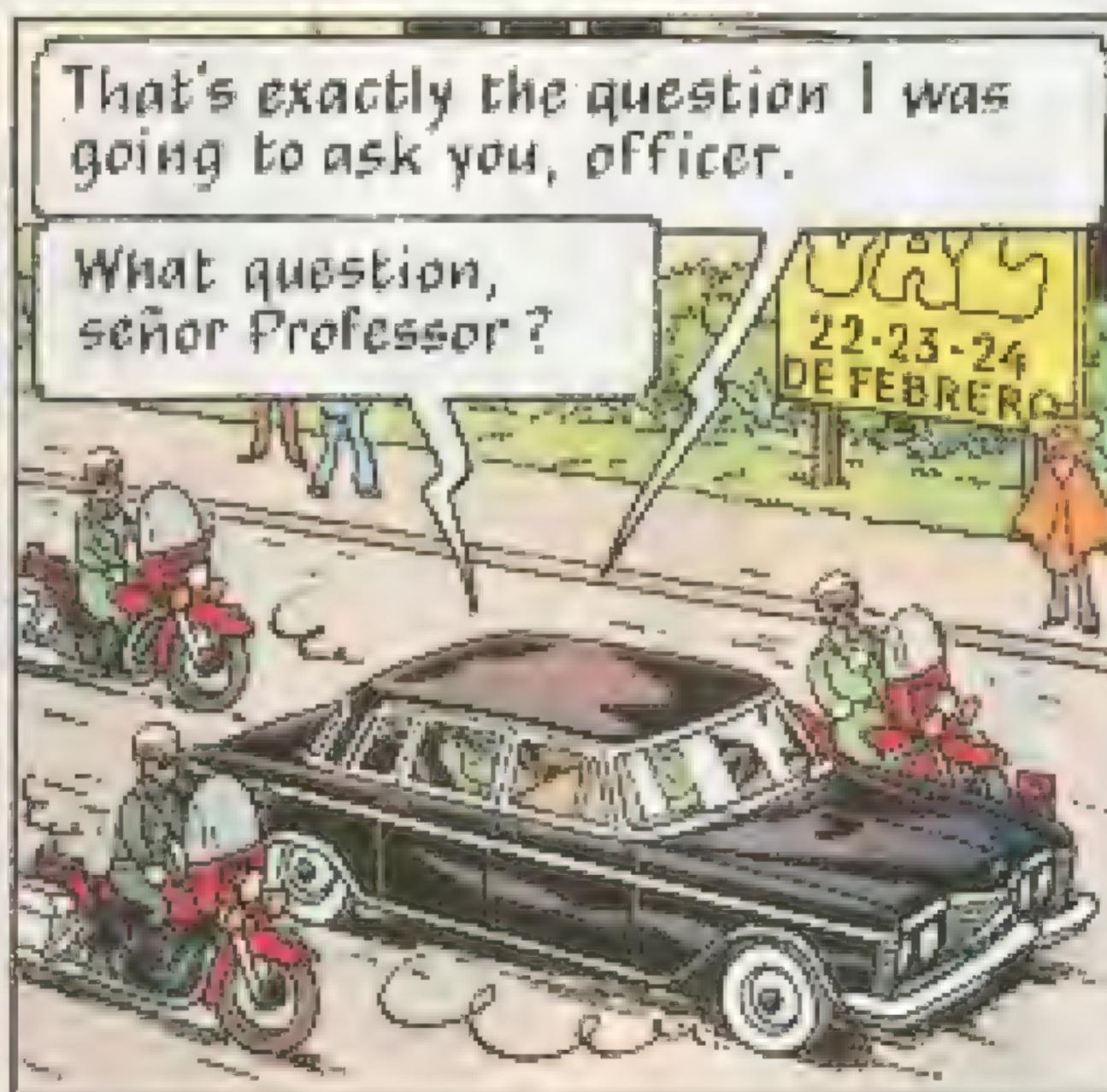
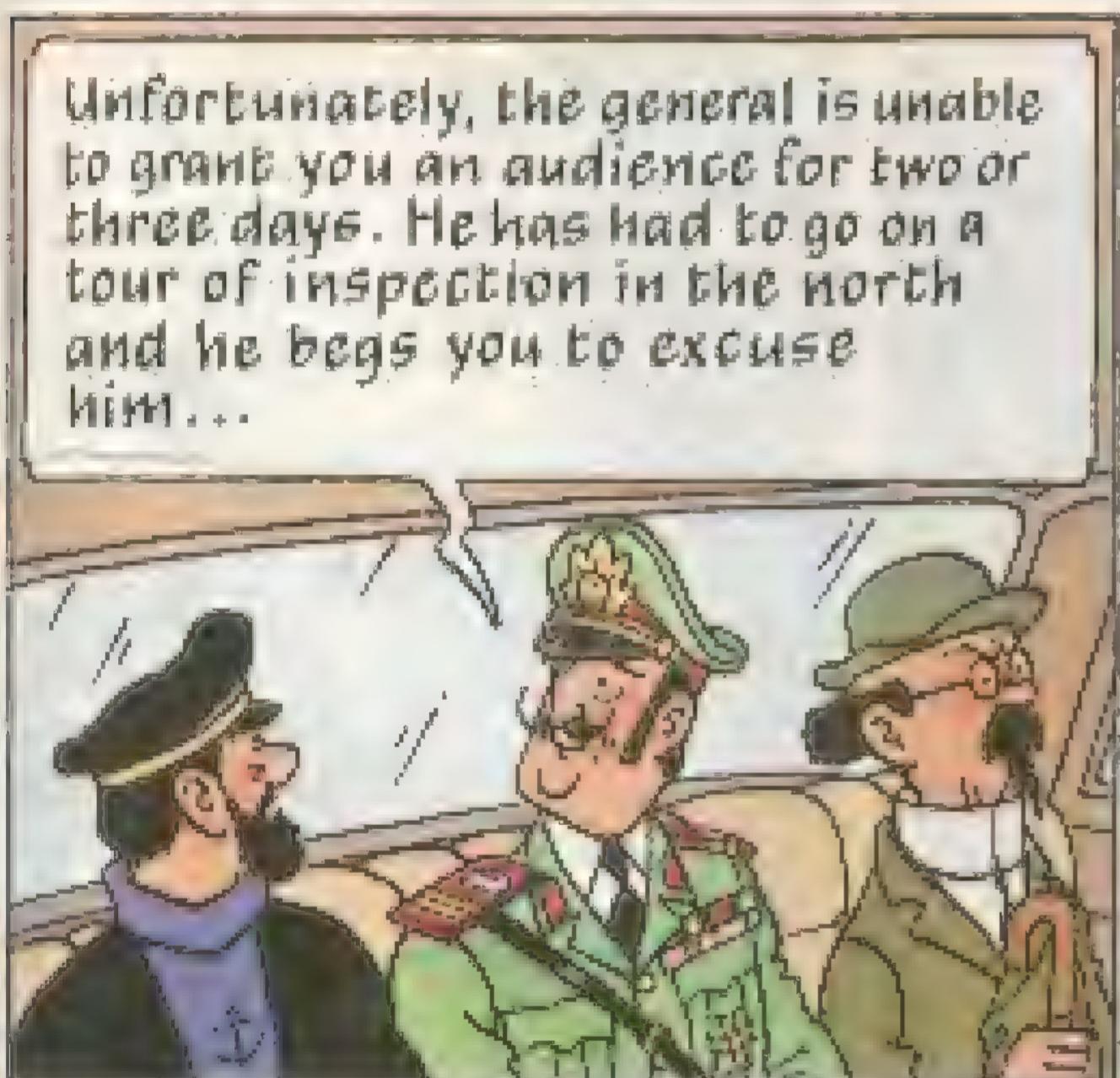
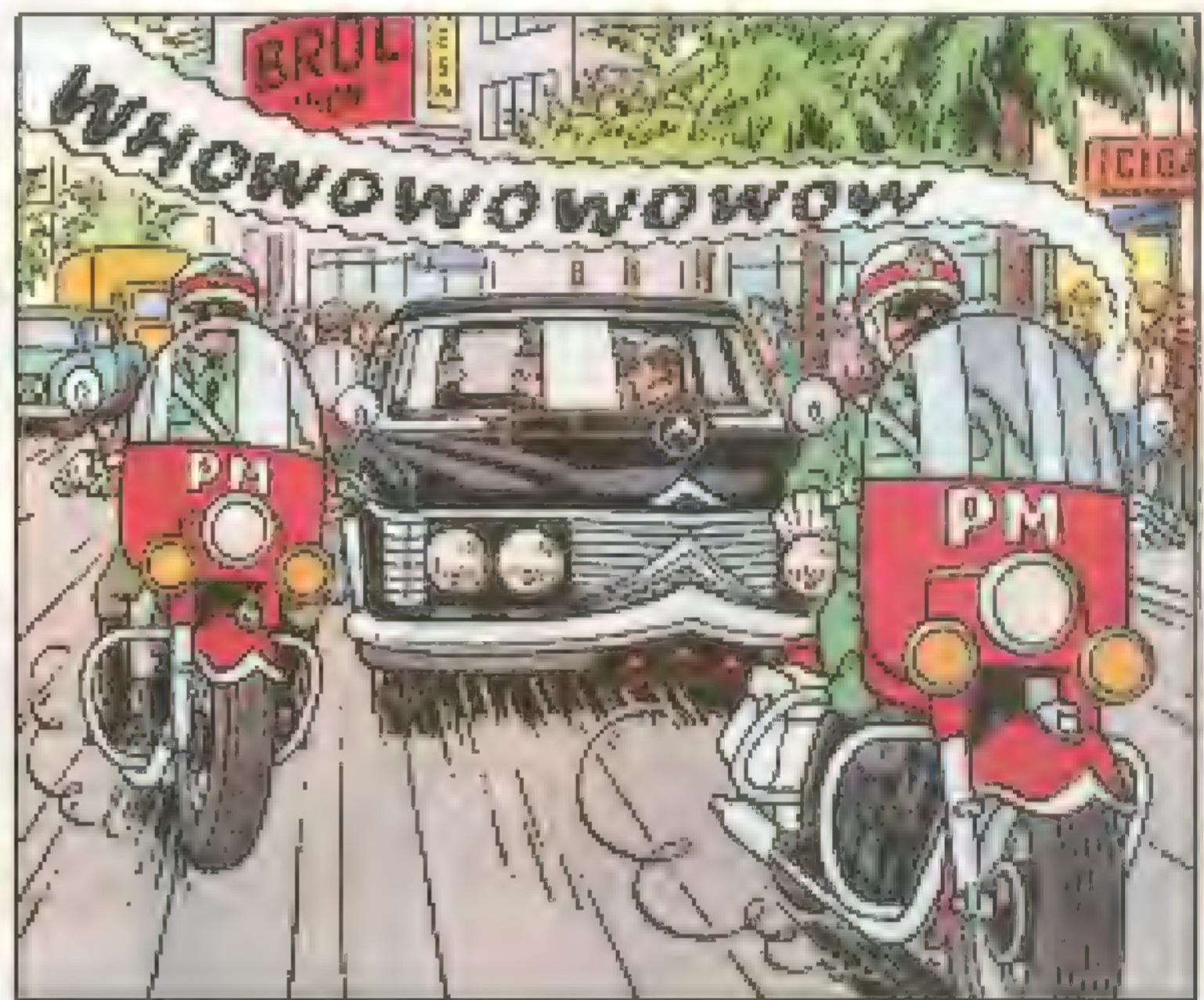
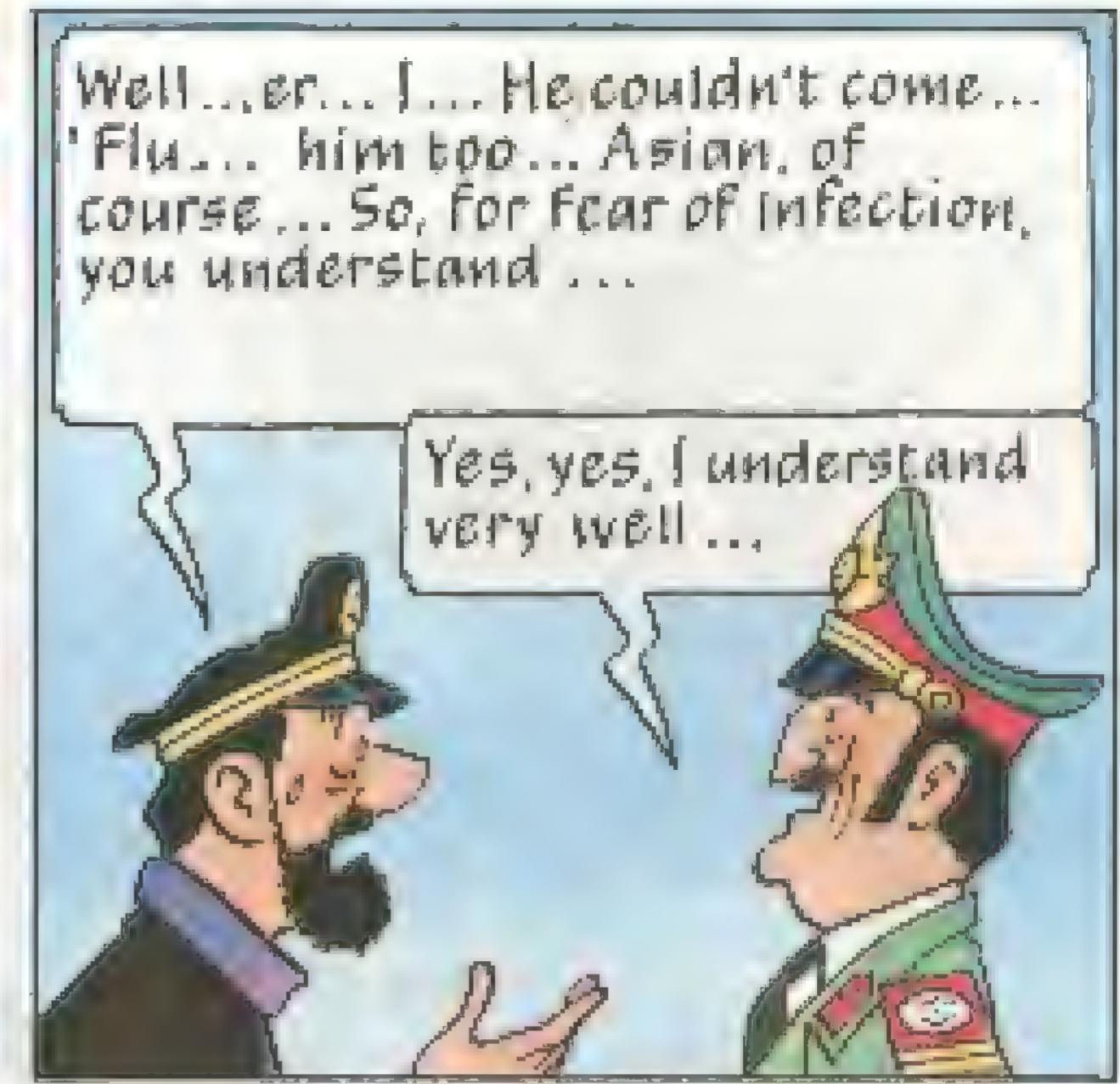
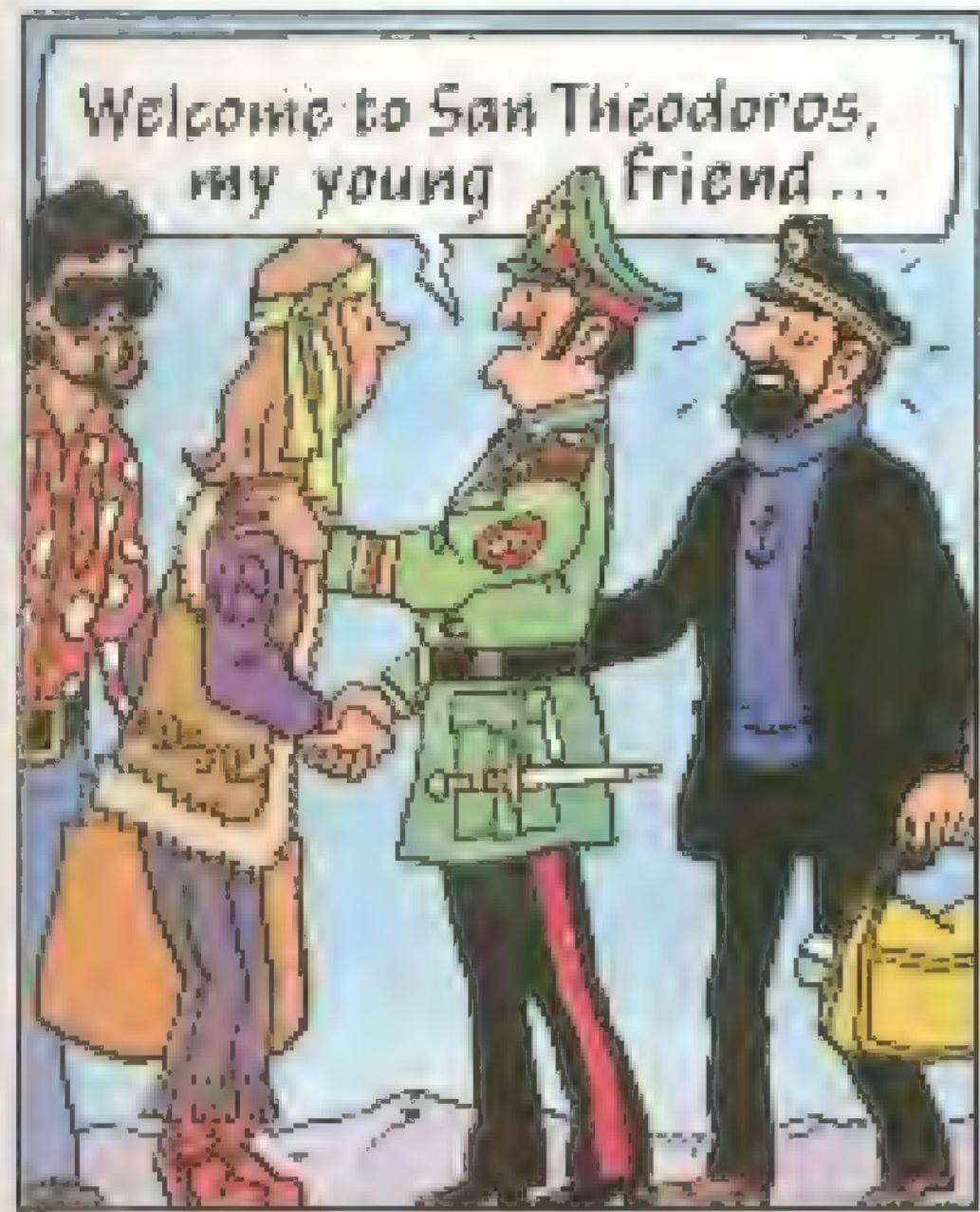
Ah! So that's it!

All right, stay here, Mister Mule! Stay tucked up, all safe and warm in your bedroom - slippers! Cuthbert and I are going out there to defend our honour, and yours too, against that thundering herd of Zapotecos! Finish!

Three days later ...







Ah! Our hotel, I imagine ?

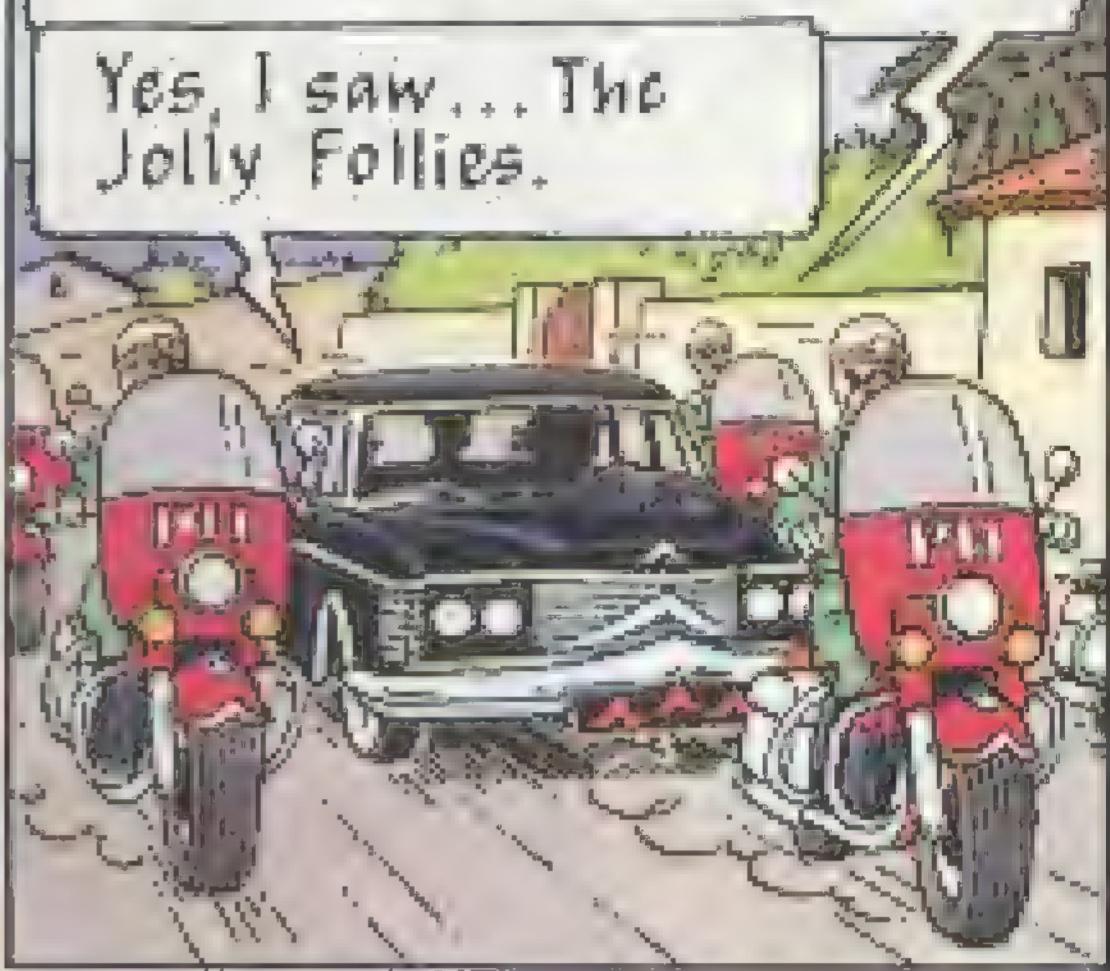


No, señor Commodore. We thought you would prefer the peace of the countryside to the hubbub of the city. Besides, the carnival will be starting shortly... Then there'll be incessant noise round here, all day and all night. You wouldn't get a wink of sleep.



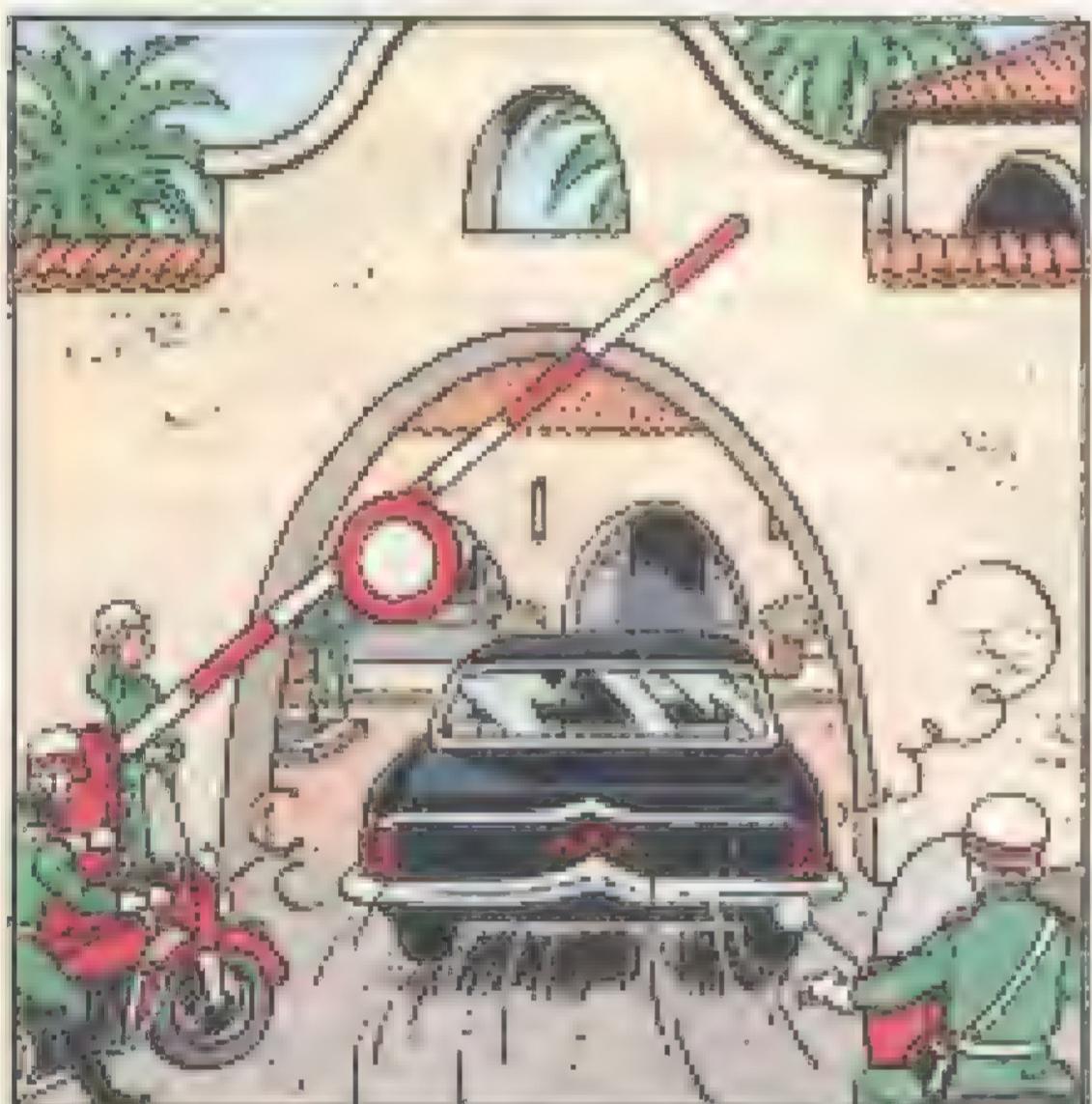
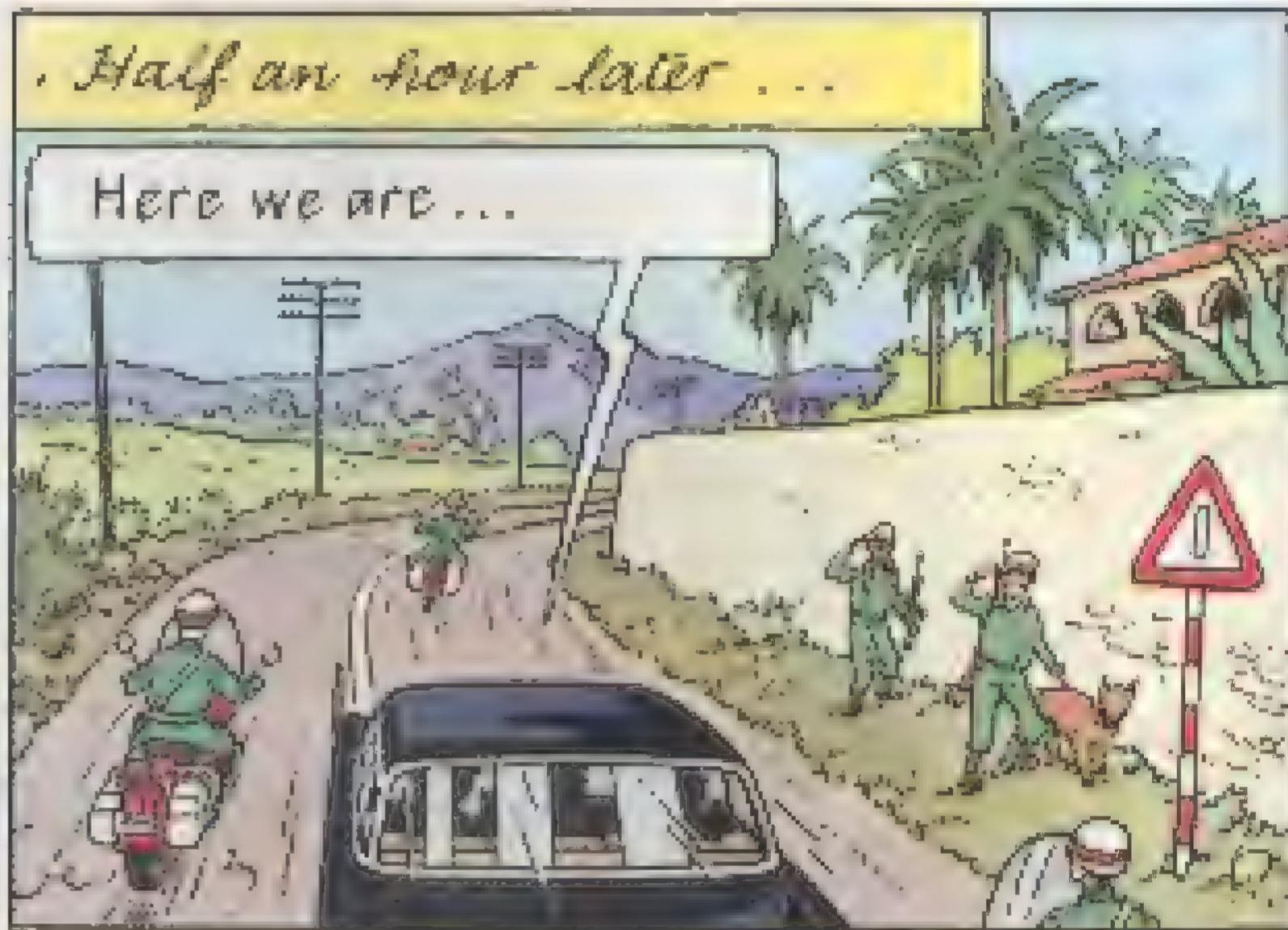
Did you know, a party of your compatriots are joining the festivities this year?

Yes, I saw... The Jolly Follies.



Half an hour later...

Here we are...



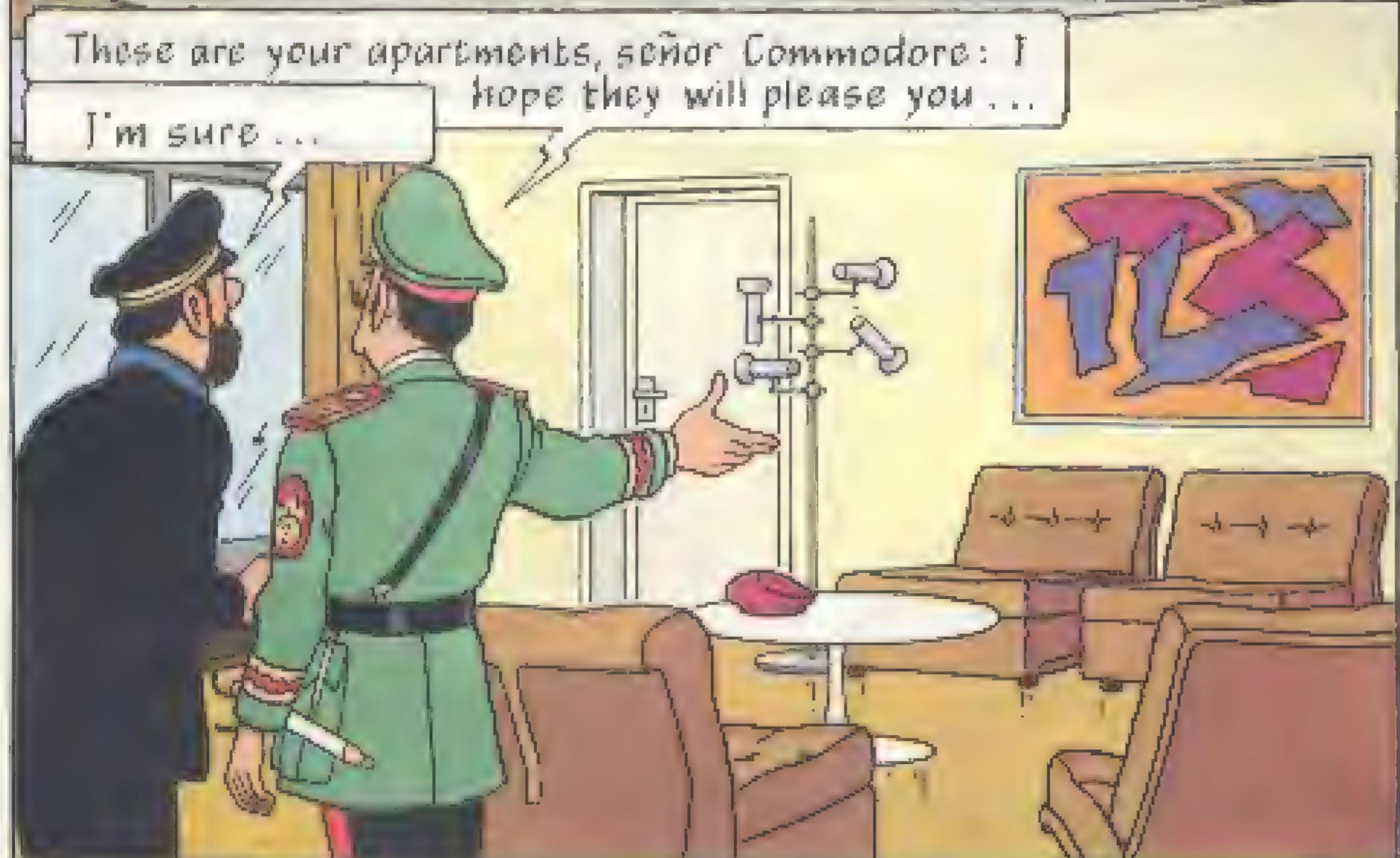
Just a simple precaution... Ah, yes, the swimming-pool is over the other side...

And Tintin was suspicious!



These are your apartments, señor Commodore: I hope they will please you...

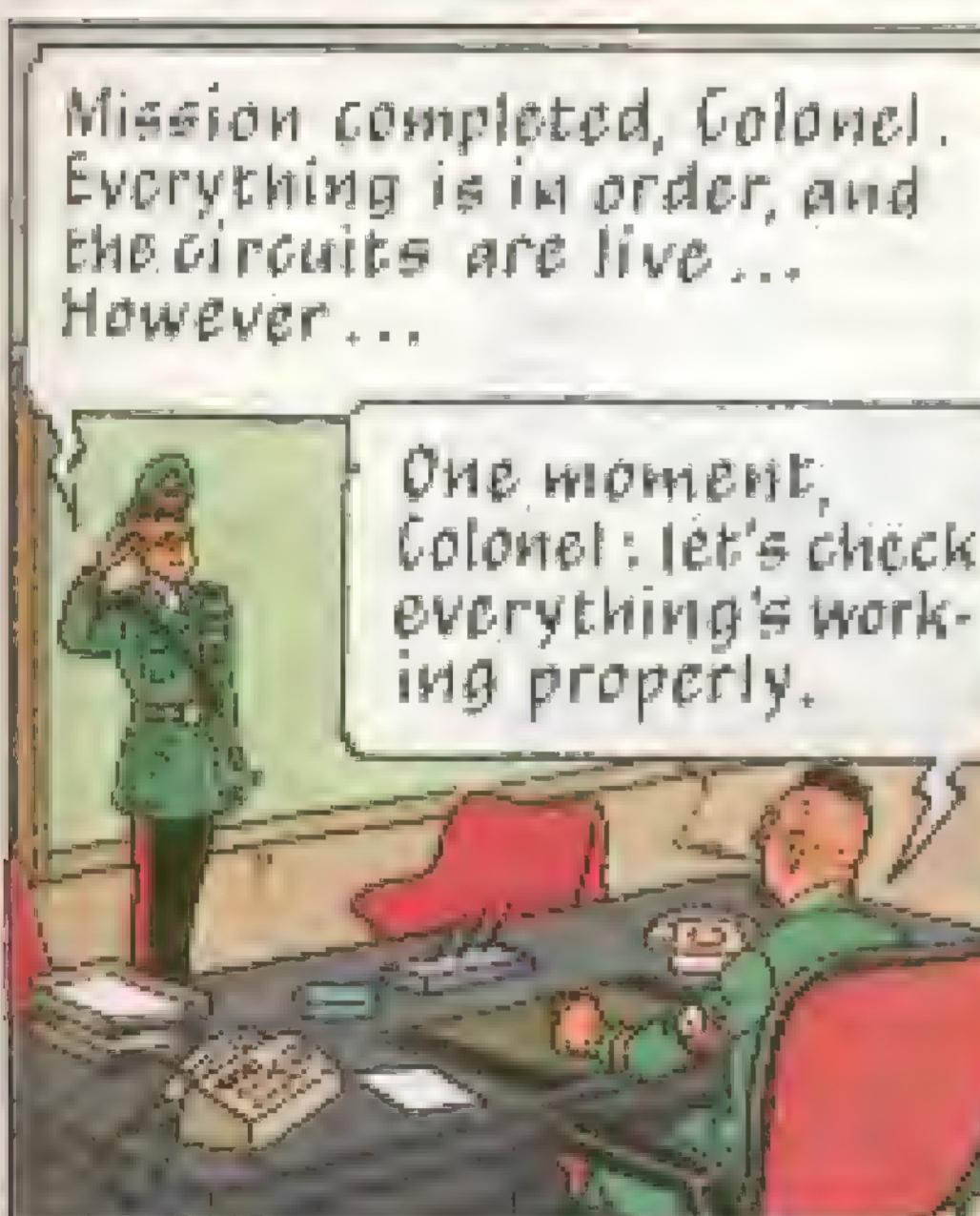
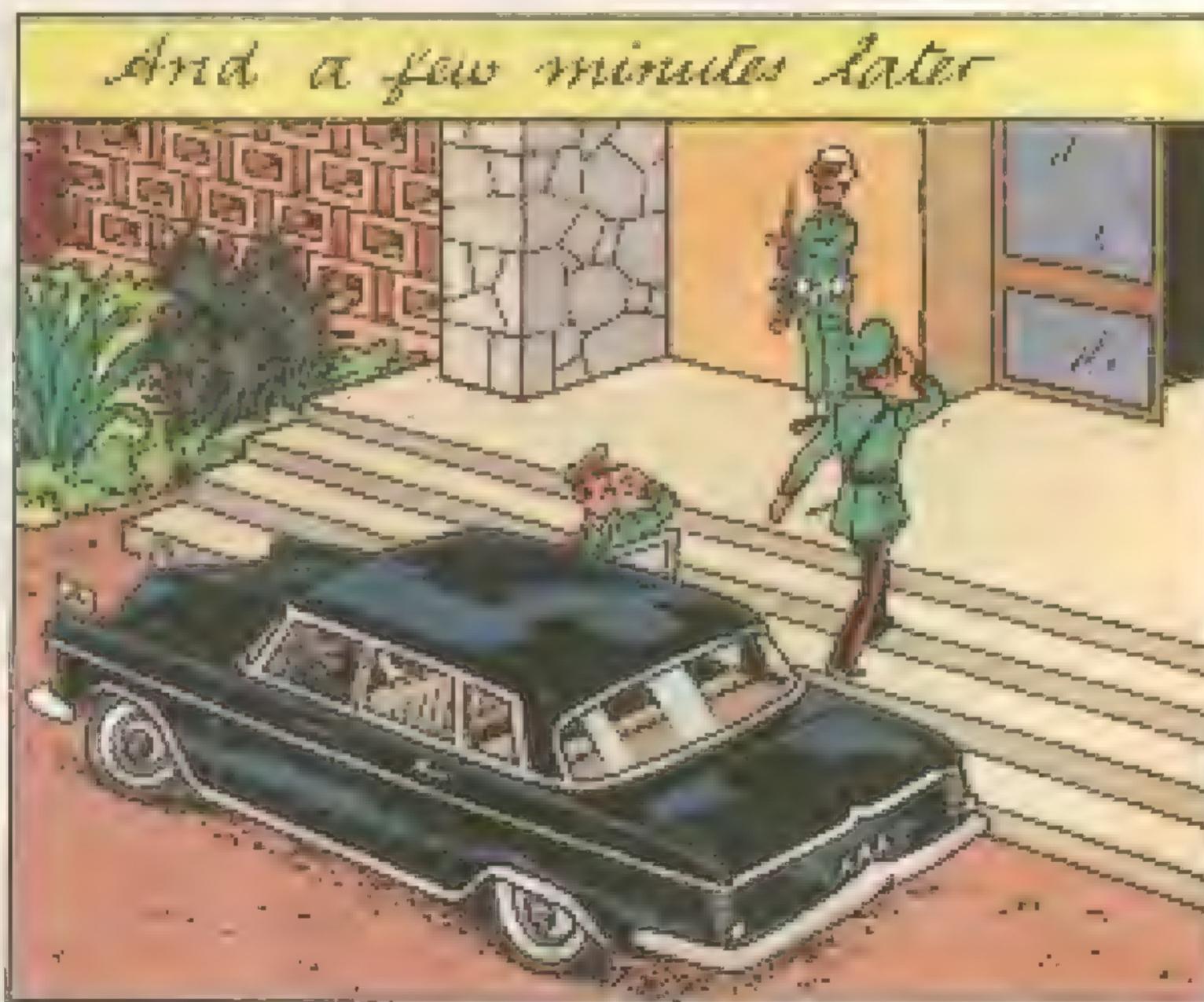
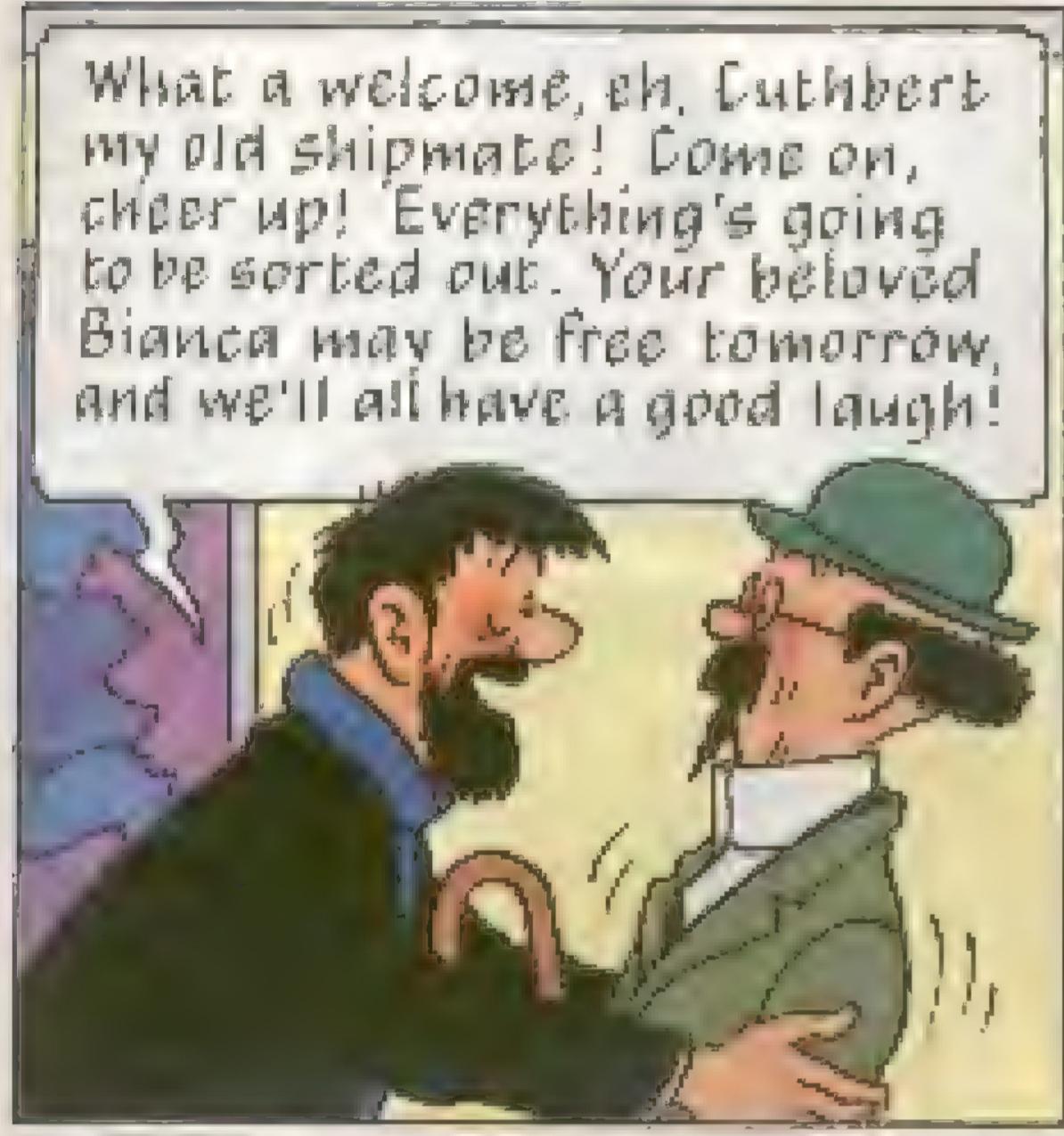
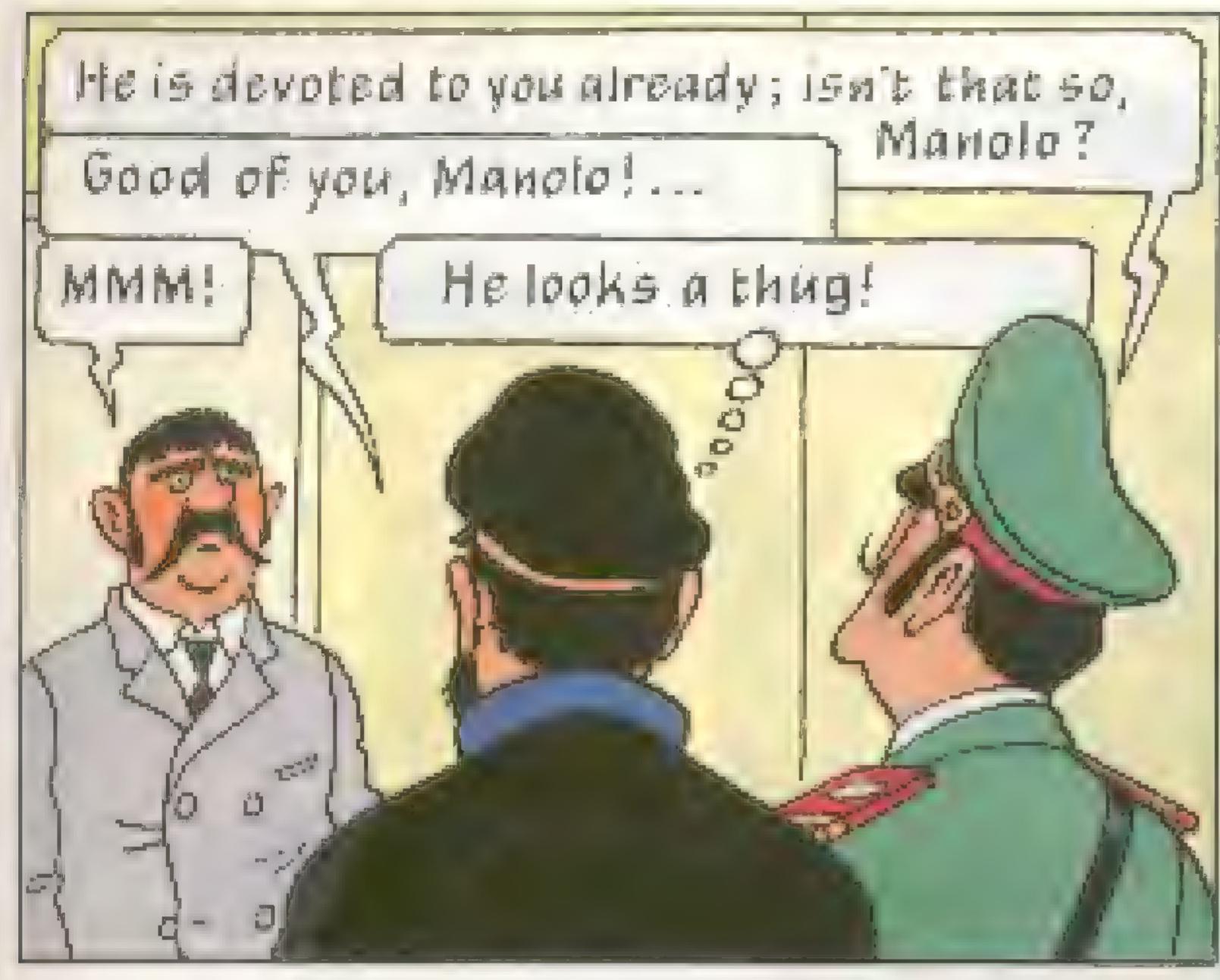
I'm sure...



Of course, a servant will be at your disposal throughout your stay with us...

Too kind, Colonel.





Oho! "Loch Lomond". These Tapiocans certainly do things in style!



Hello, that doesn't seem to please him... Yet they assured us that was his favourite whisky.



Unbelievable!... It's still happening!... What's gone wrong? Why can't I take whisky any more?



Let's try something else... gin, for instance.



He doesn't like that either? Just his bad luck!... Now for Channel No. 2 ...



Ah, there he is! A pity he didn't agree to work for us... But who knows, he may change his mind some day ...



Good. Now, Channel No. 3 ...

Colonel, I must ...



I must tell you... Number Three has not arrived, Colonel.

Not arrived?!... Szplug! Why not?... Where is he then?



He never left Europe, Colonel. Number One told me he had influenza and that ...

And you tell me that now! ... By the whiskers of Kúrví-Tasch!!



Influenza!... So, he was suspicious! ... But it's absolutely necessary for him to come!... And if I know him, he'll be coming anyway!



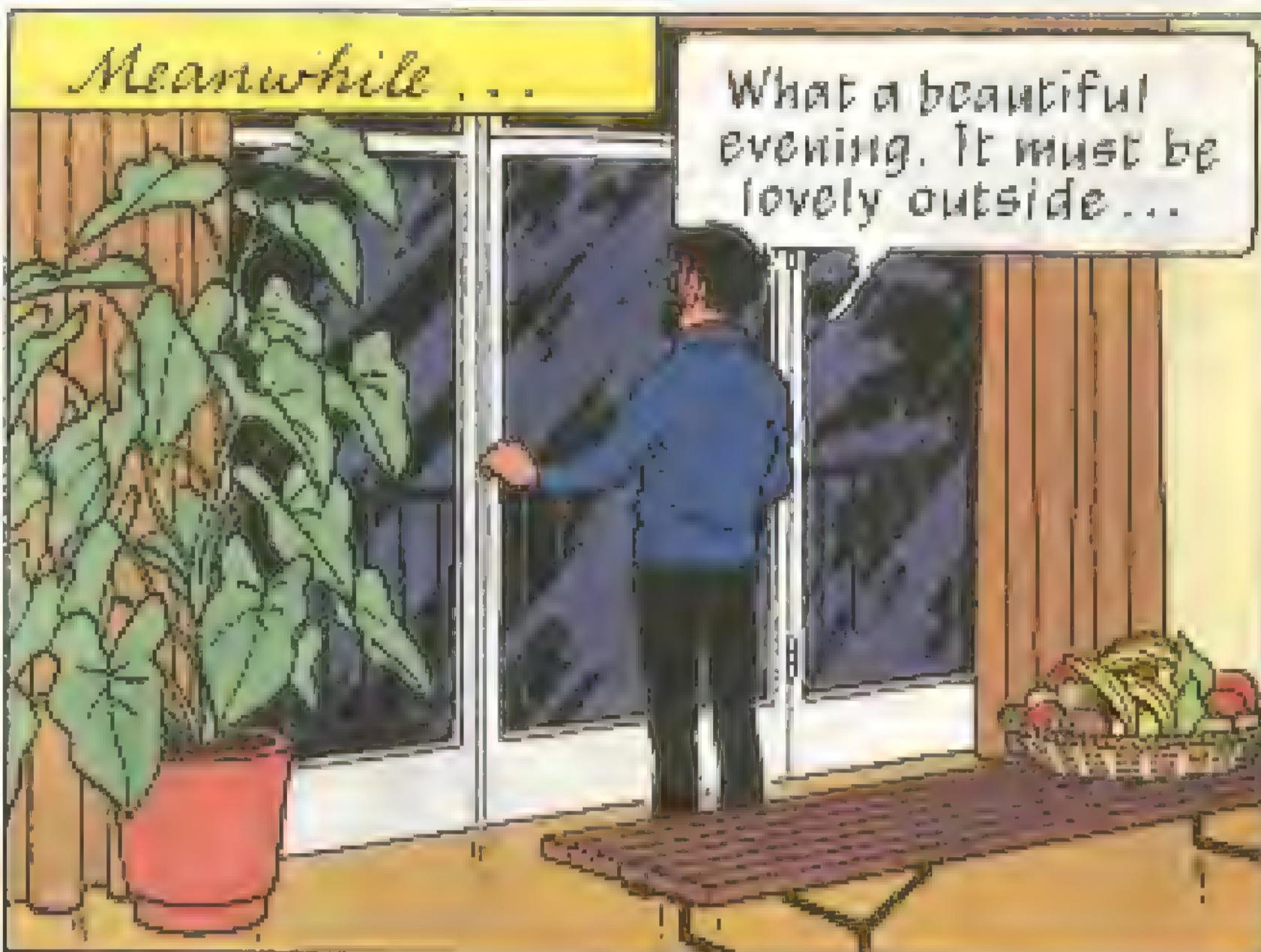
Good, I'll think about it. Meanwhile, you'll have to stall the others. Tell them everybody's got influenza... that the Castafiore's lost her voice... tell them anything you like... to gain time.

Very good, Colonel.

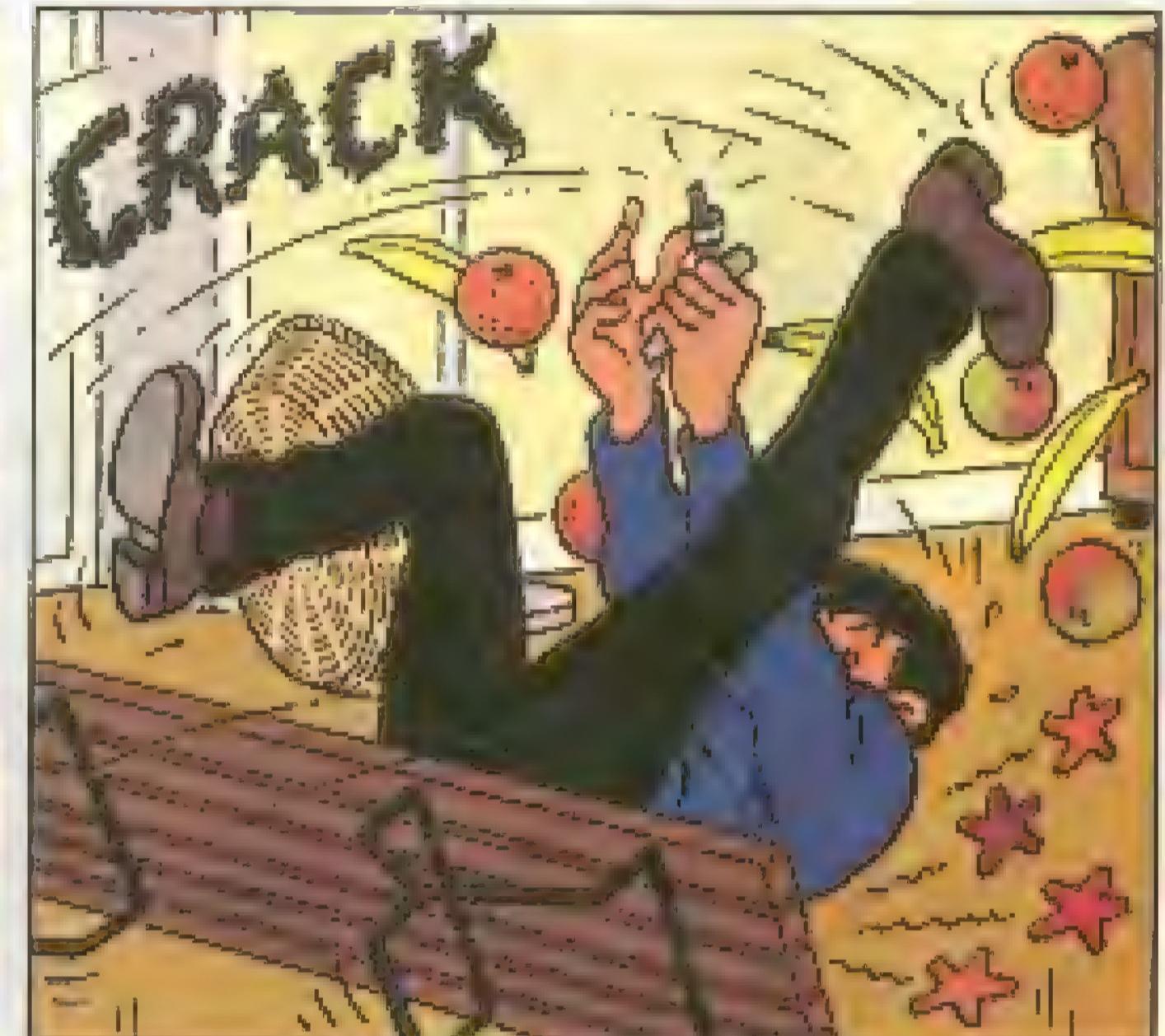
Meanwhile...

What a beautiful evening. It must be lovely outside...

Hello, what's this? Rusted up?



Come open...you stupid... stubborn...



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Why does everything happen to me?!



¿Que pasa?



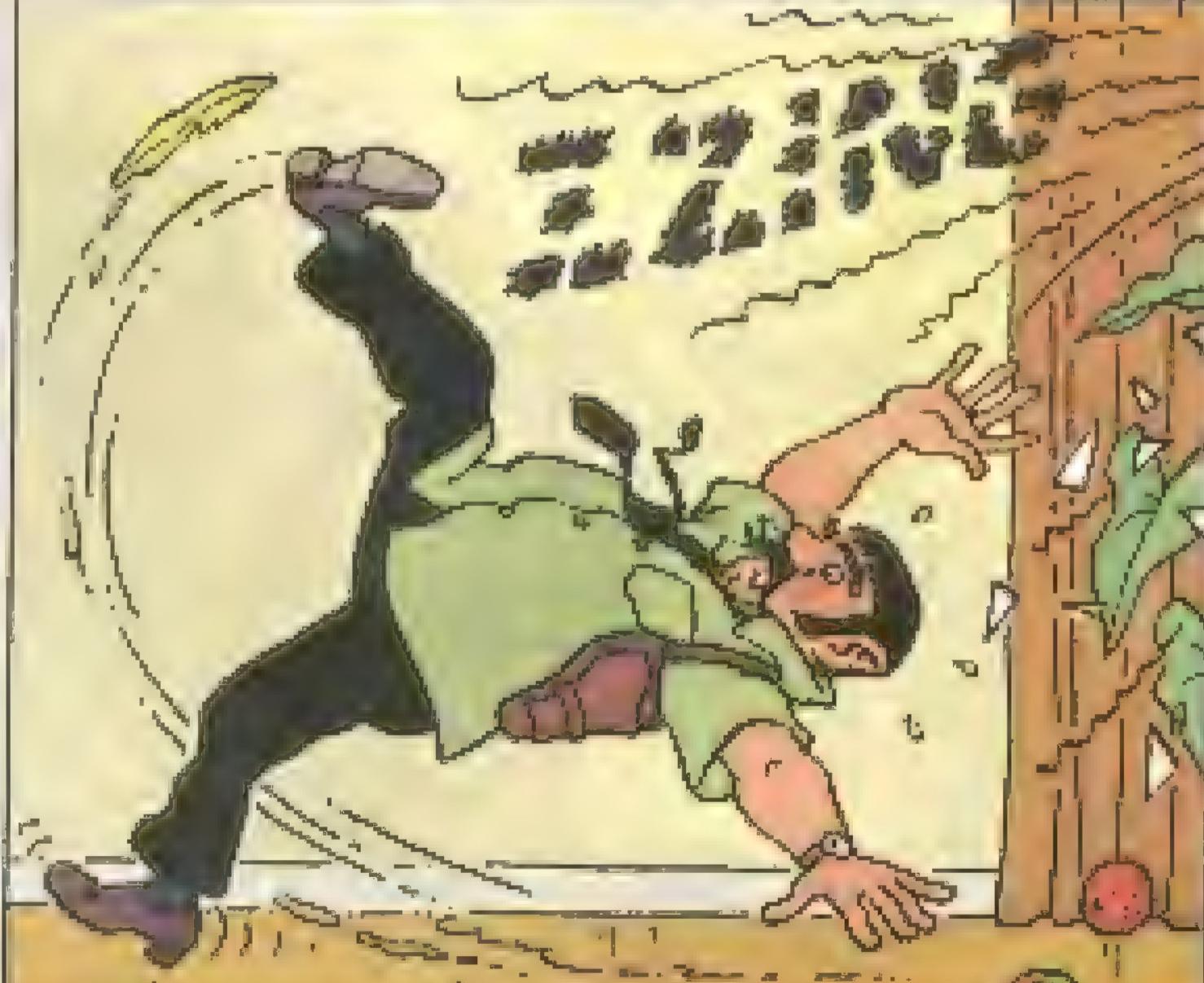
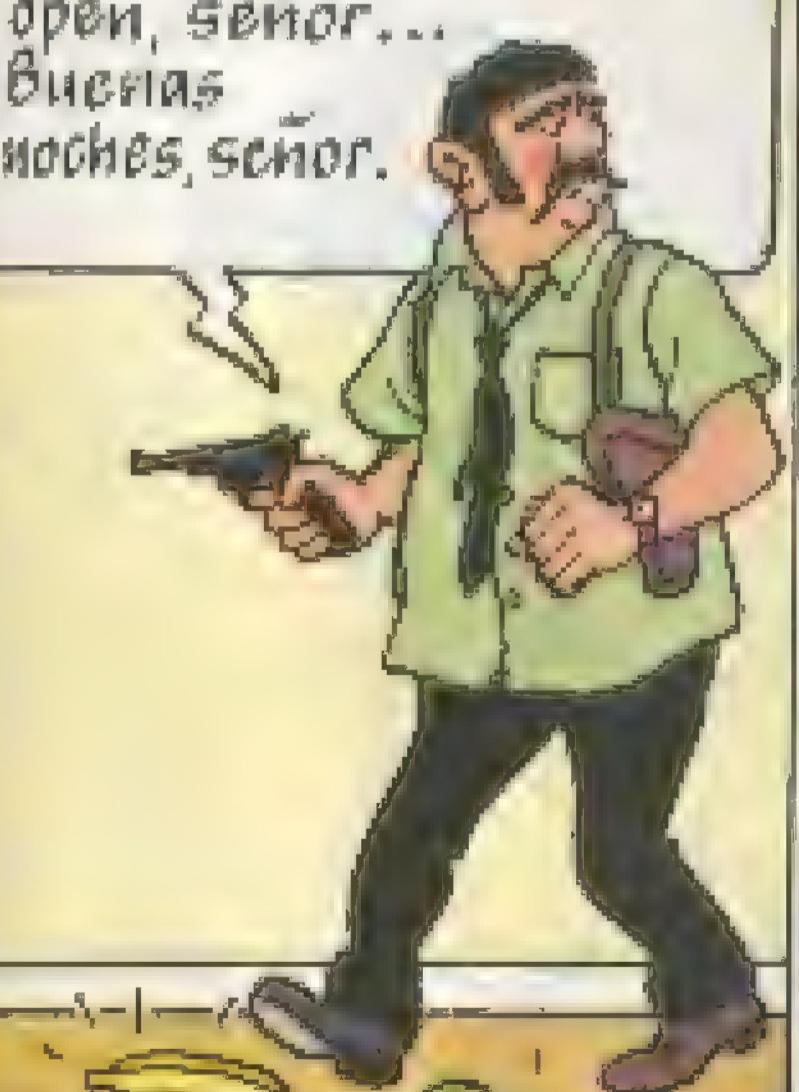
¿Que pasa?... Que pasa is that I tried to open that confounded window!... And kindly put away the blunderbuss: those things have a habit of going off!



No good to open, señor... air conditioning...

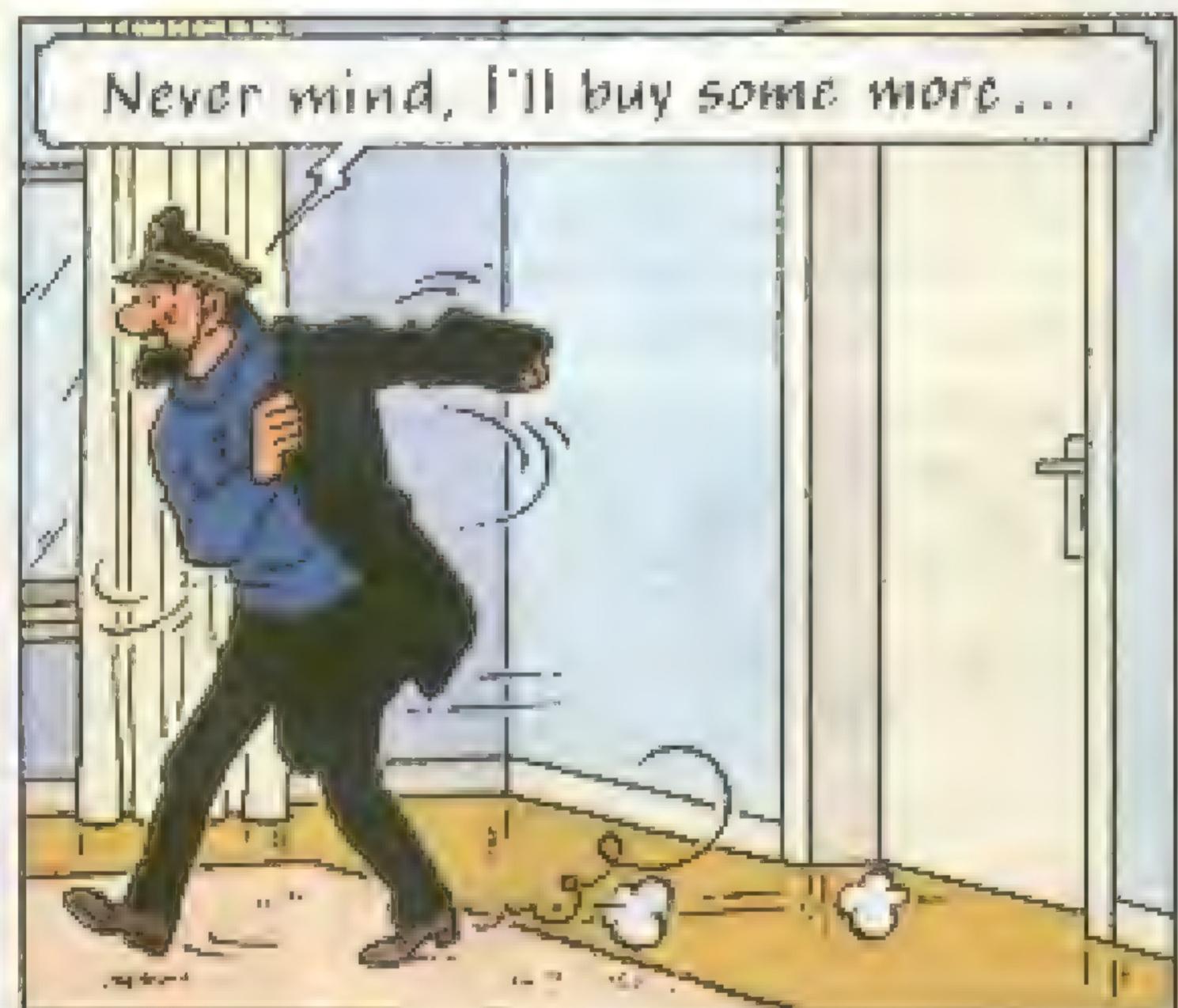
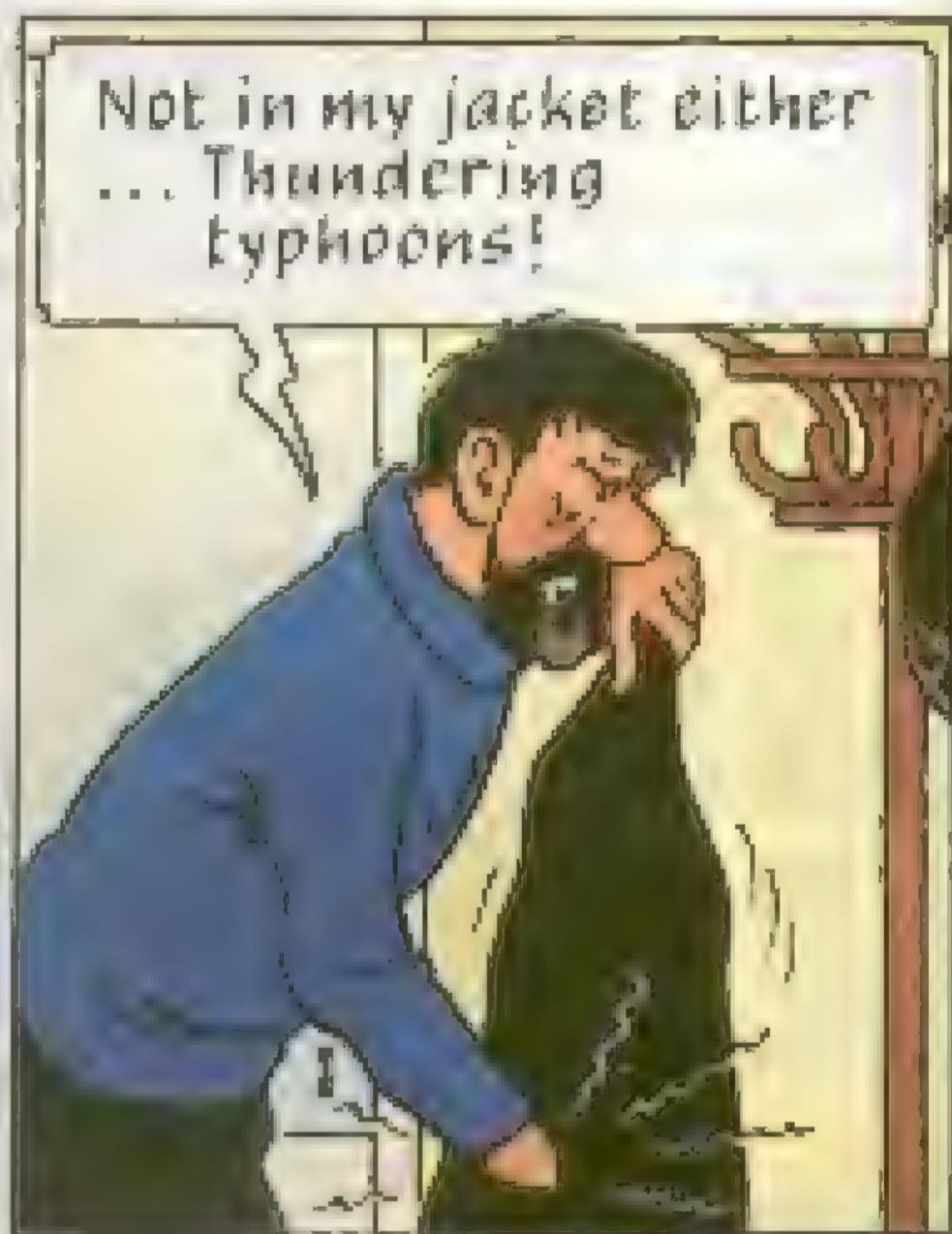
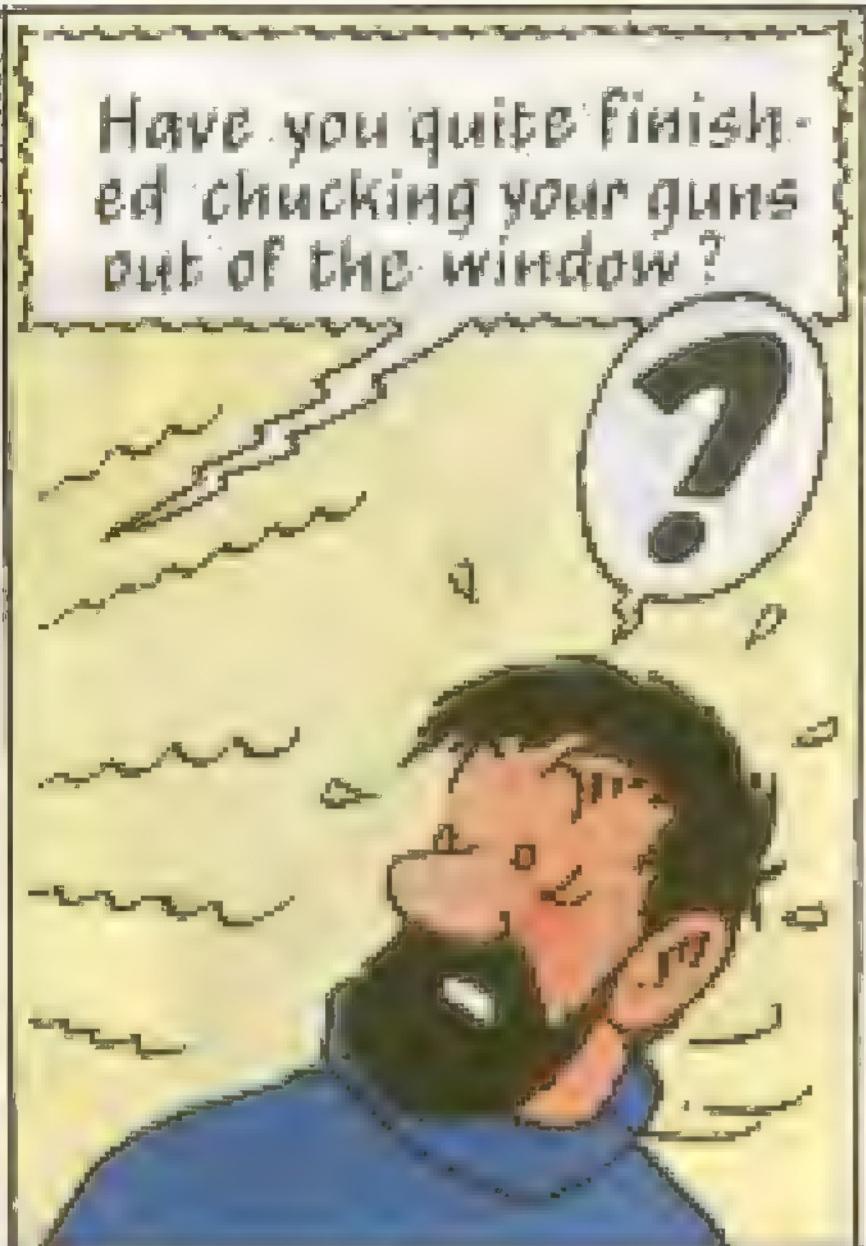


Windows, they do not open, señor... Buenas noches, señor.



Thanks, friend... really, you try too hard!





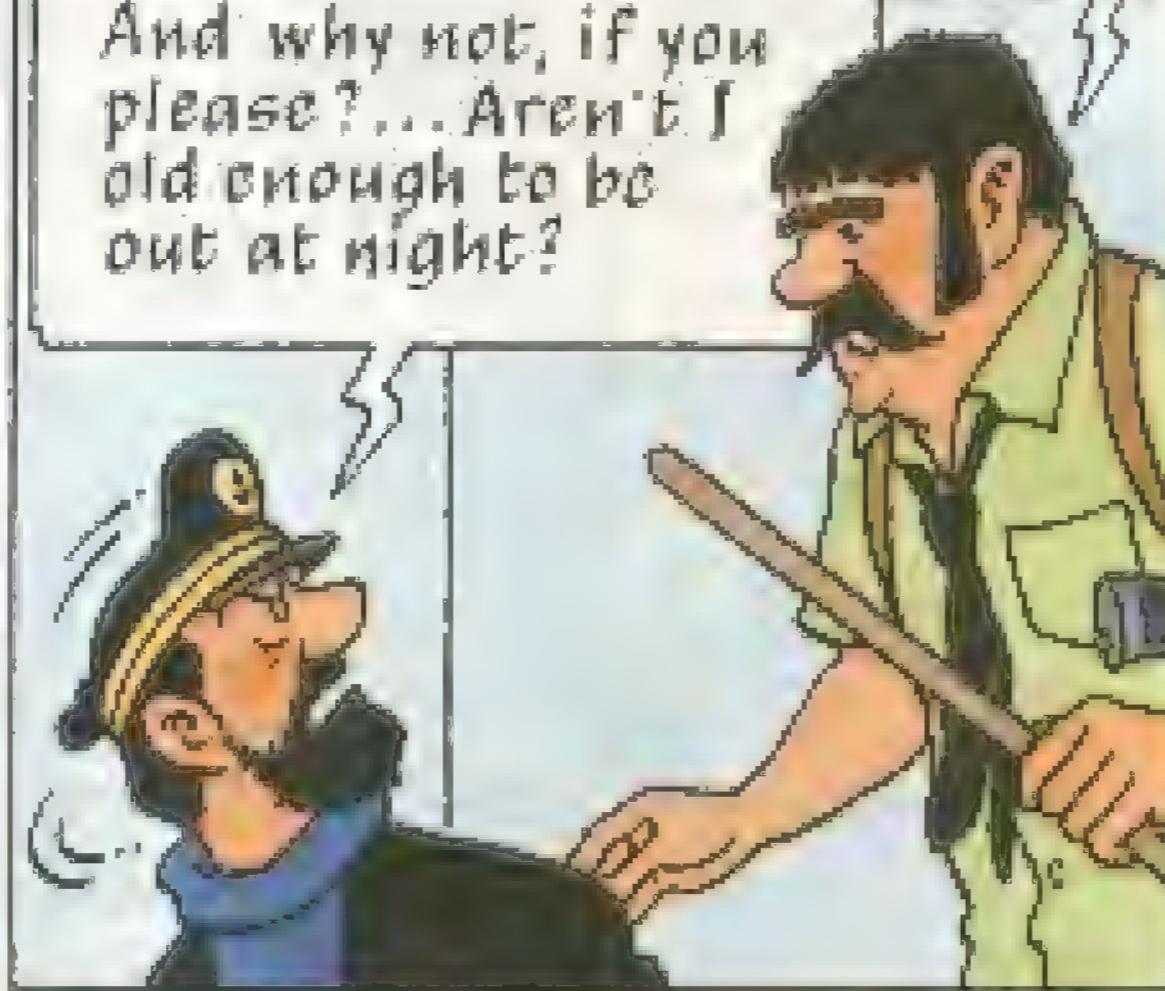
Ten thousand thundering typhoons!  
You dare forbid me to go out?... Me,  
the guest of General Tapioca!...

Not go out,  
señor.



Señor not go out tonight!...  
Tomorrow... Too late tonight ...

And why not, if you  
please?... Aren't I  
old enough to be  
out at night?

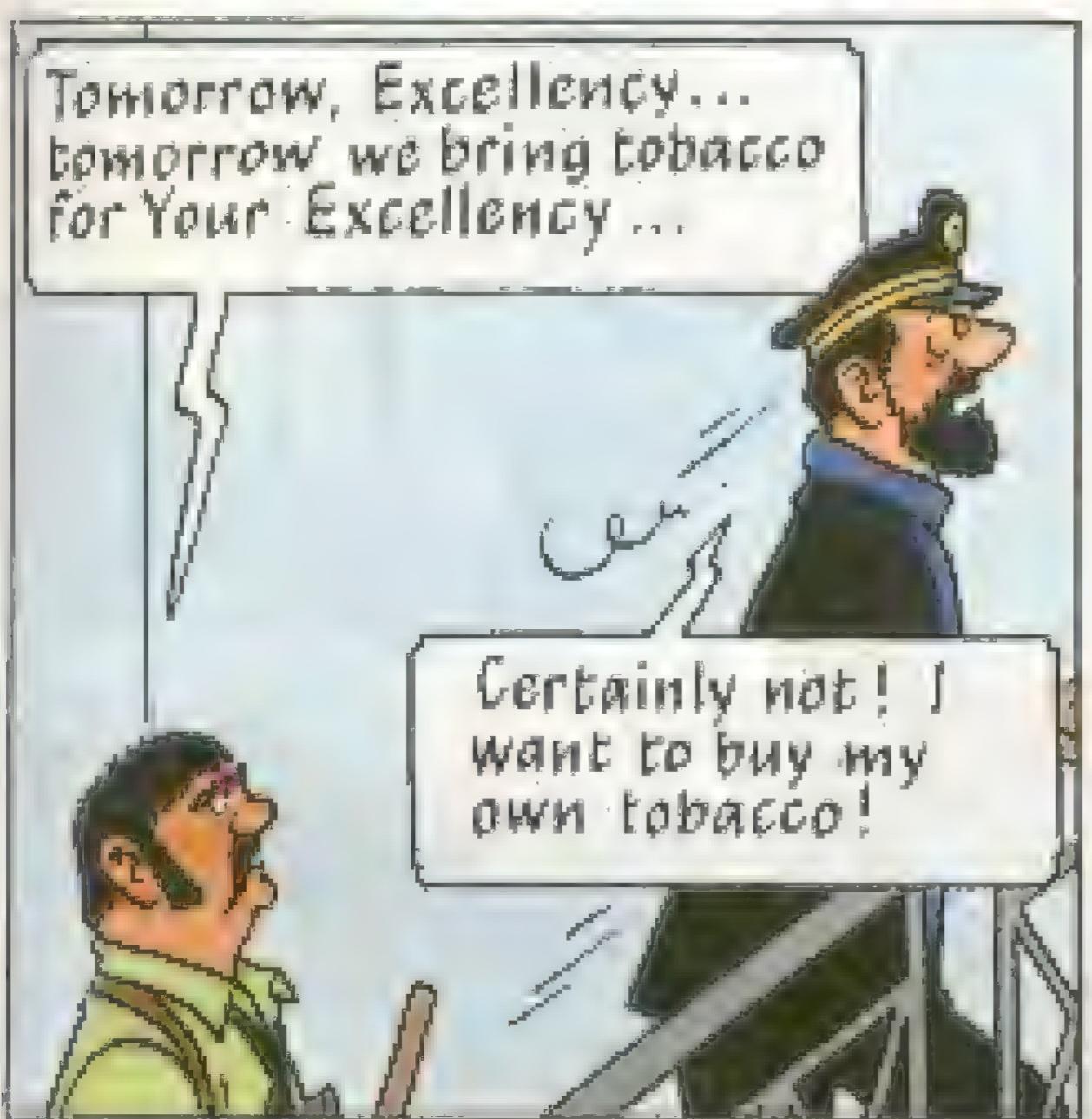


No, señor, but... er... Sometimes  
Picaros make attack around here  
... Is muy dangerous, señor...  
So you see, is best for your  
own protection ...



Tomorrow, Excellency...  
tomorrow we bring tobacco  
for Your Excellency ...

Certainly not! I  
want to buy my  
own tobacco!



As you wish, Excellency... Buenas  
noches, Excellency ...

...'night!

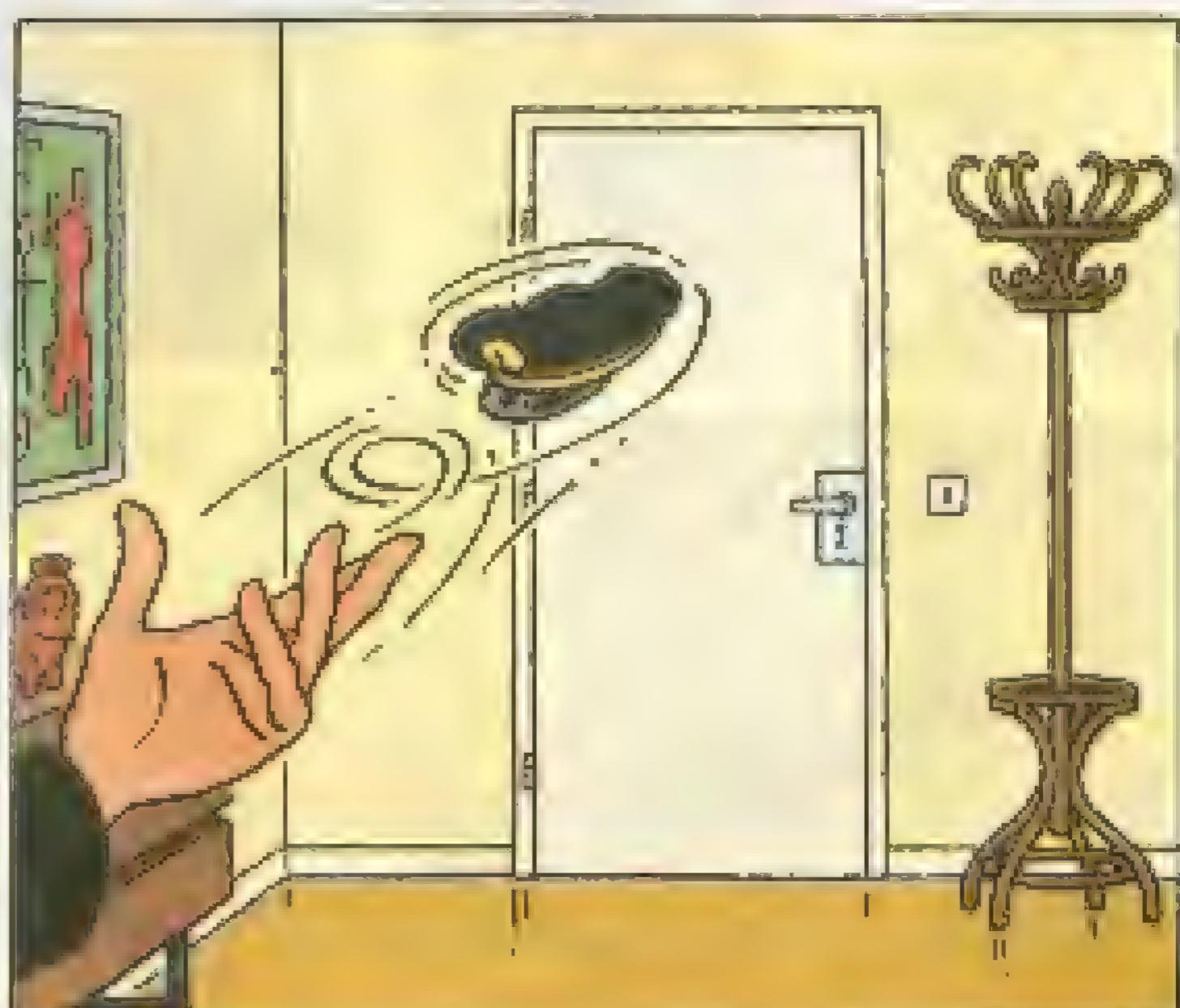


**SLAM**



That young whippersnapper Tin-tin was right, by thunder... The cage may be a gilded one ...

... but we're well and  
truly behind bars!



Ah, there you  
are, Cap...

**FLOP**

When are you going to stop  
these childish pranks?



Next morning ...



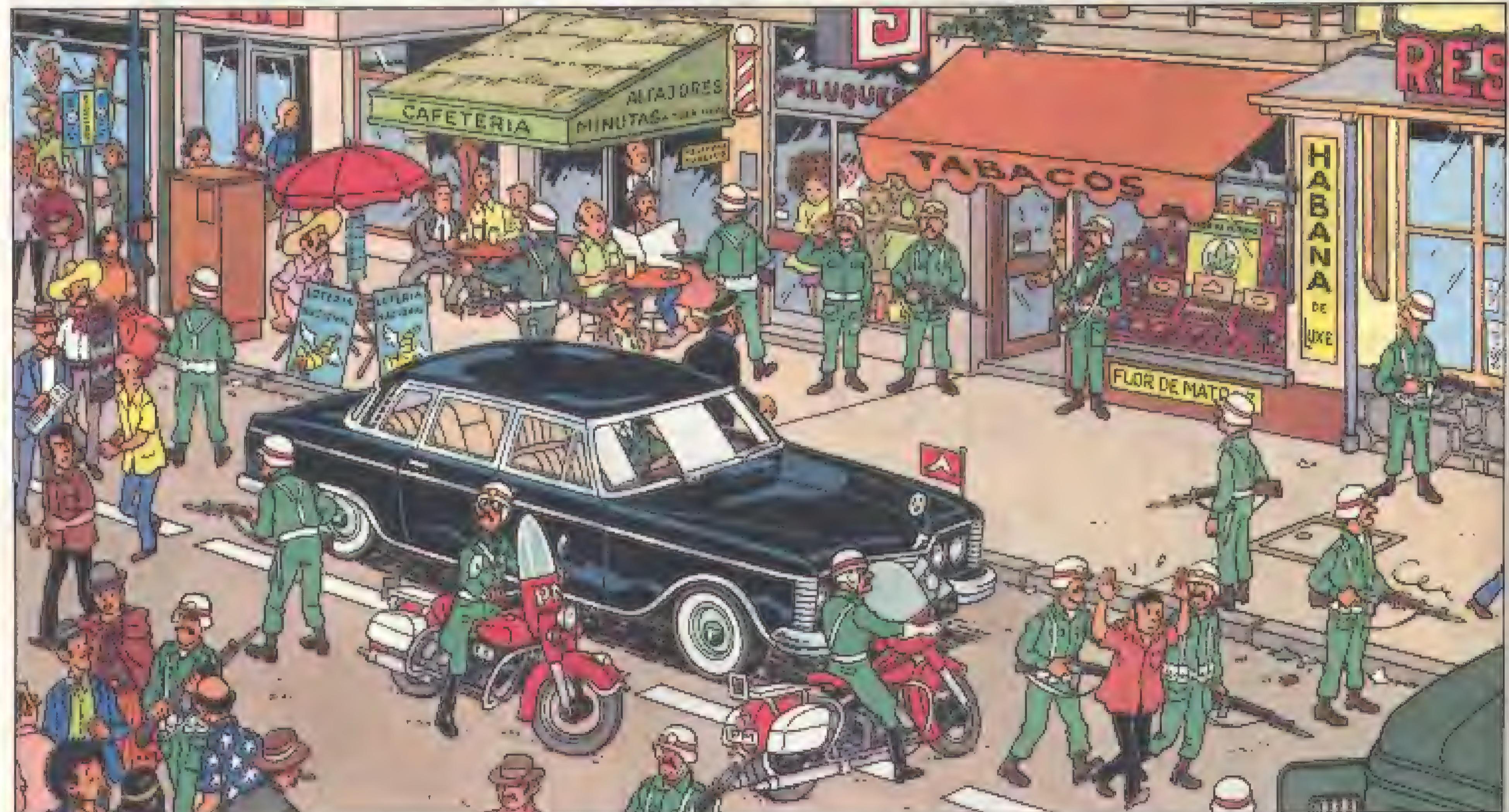
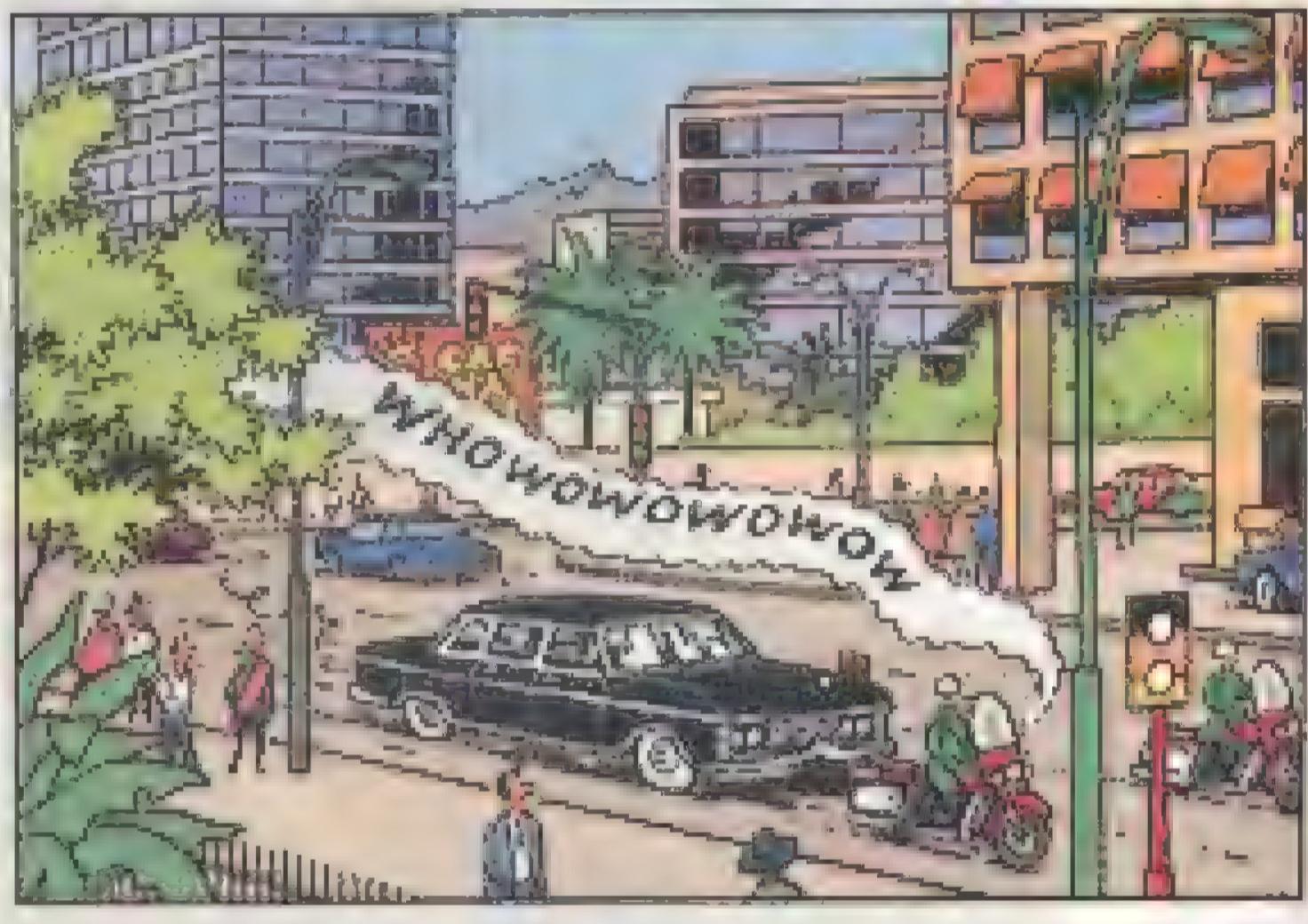
Tobacco you order  
last night,  
Excellency.



What escort? An escort  
to go and buy  
tobacco?



Yes, Excellency, must have escort...  
Is necessary, because of terrorists,  
you understand: los Picosos ...



An hour later...

Ah, you're back. Would you believe that Tintin ...

Tintin? He was jolly sensible to stay in Marlinspike!

He was absolutely right: we're prisoners, lock, stock and barrel!

I can see our hosts have a true sense of hospitality. That's what I just said to him...

... and he entirely agrees with me.



Exactly, and what's more, he'll tell you so himself!



Won't you, my friend?

Buenos dias, Captain!



Tintin, where in heaven's name have you sprung from?

Well, I've come straight from Marlinspike... You don't look very pleased to see me!



Why didn't you stay there, you silly fellow?

Let's say I was missing you, Captain ...

... and the Professor too, of course.

On a horse? We came by car.



You'd hardly left when I began to blame myself for not having gone with you. I thought of all our friends in prison and the need to try to save them... So I took a plane... It's quite simple ...

And it's crazy!



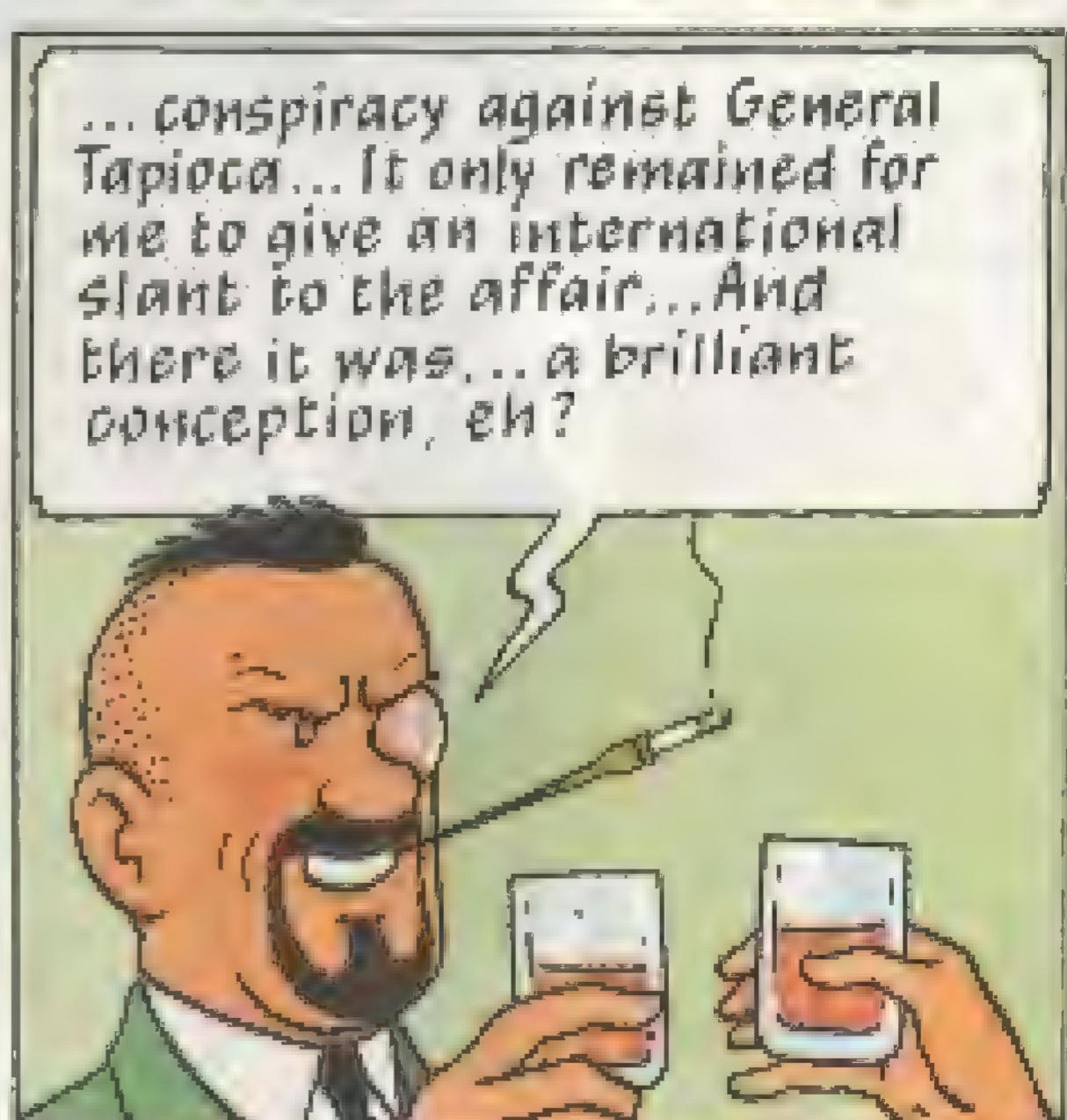
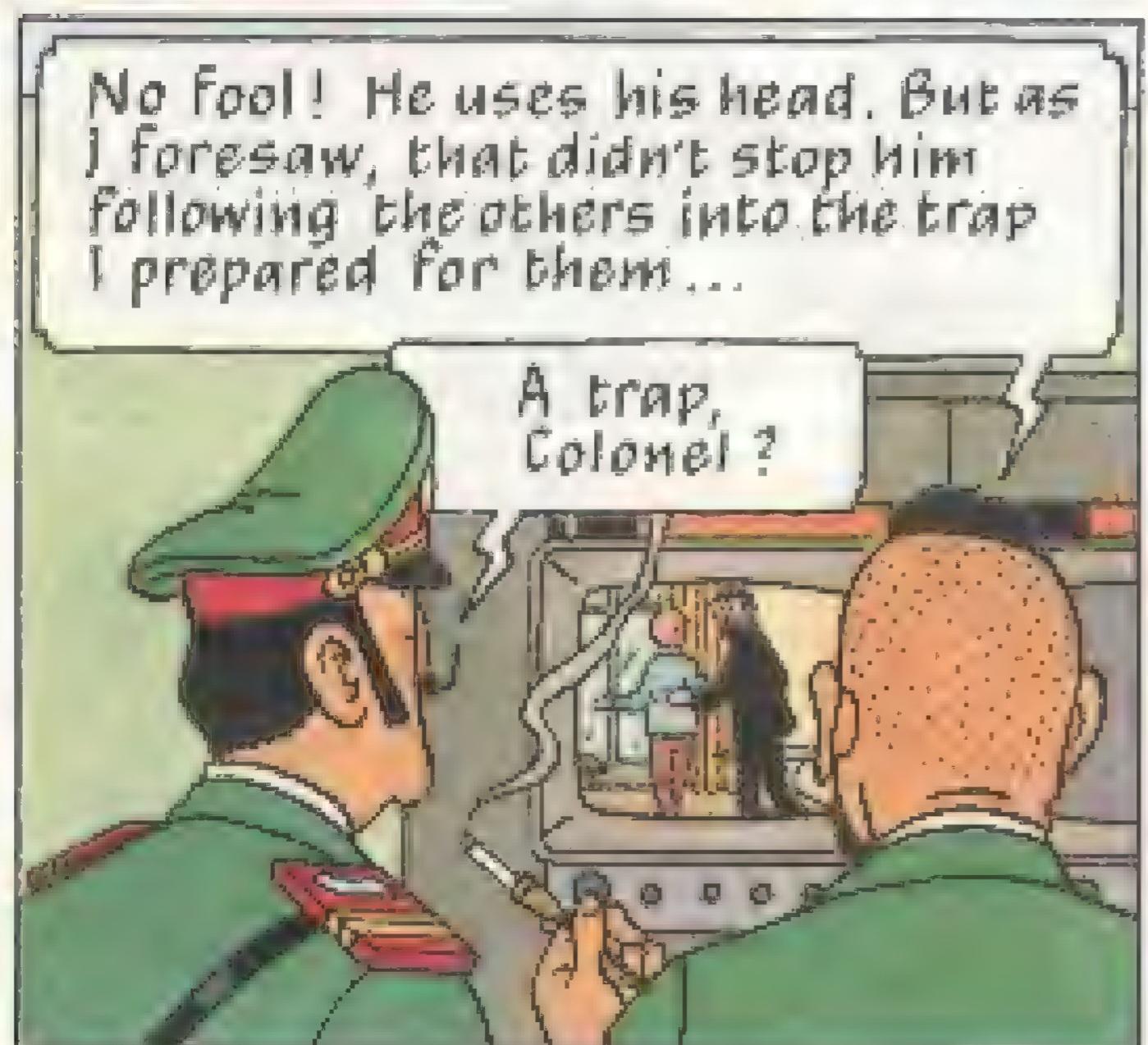
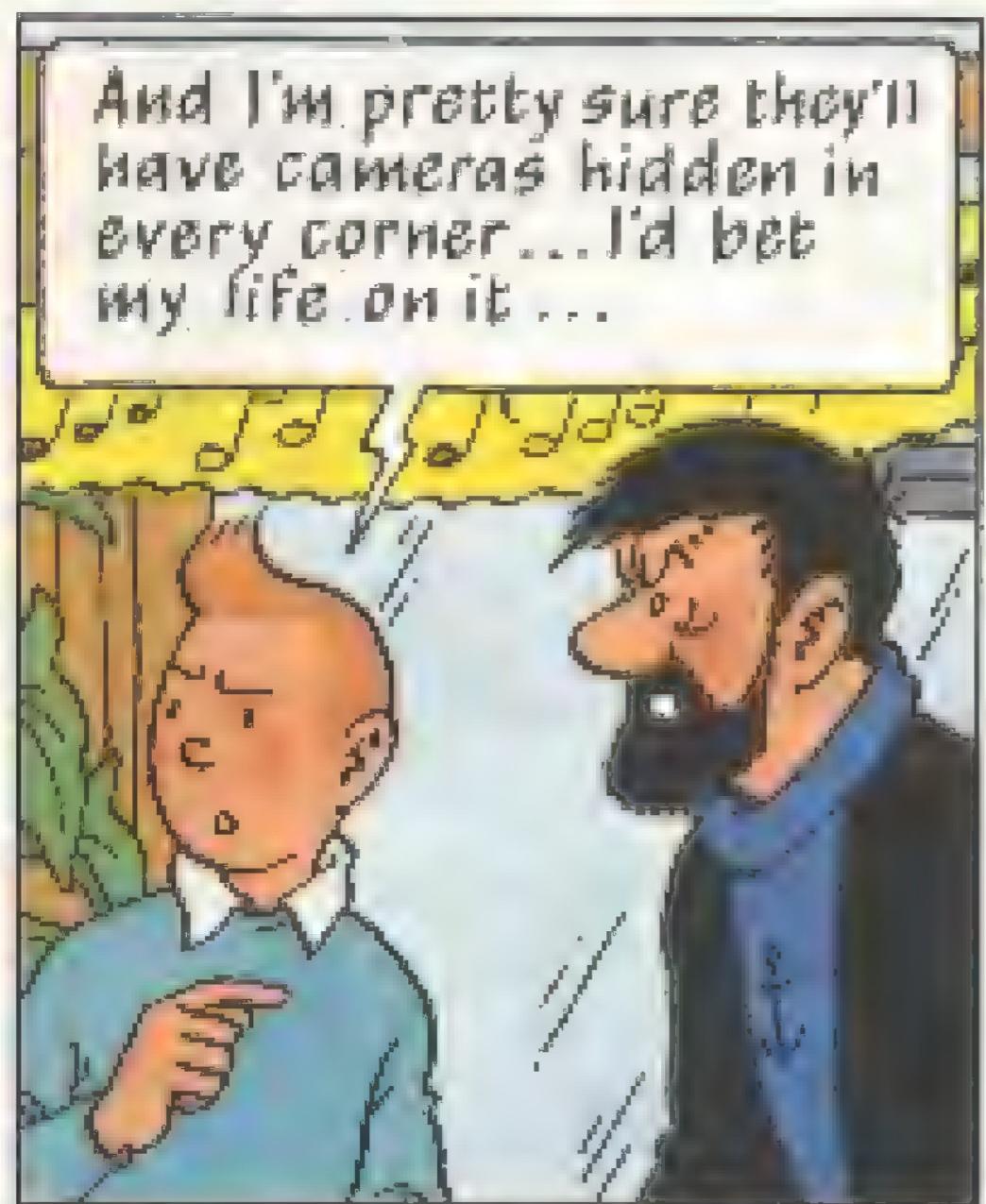
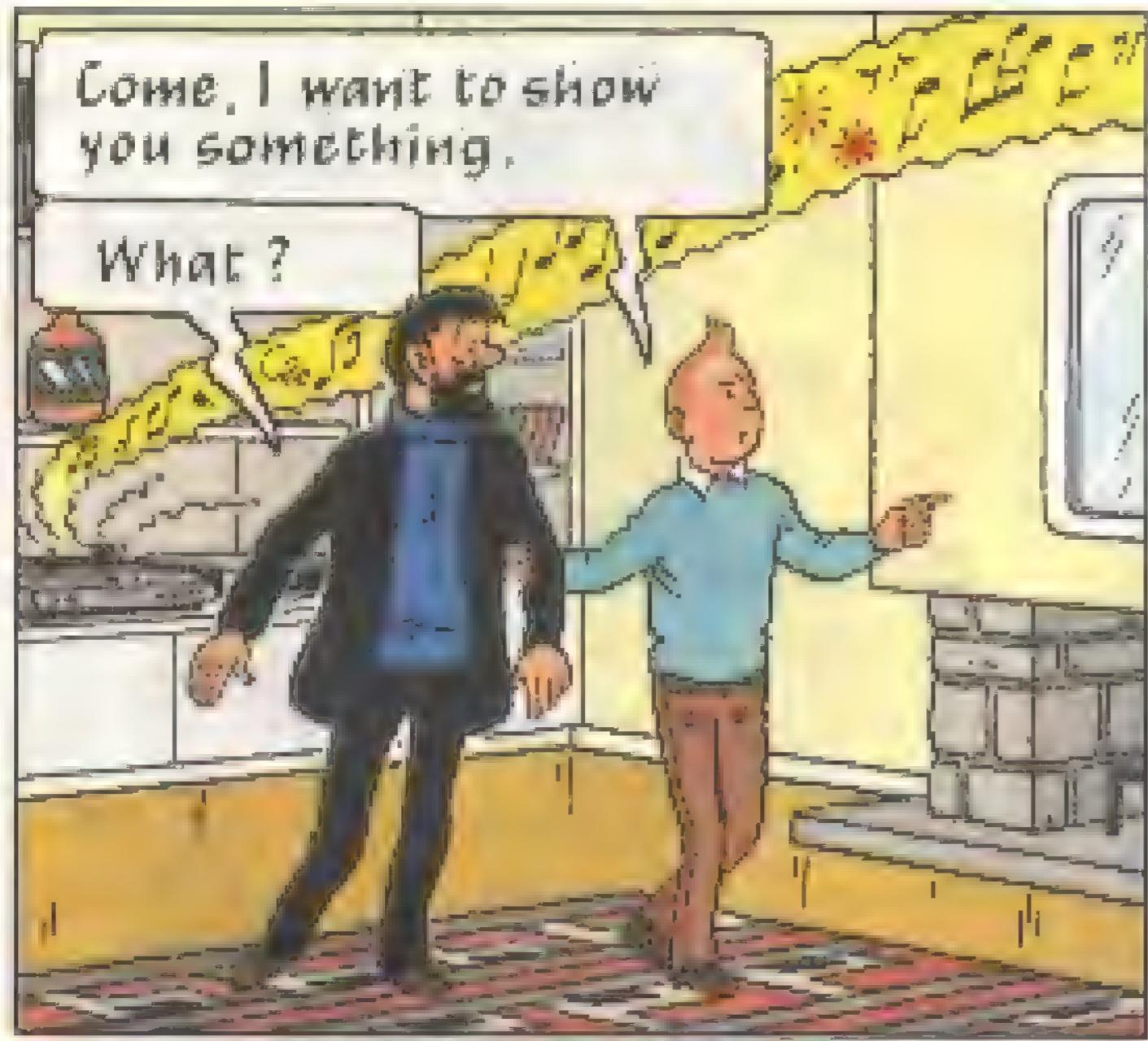
Because you were right! Would you believe ...

Ssh!



Ah! You've got a record here I simply adore! ... May I put it on, Captain?

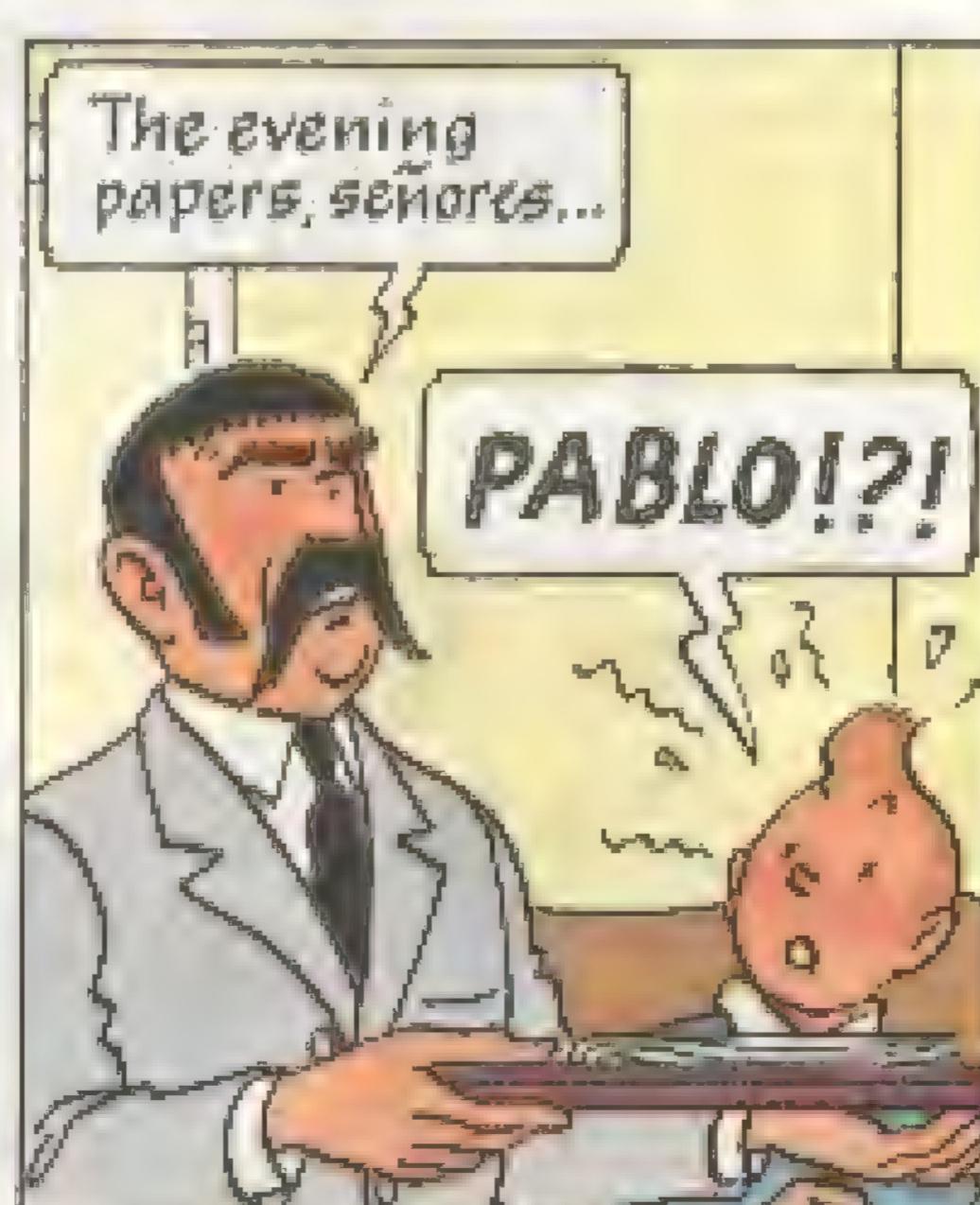
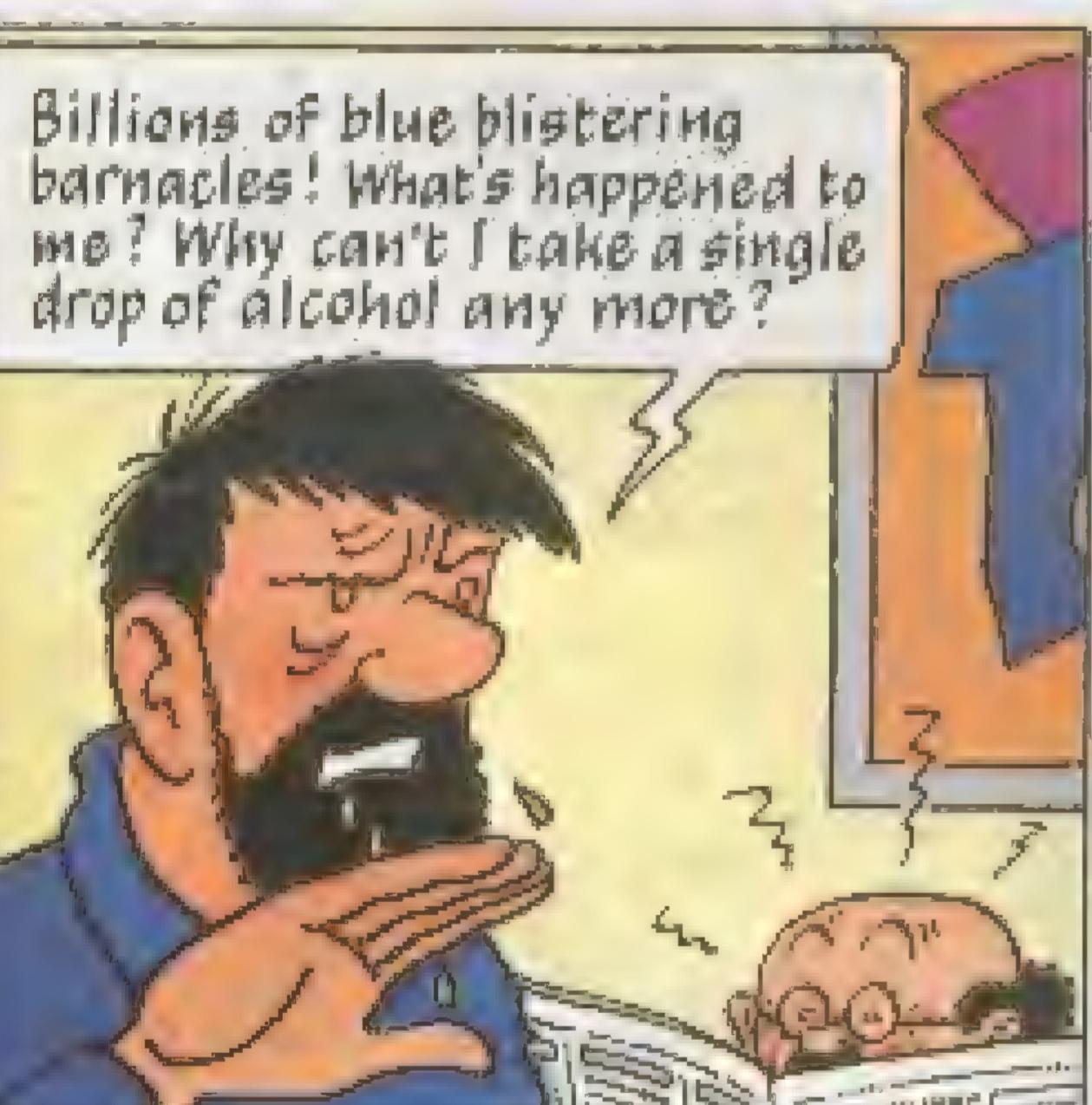
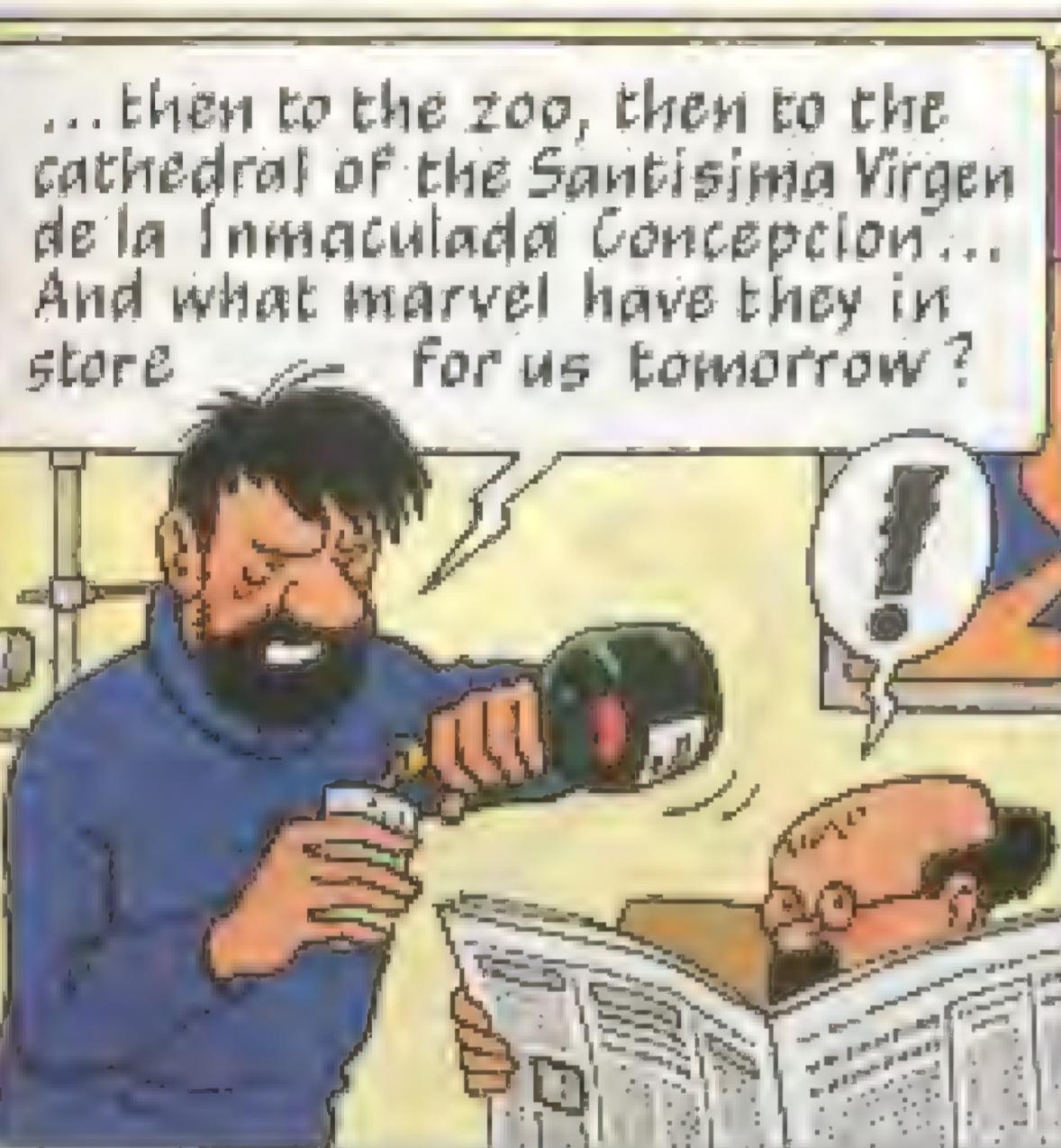


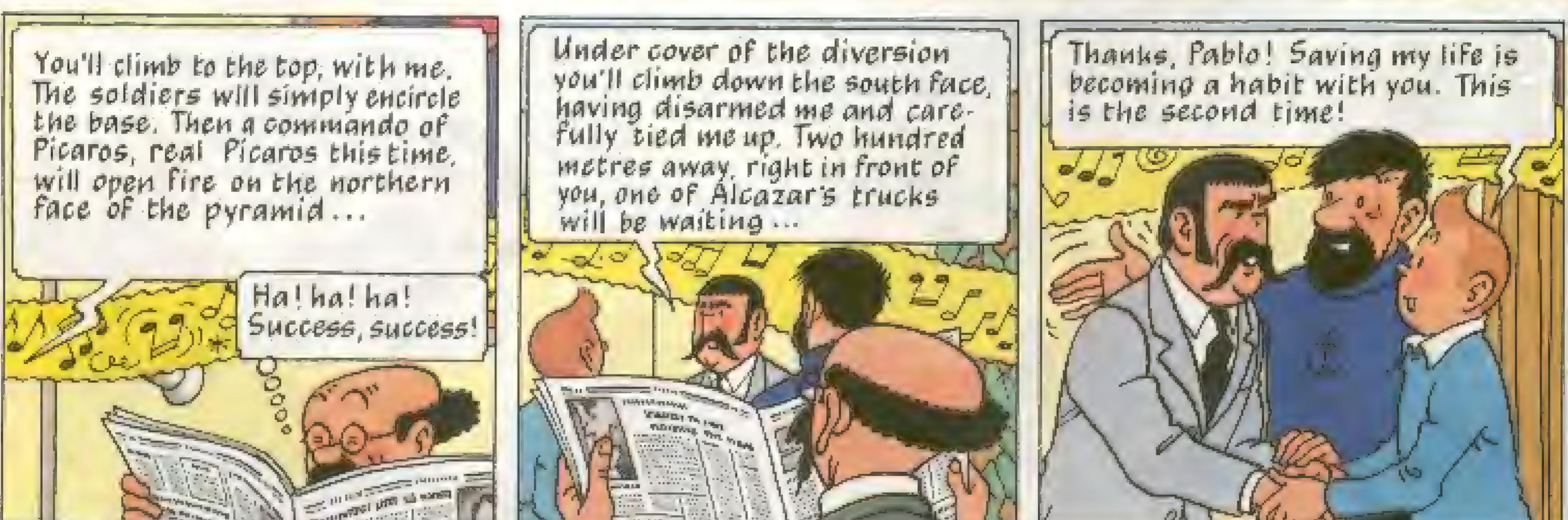
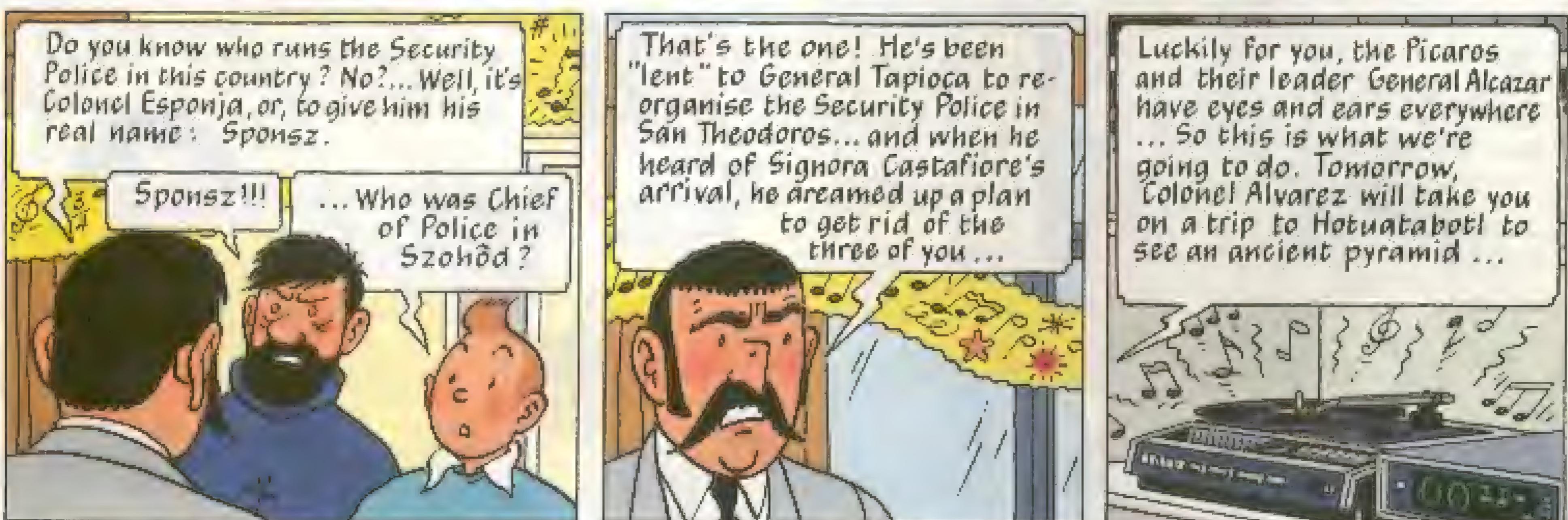
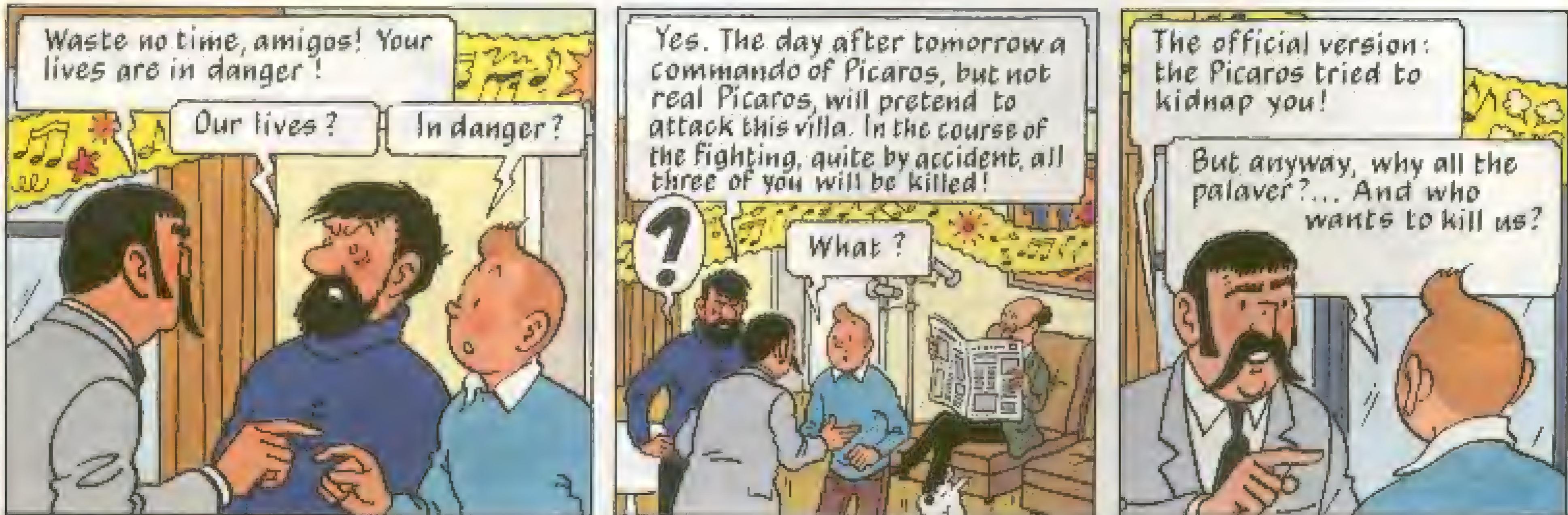


Three days go by...

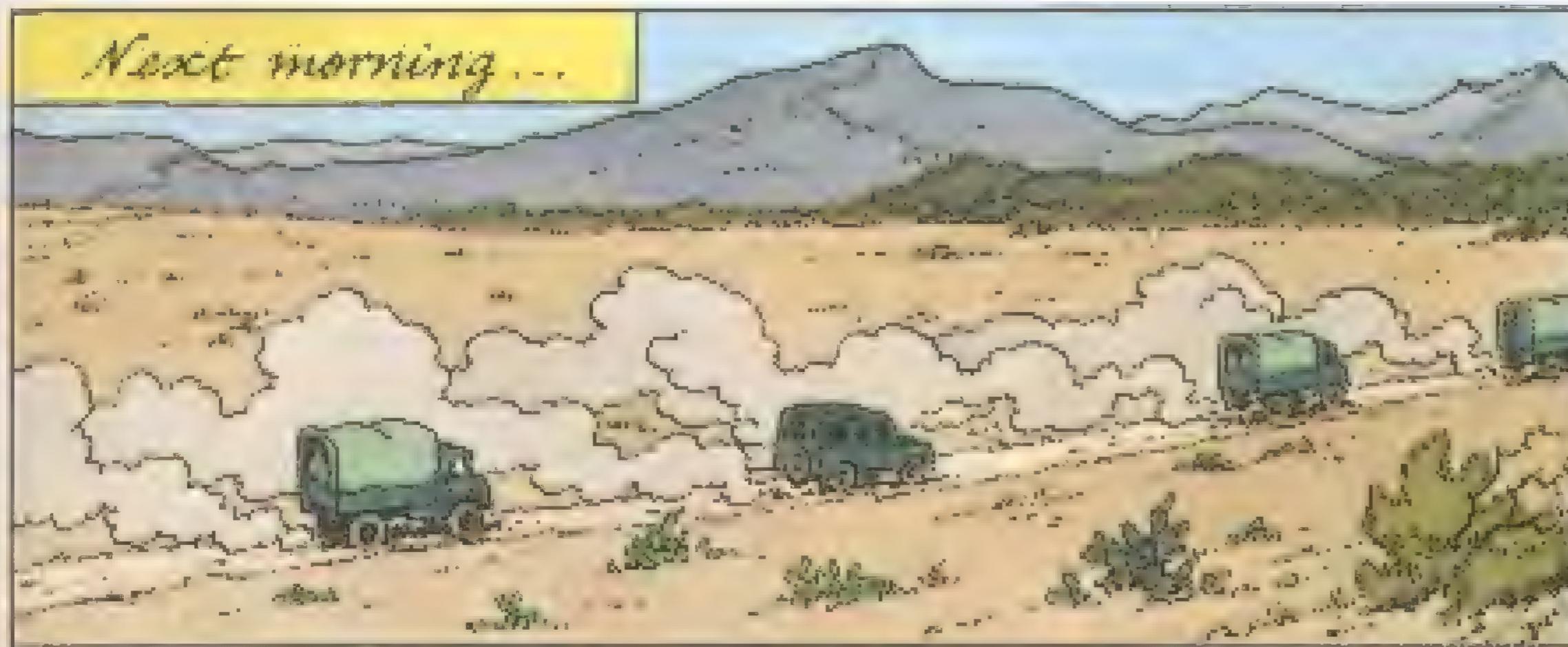
But WHEN are we going to see that confounded fellow Tapioca? After all, that's the principal reason we came here!

Instead of which, for three days they've shuttled us from the Museum of Ethnography to the birthplace of the Great Liberator, General Olivaro...

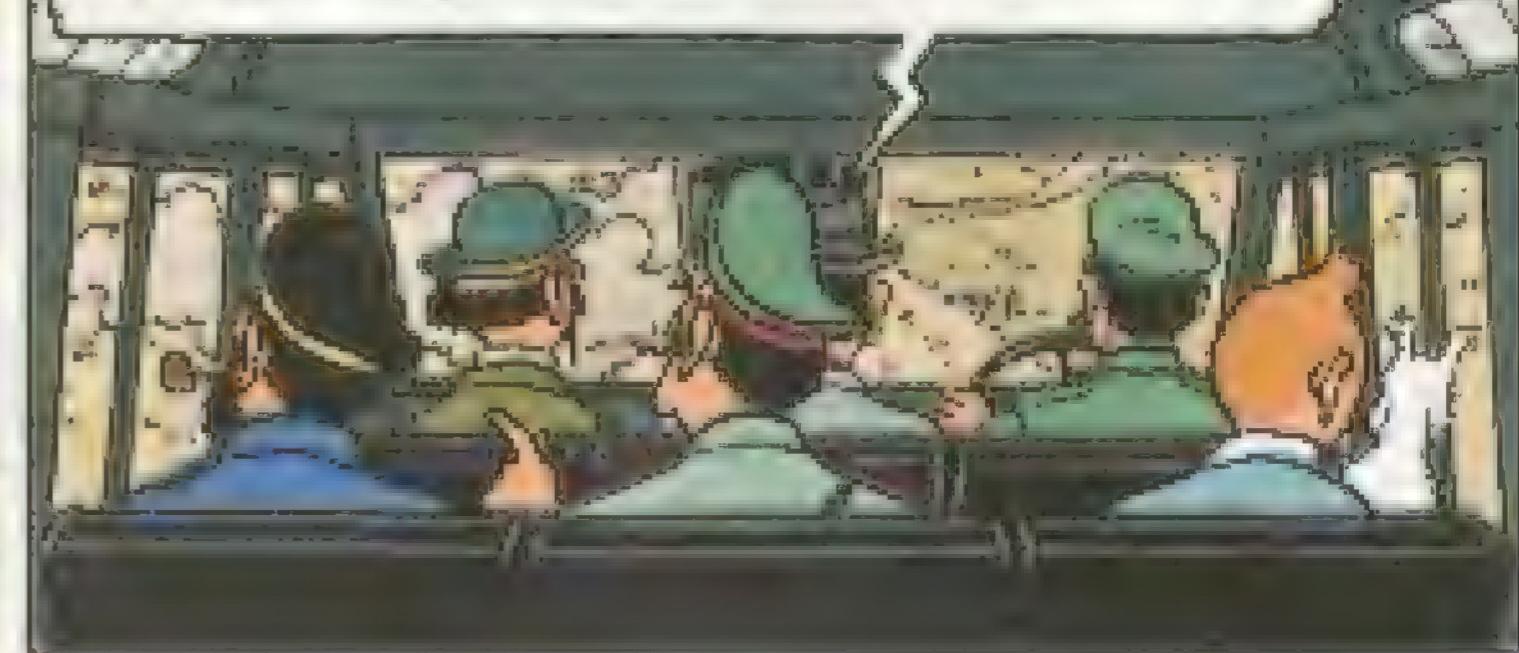




Next morning ...

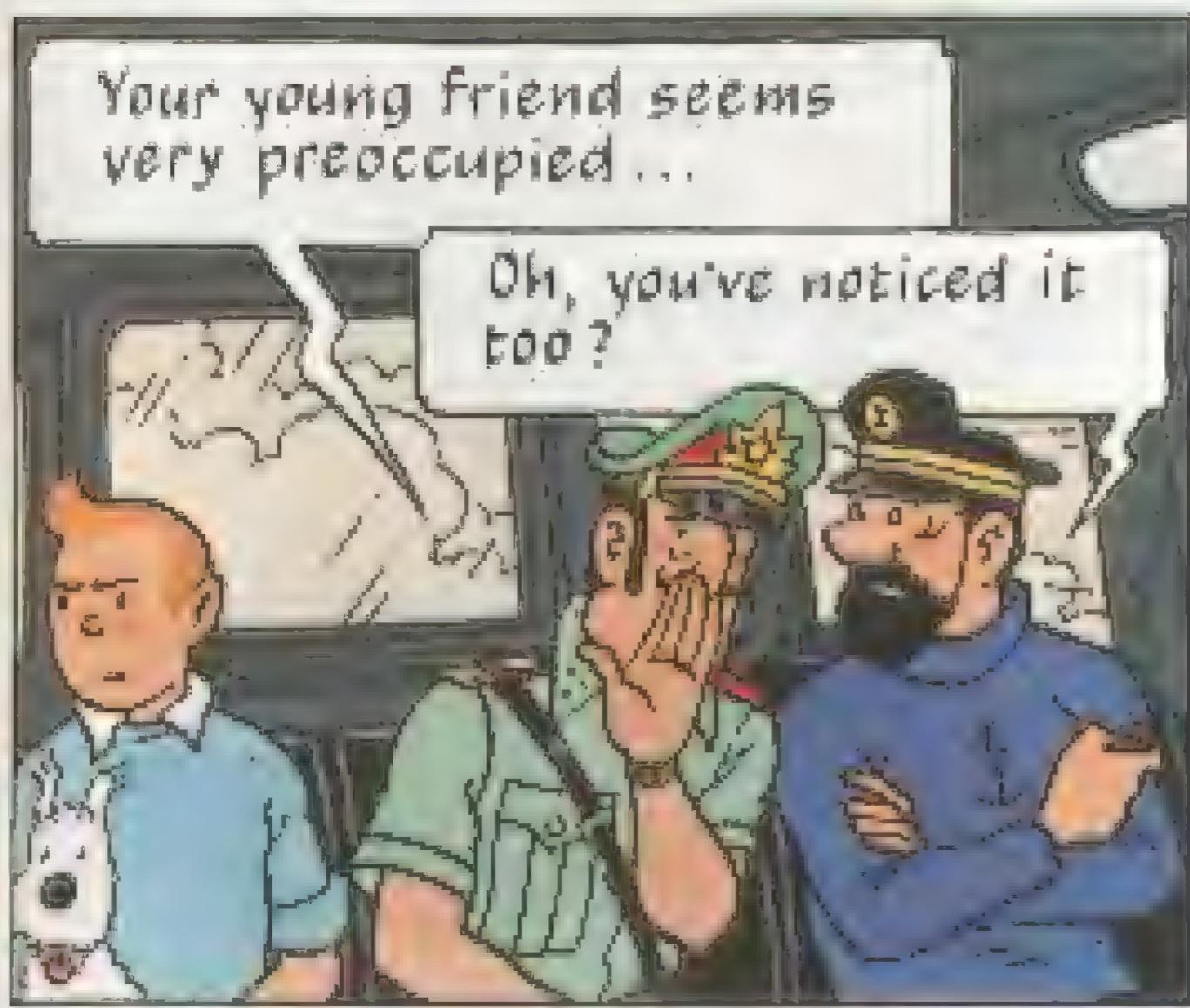


Not far now: we're coming to the forest. We'll be there in a quarter of an hour...

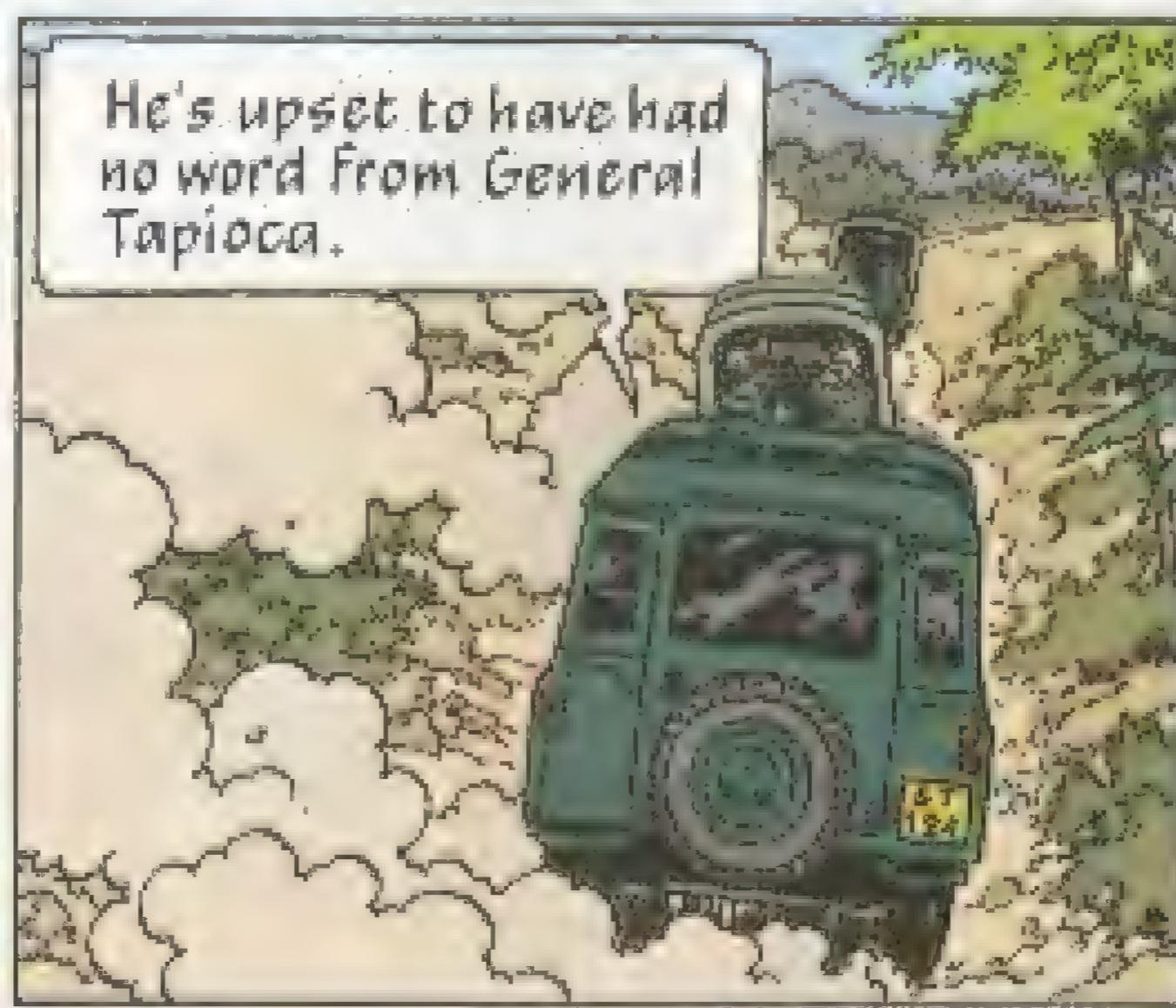


Your young friend seems very preoccupied ...

Oh, you've noticed it too?



He's upset to have had no word from General Tapioca.



So long as that's all it is!... I forgot to tell you, General Tapioca will see you tomorrow morning, and... Ah! there's the pyramid!



Magnificent, eh?



Superb!... Marvellous!... Can we go up?

Of course. But you'll excuse me if I don't accompany you...

I expect you've often climbed it before?

Very often. But Pablo will act as your guide.



They're all yours, Pablo.

Very good, Colonel.



Be careful. It's a steep slope and many people get giddy up there.

You are most thoughtful, Colonel.



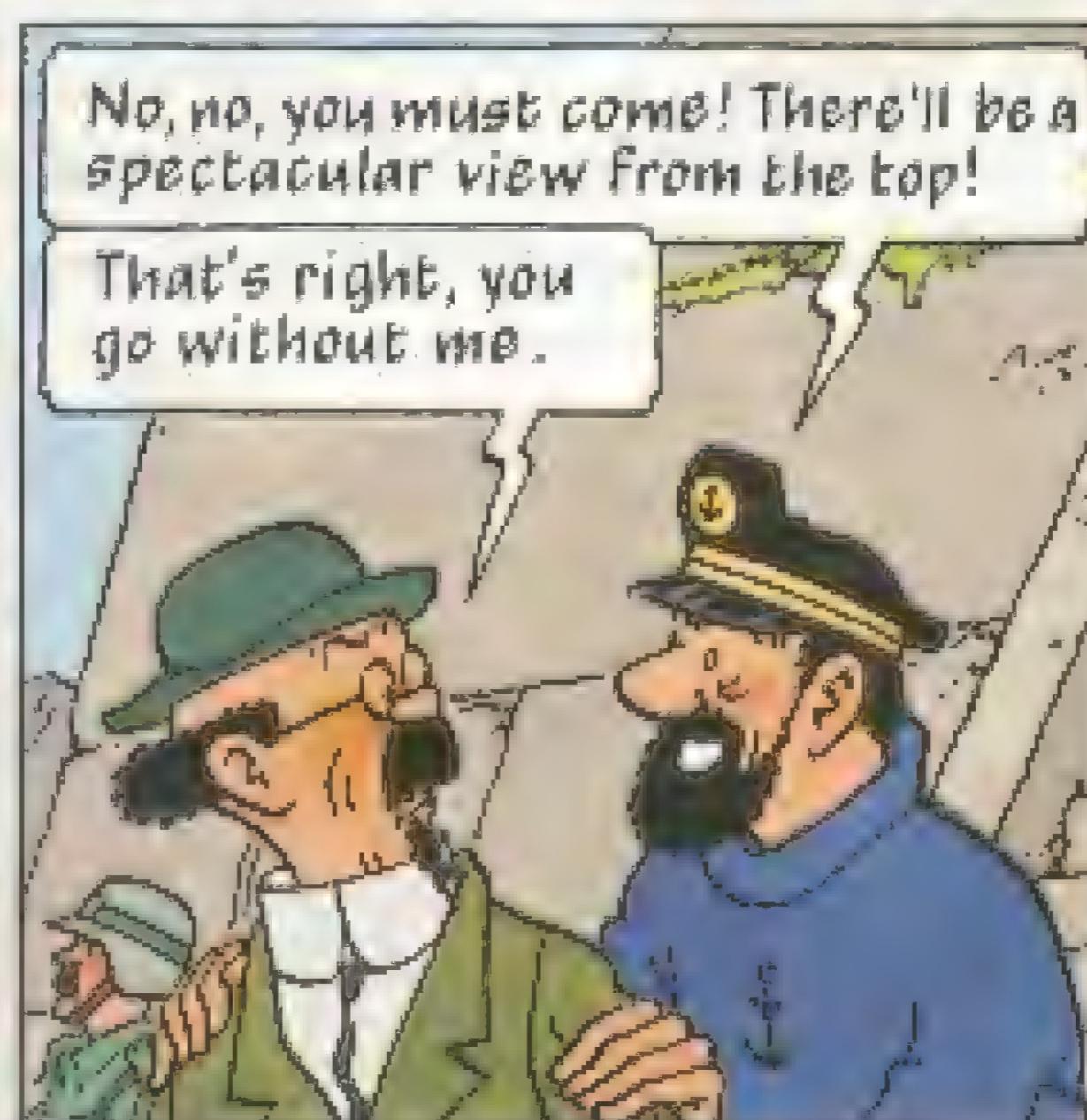
Come along, Professor.

No thank you, Captain, I'd rather stay here. As you know, I suffer from vertigo...

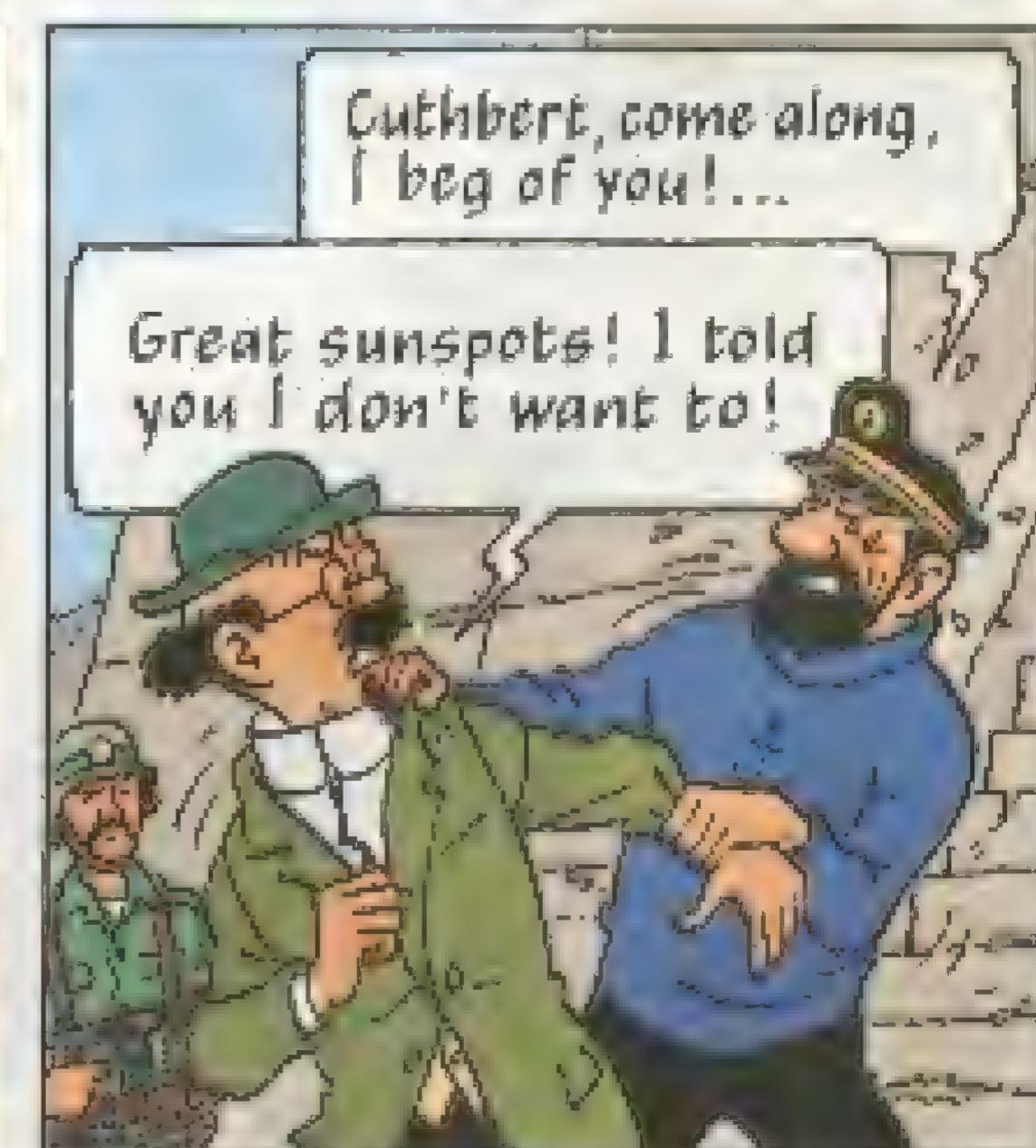


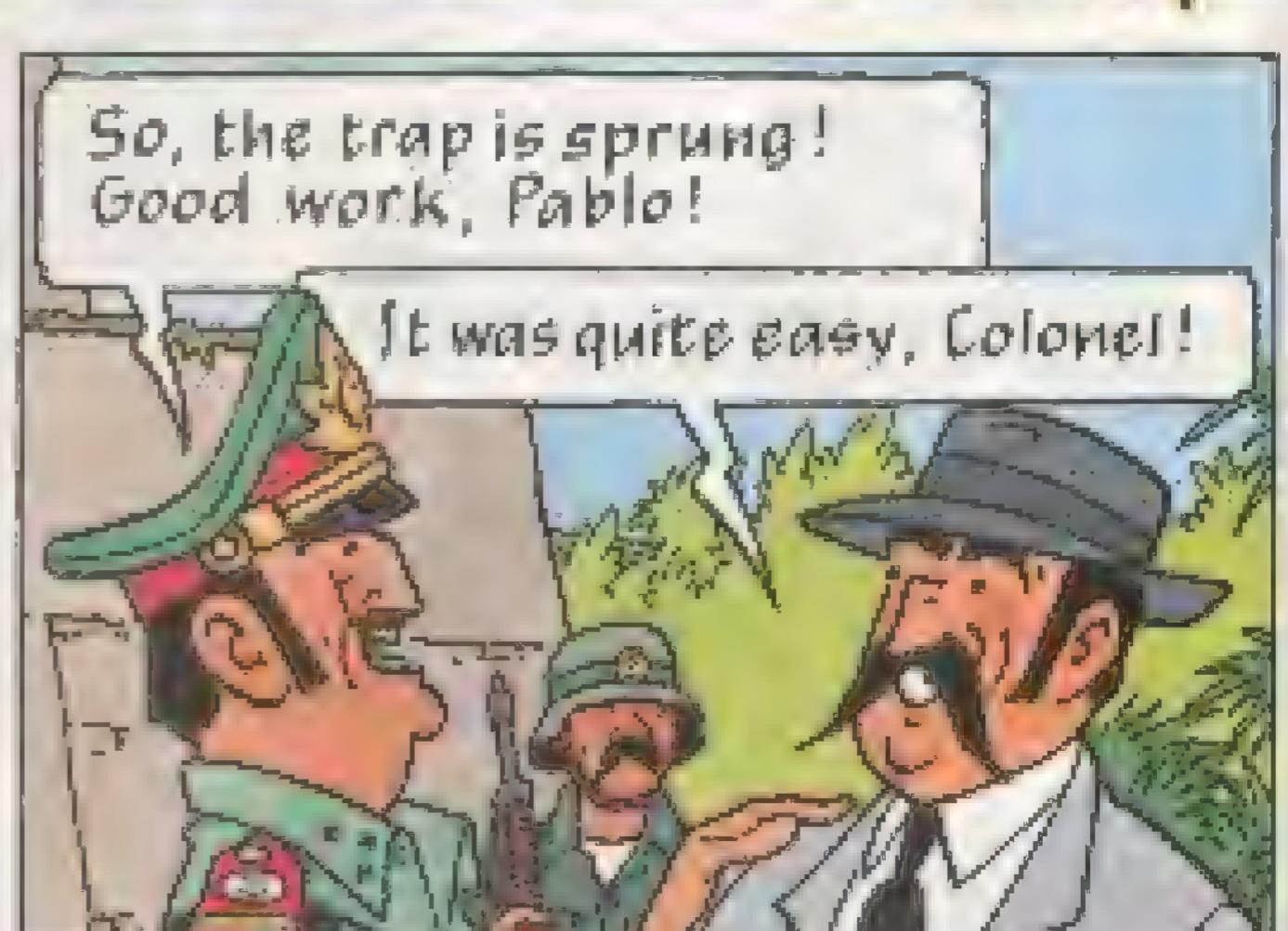
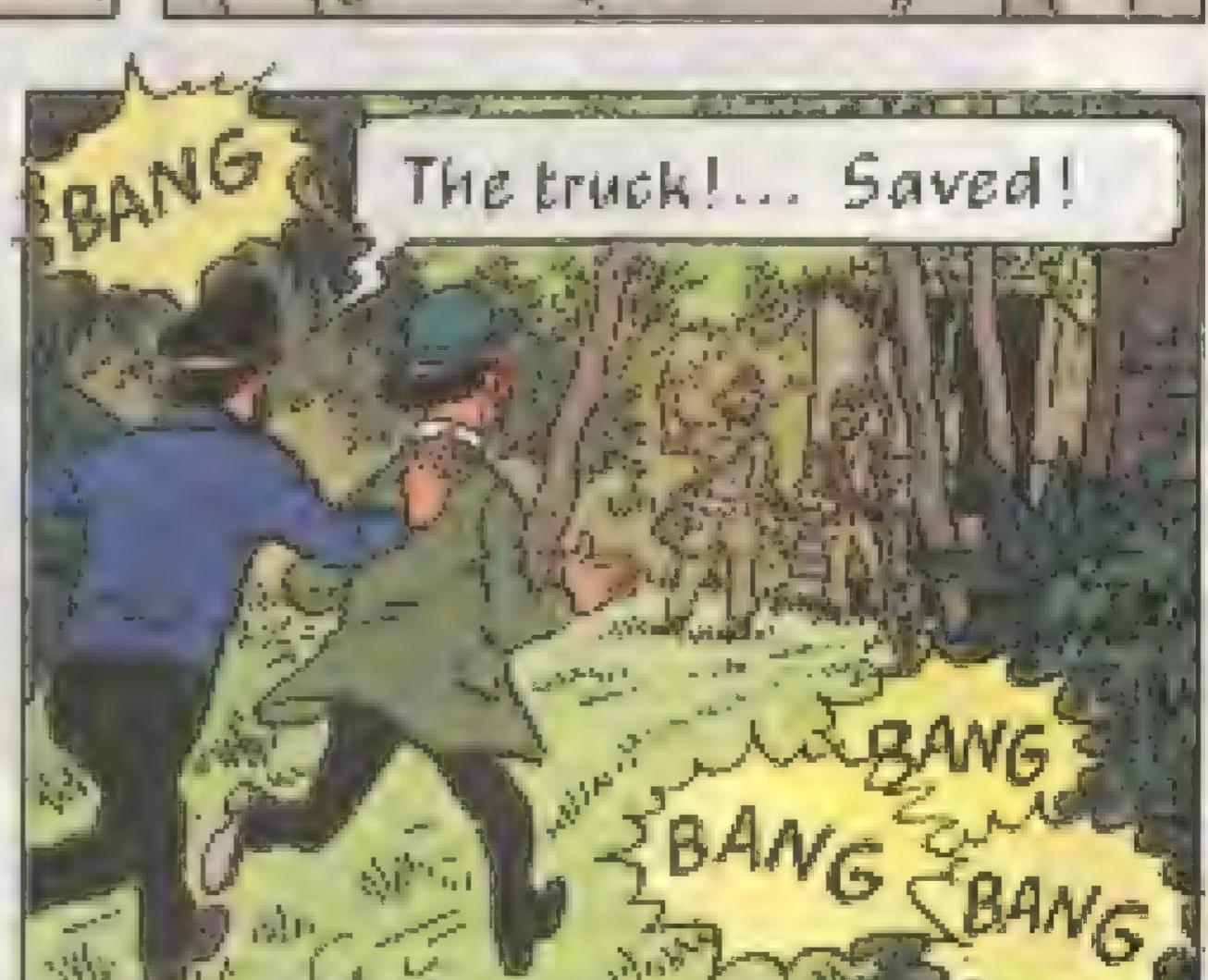
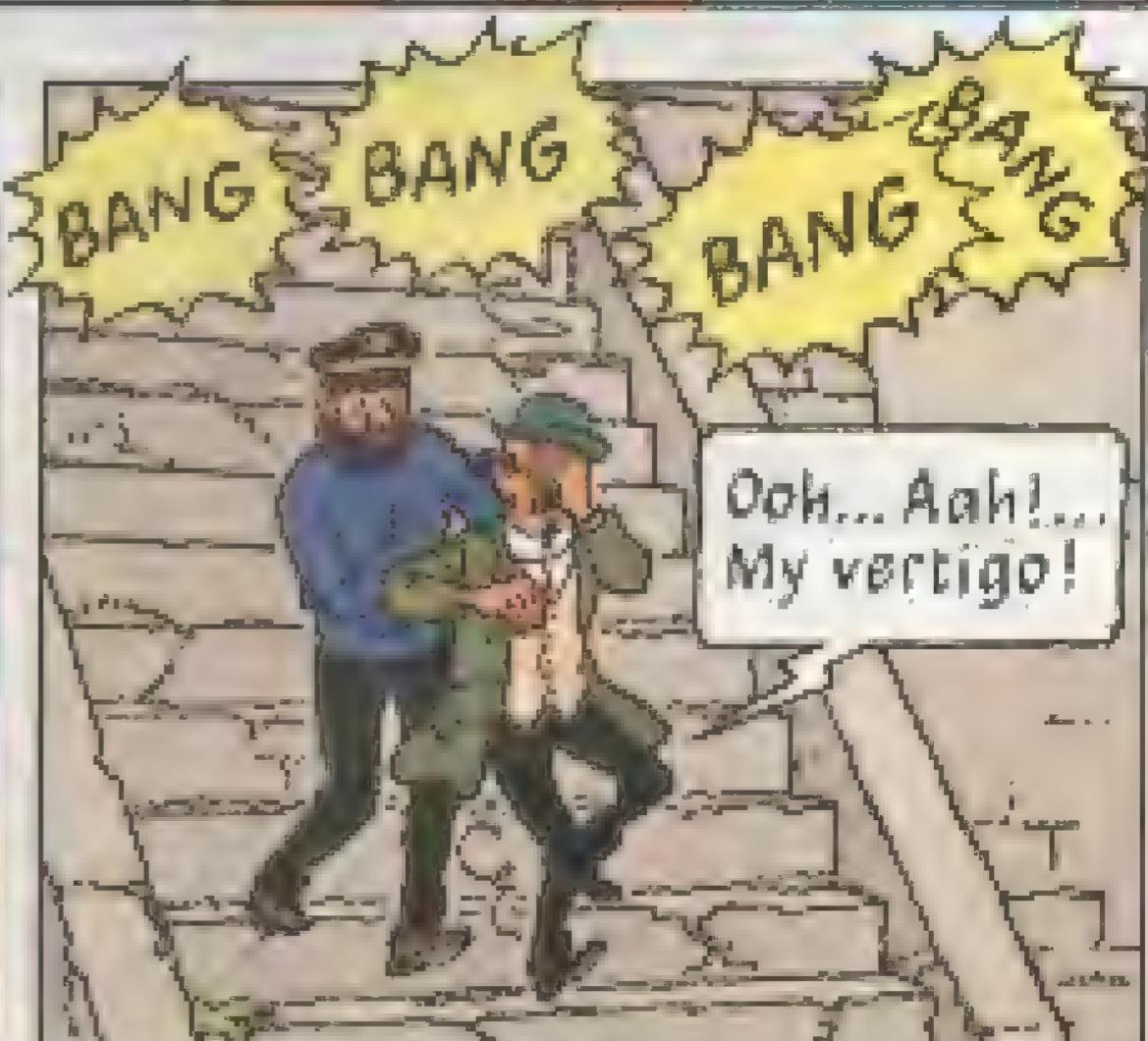
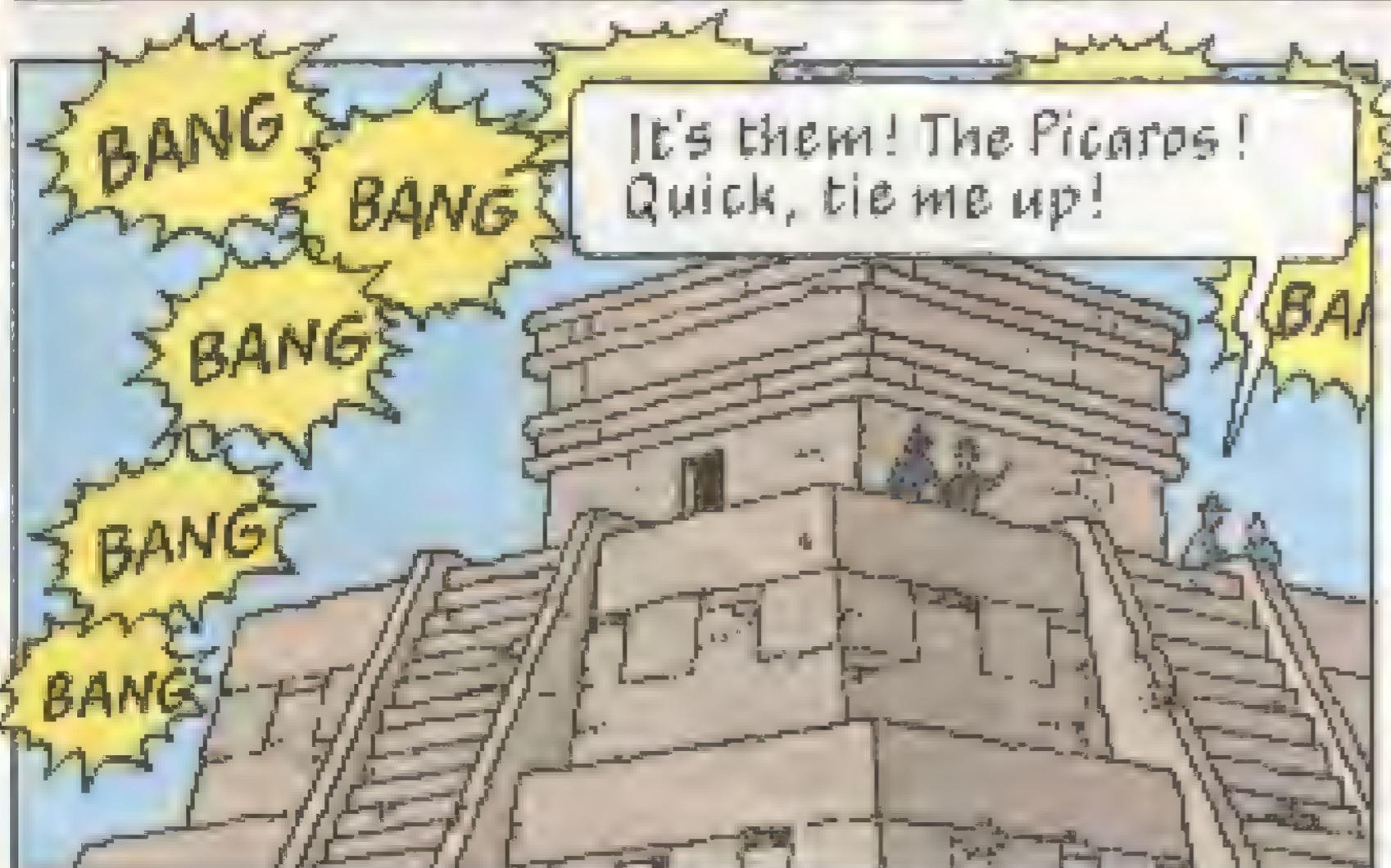
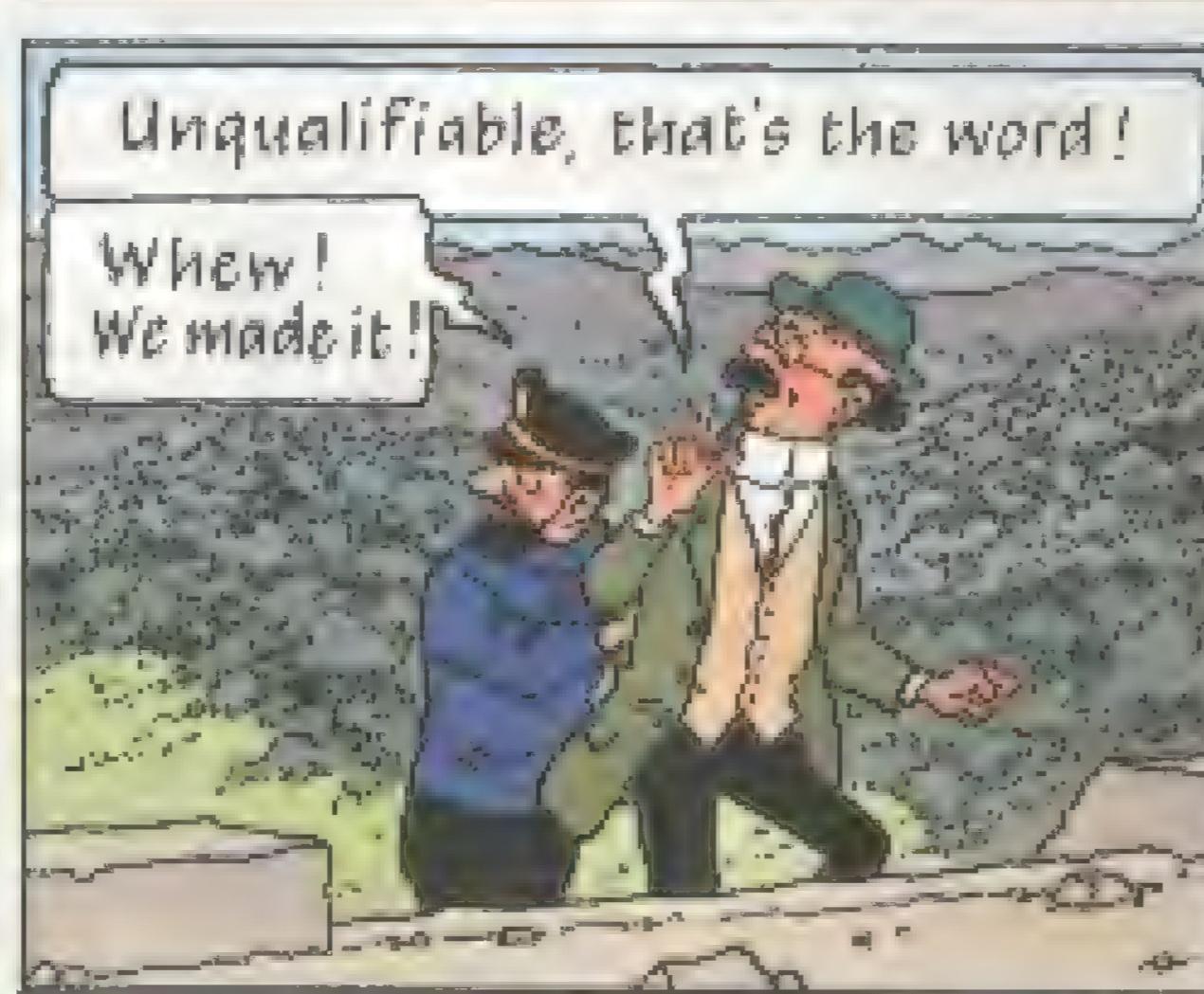
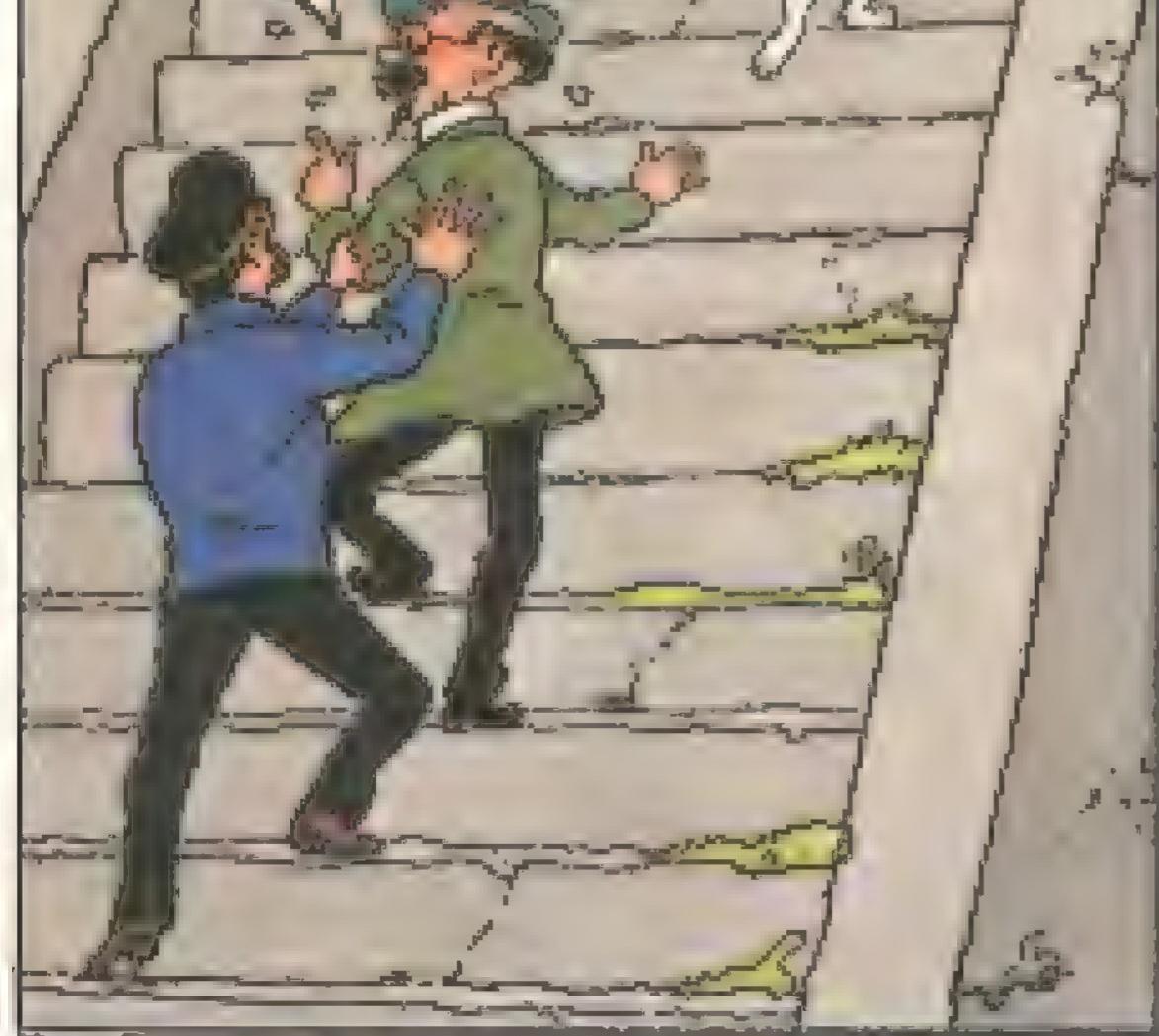
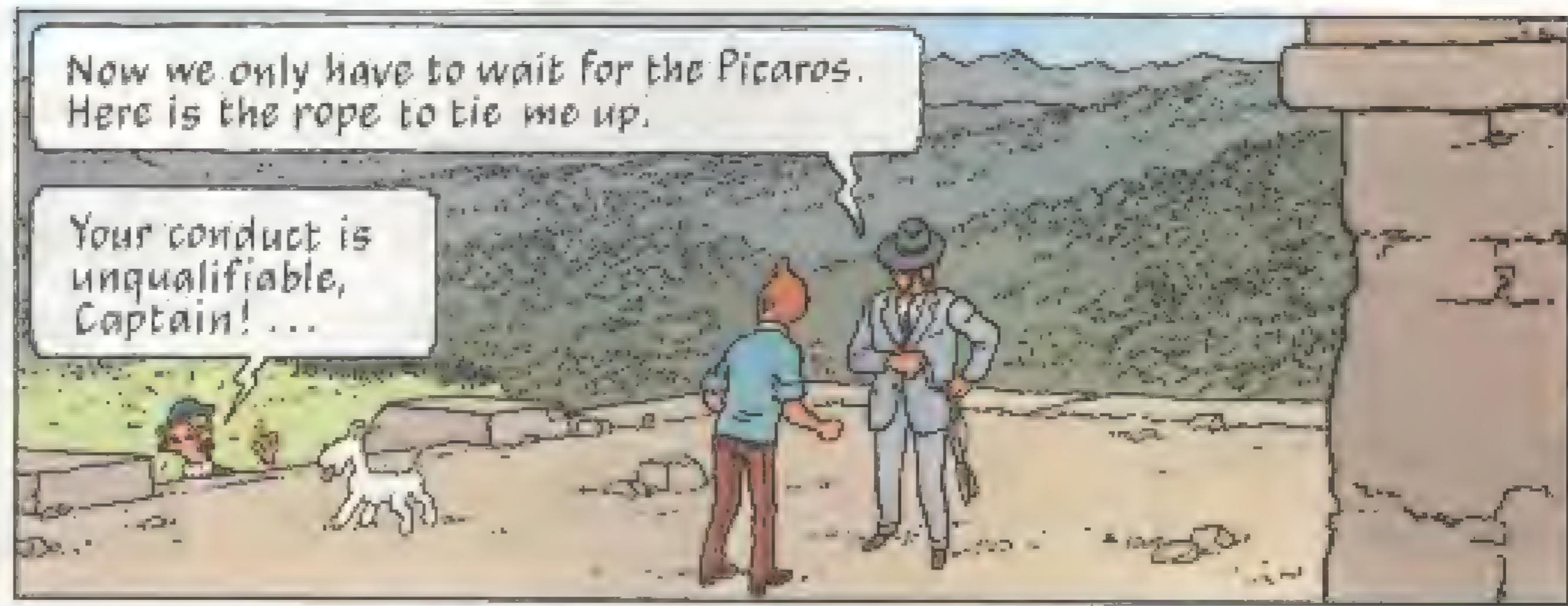
No, no, you must come! There'll be a spectacular view from the top!

That's right, you go without me.



Great sunspots! I told you I don't want to!





Puma calling Jaguar!...  
Puma calling Jaguar!...  
Are you receiving me?...  
Come in now... Over ...



Jaguar calling Puma!...  
Jaguar calling Puma!... Re-  
ceiving you strength five...Over.



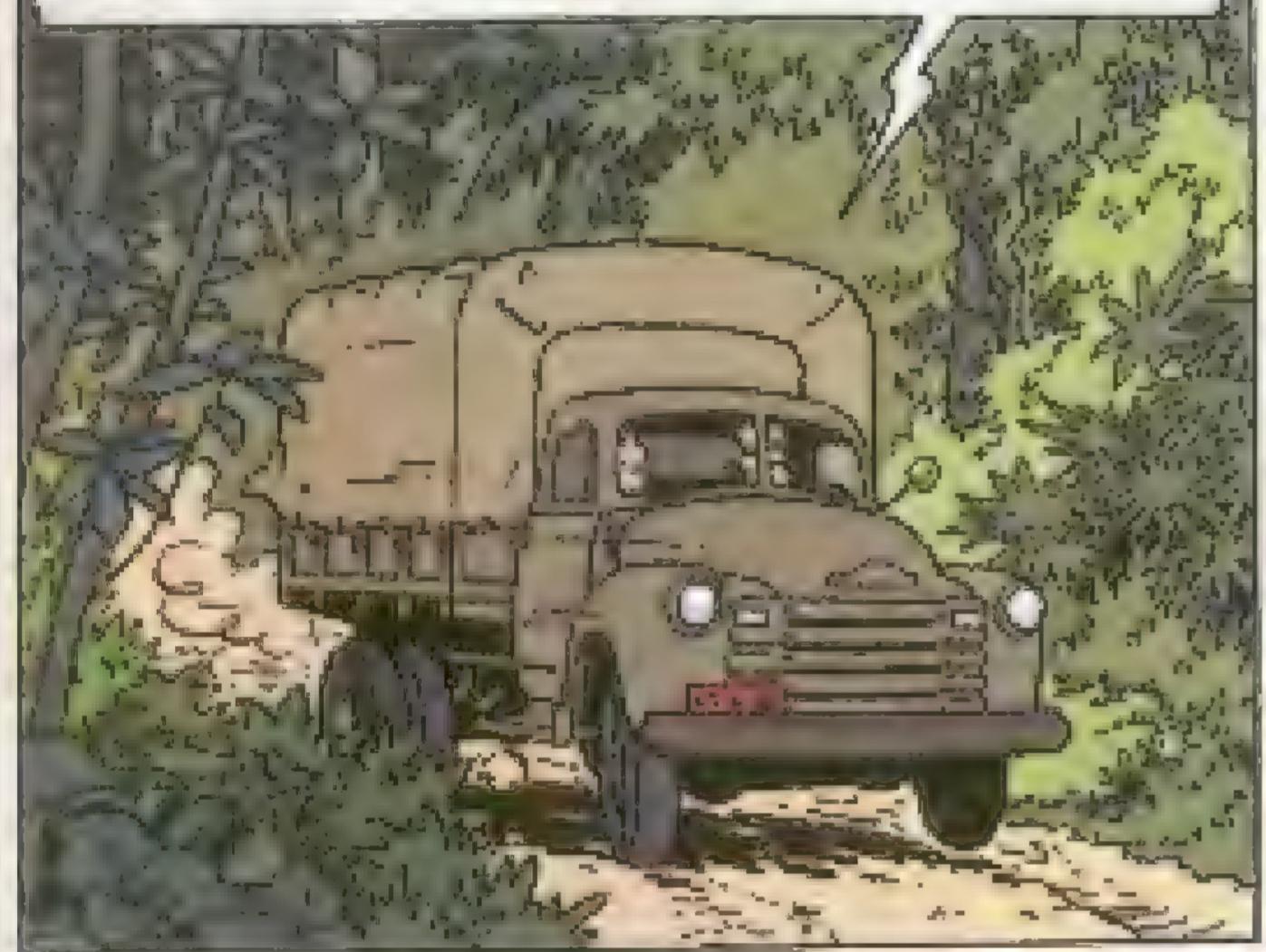
The truck's on its  
way... they'll be with  
you in seven or  
eight minutes...  
Mind you don't miss!



Be like missing an  
elephant at three  
metres in an alley,  
Colonel... And I've  
never done that  
yet!



You see, General Alcazar is true  
to his friends!



You can count on me!... So the  
minute I received your message  
I decided to move ...



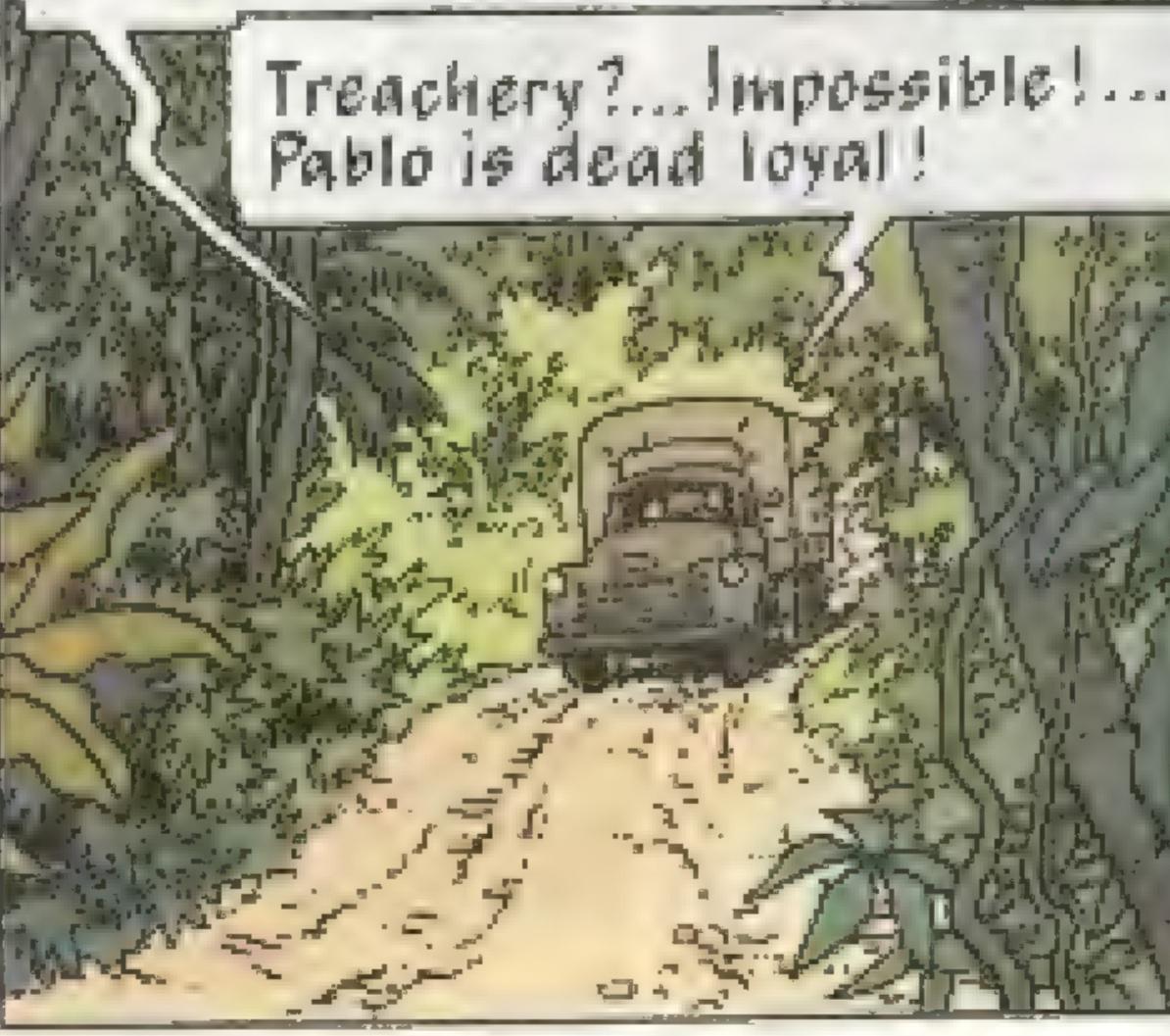
Our message?... You say  
you received a message  
from us?



I certainly am!... Because we never  
sent you any message... On the  
contrary, it was Pablo who told us,  
from you, that our lives were in  
danger but that you'd pull us  
out of trouble.



To me it stinks of  
treachery, General!



But Pablo lied to us, as  
he did to you... And  
with what object?



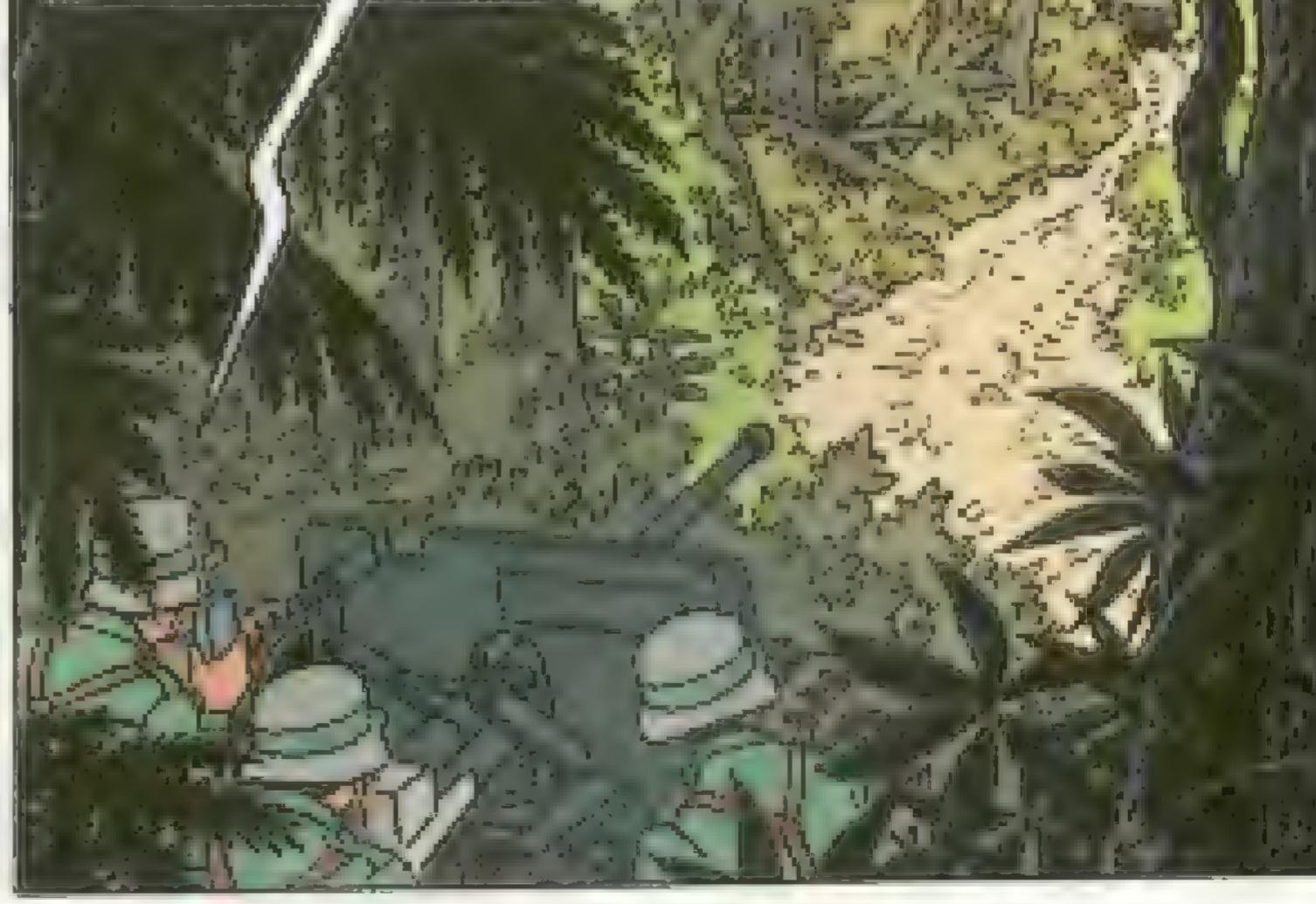
It bothers me, General... I've  
got a feeling someone's  
setting a trap for us...



Let's stop, General: we need  
time to think...



Jaguar calling Puma... We  
can see the truck now...



Careful, there's something in the road ahead ...

You'll find binoculars there...

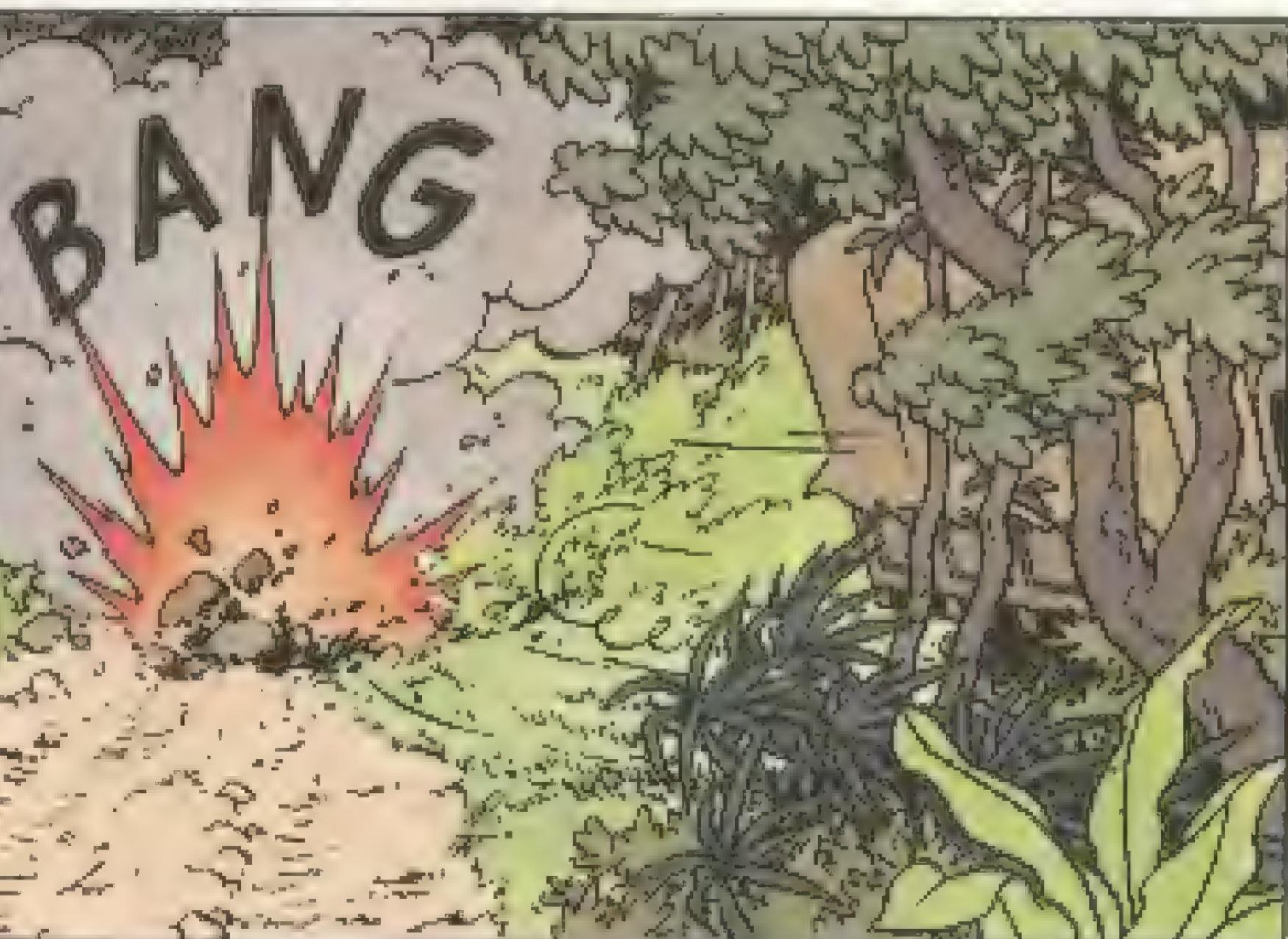
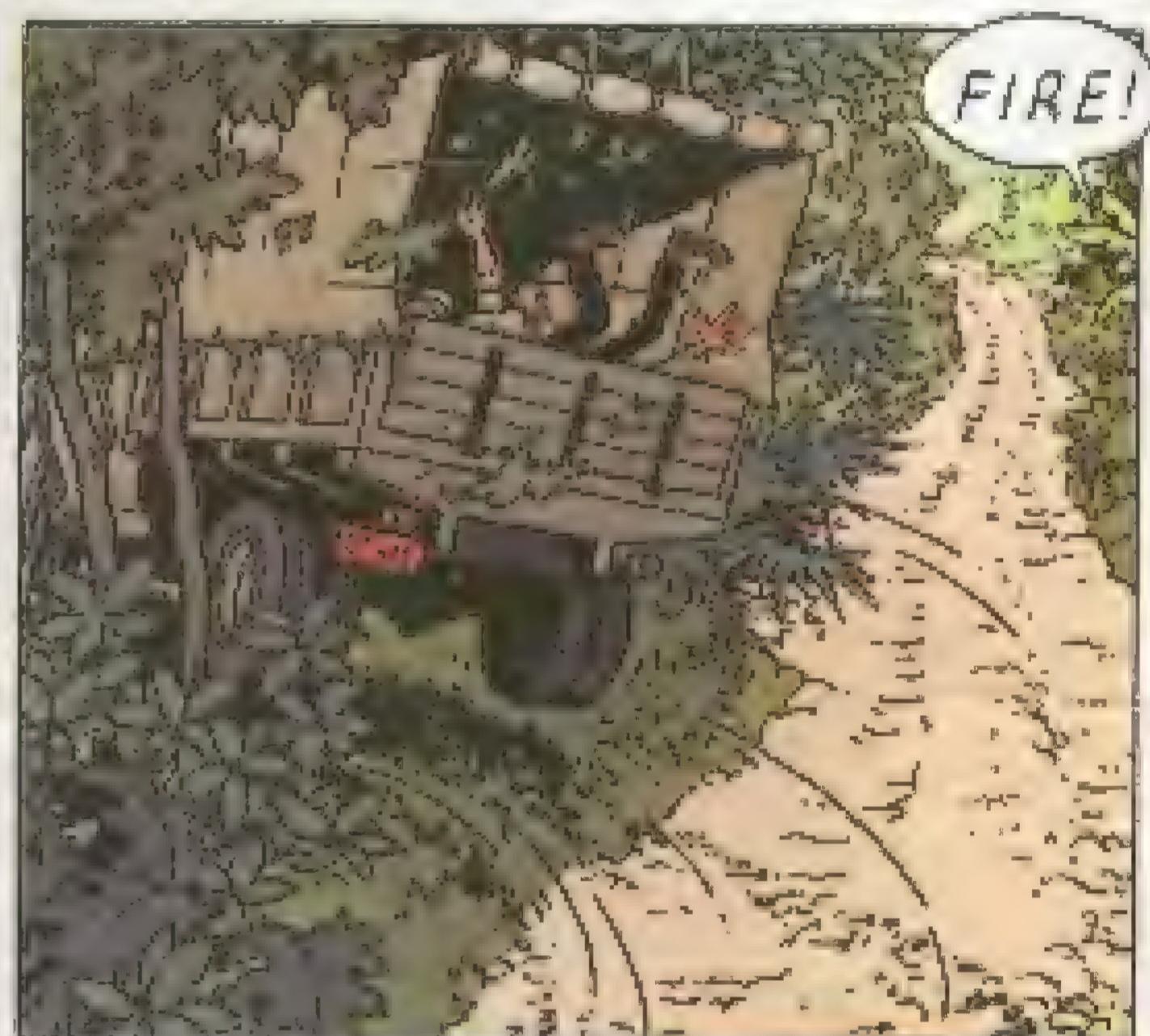
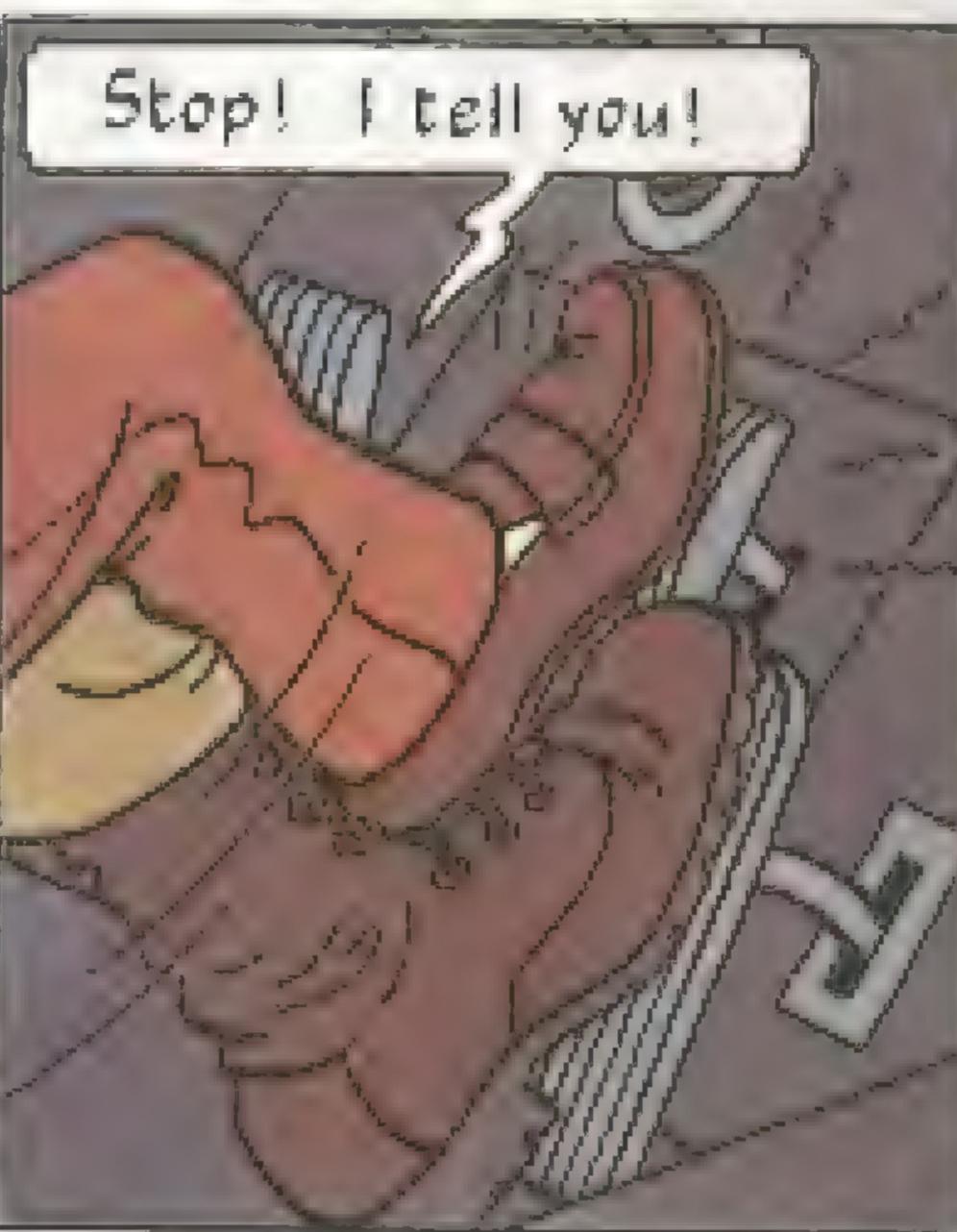
A monkey... He's stopped still, as if something frightened him ...

... Now he's bolted back again!  
... Stop, General!

Stop?... Are you crazy?... Why?

Stop! I tell you!

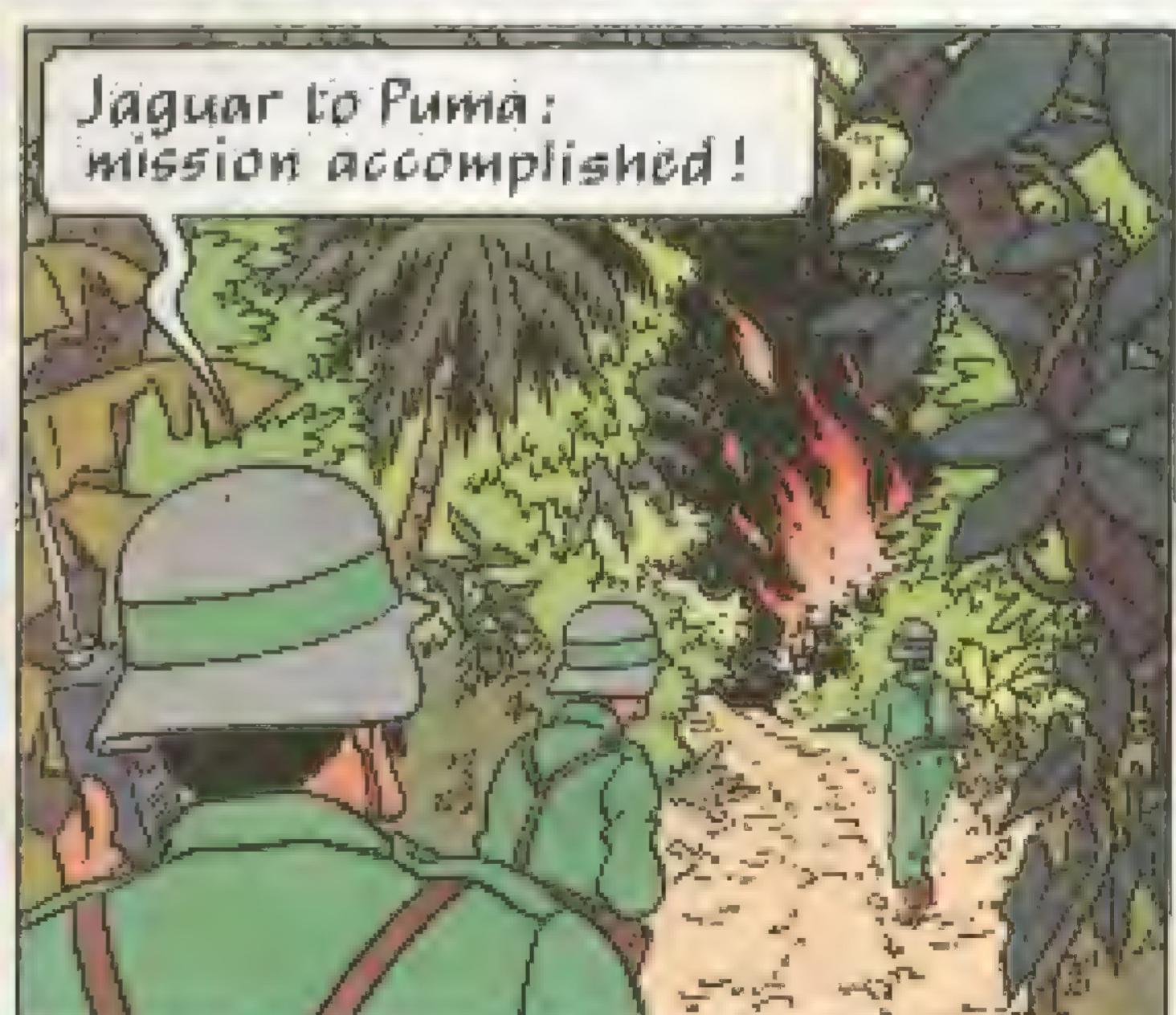
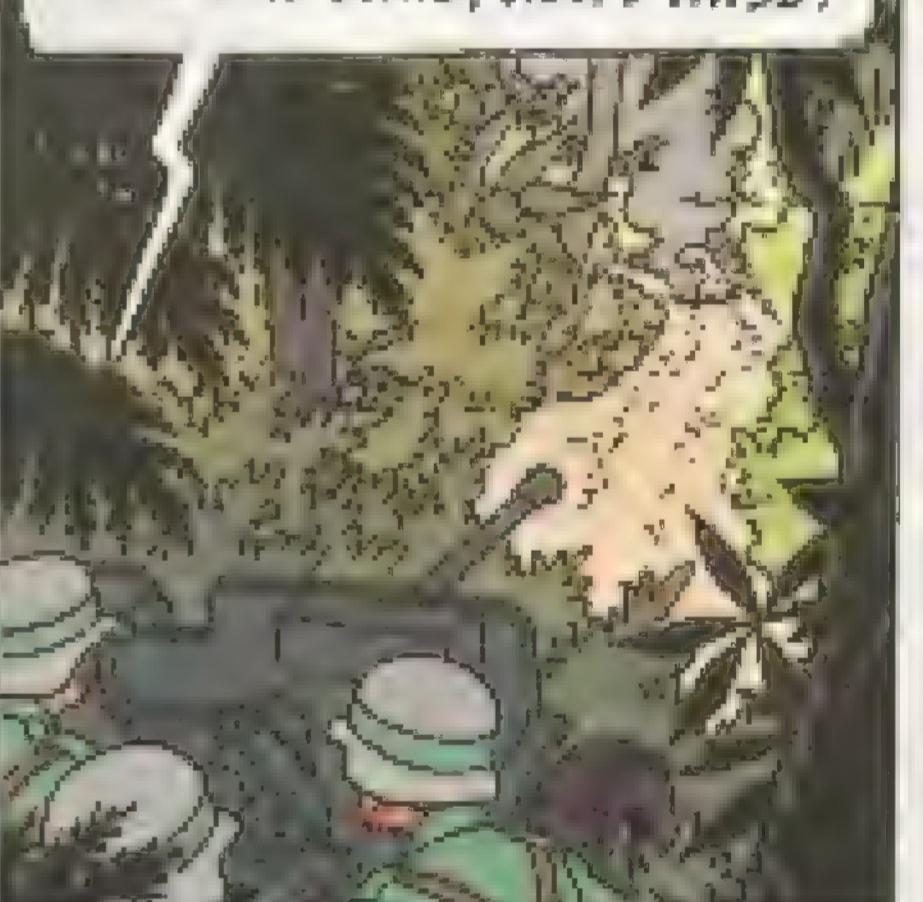
FIRE!

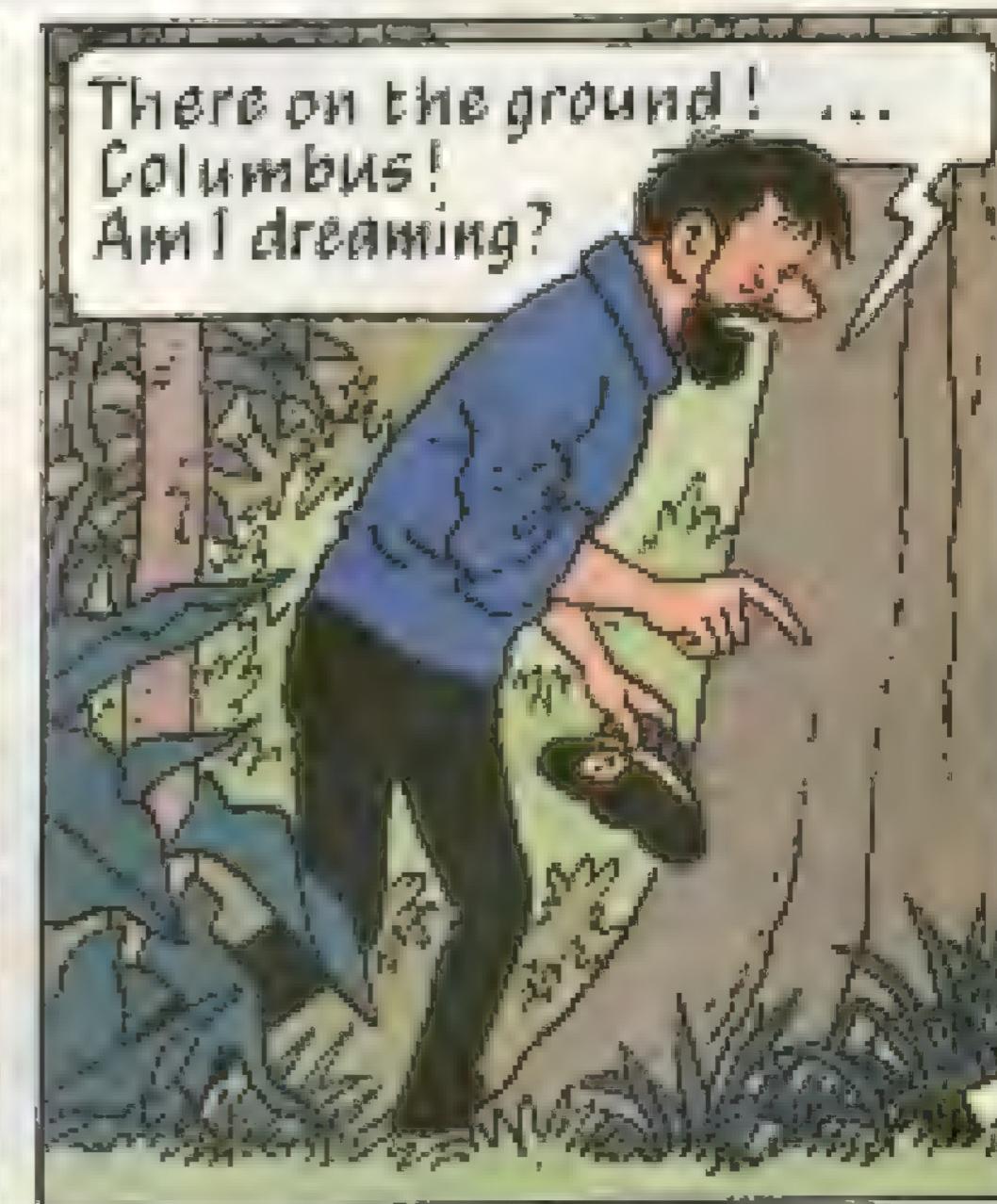
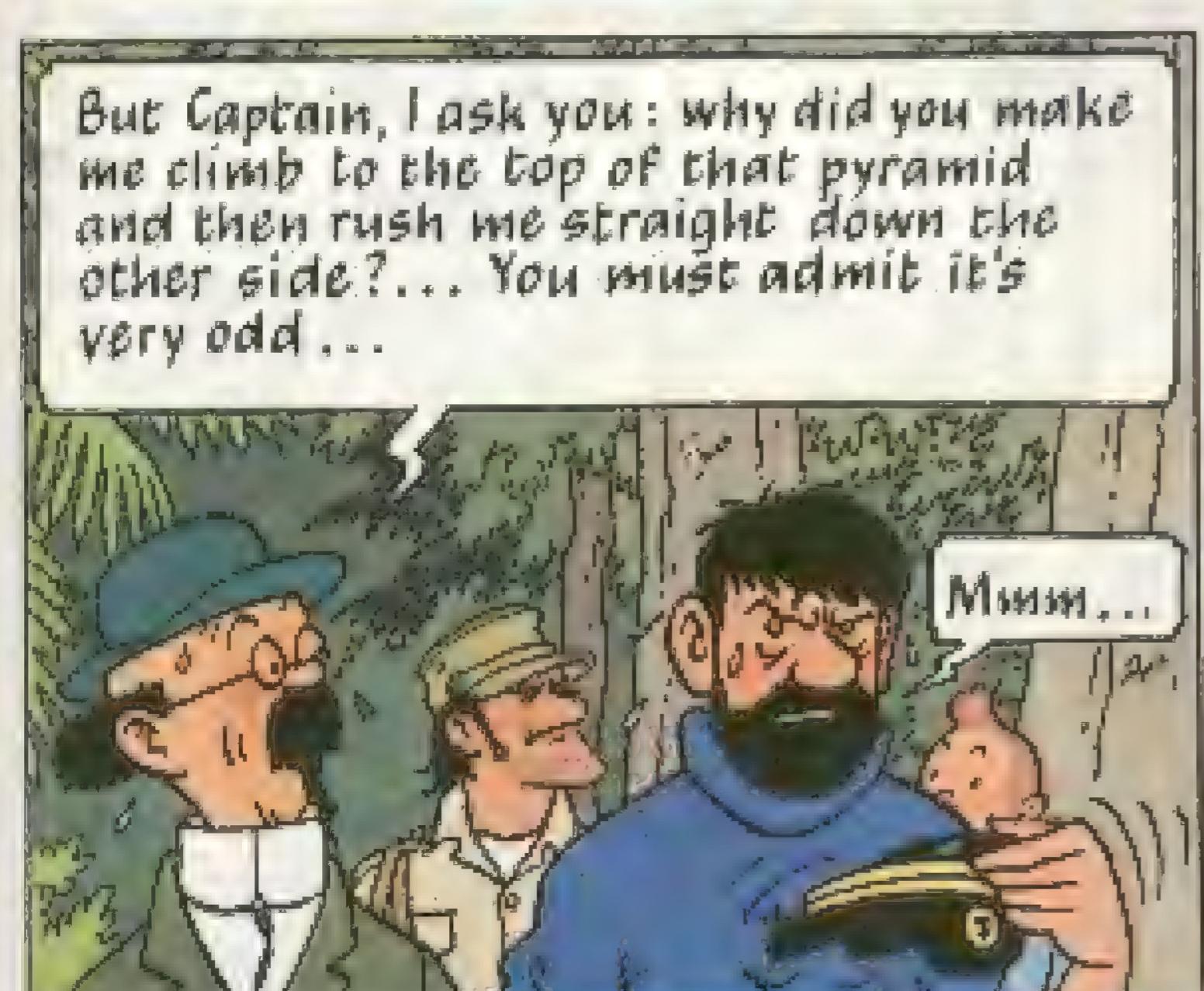
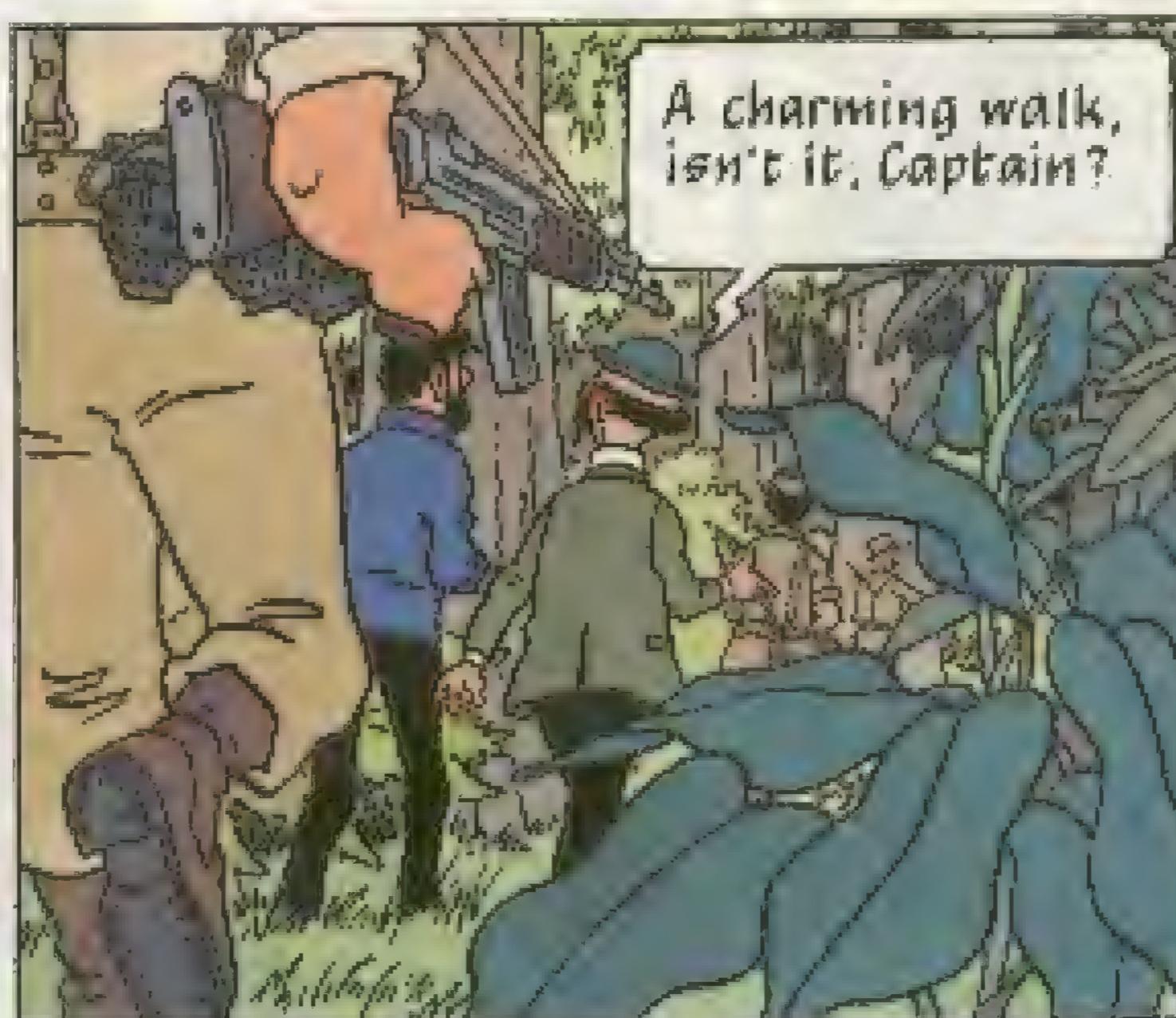
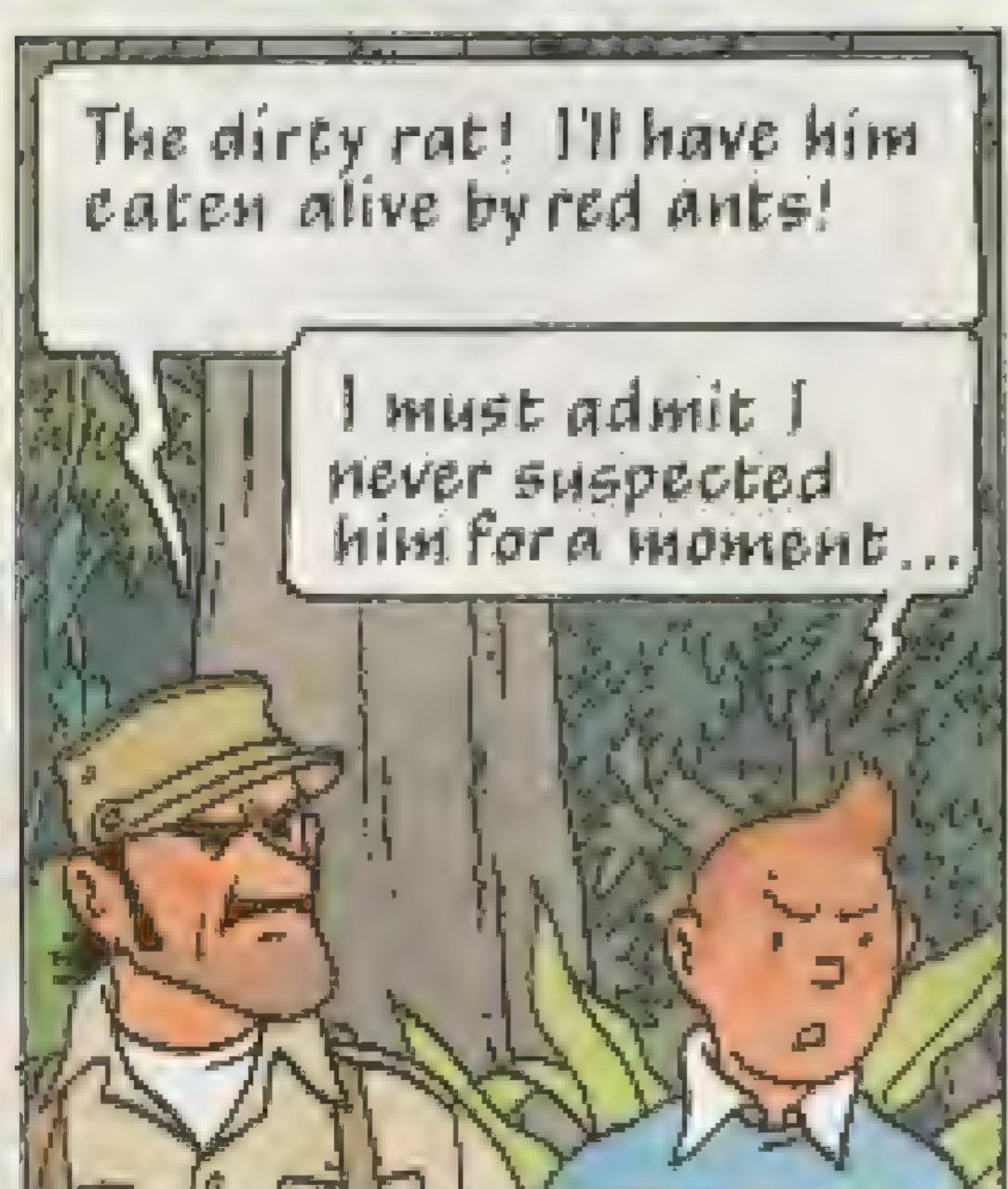
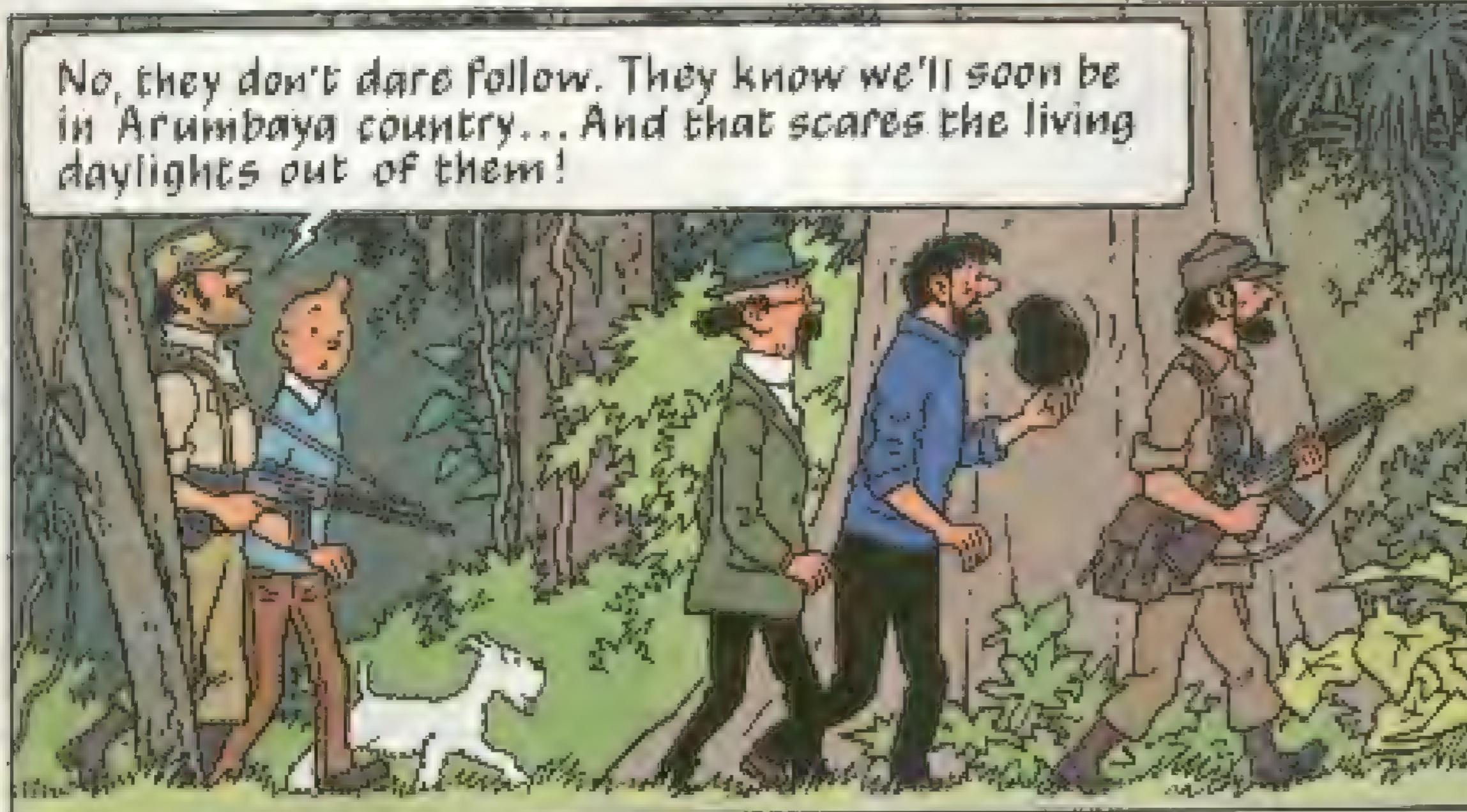
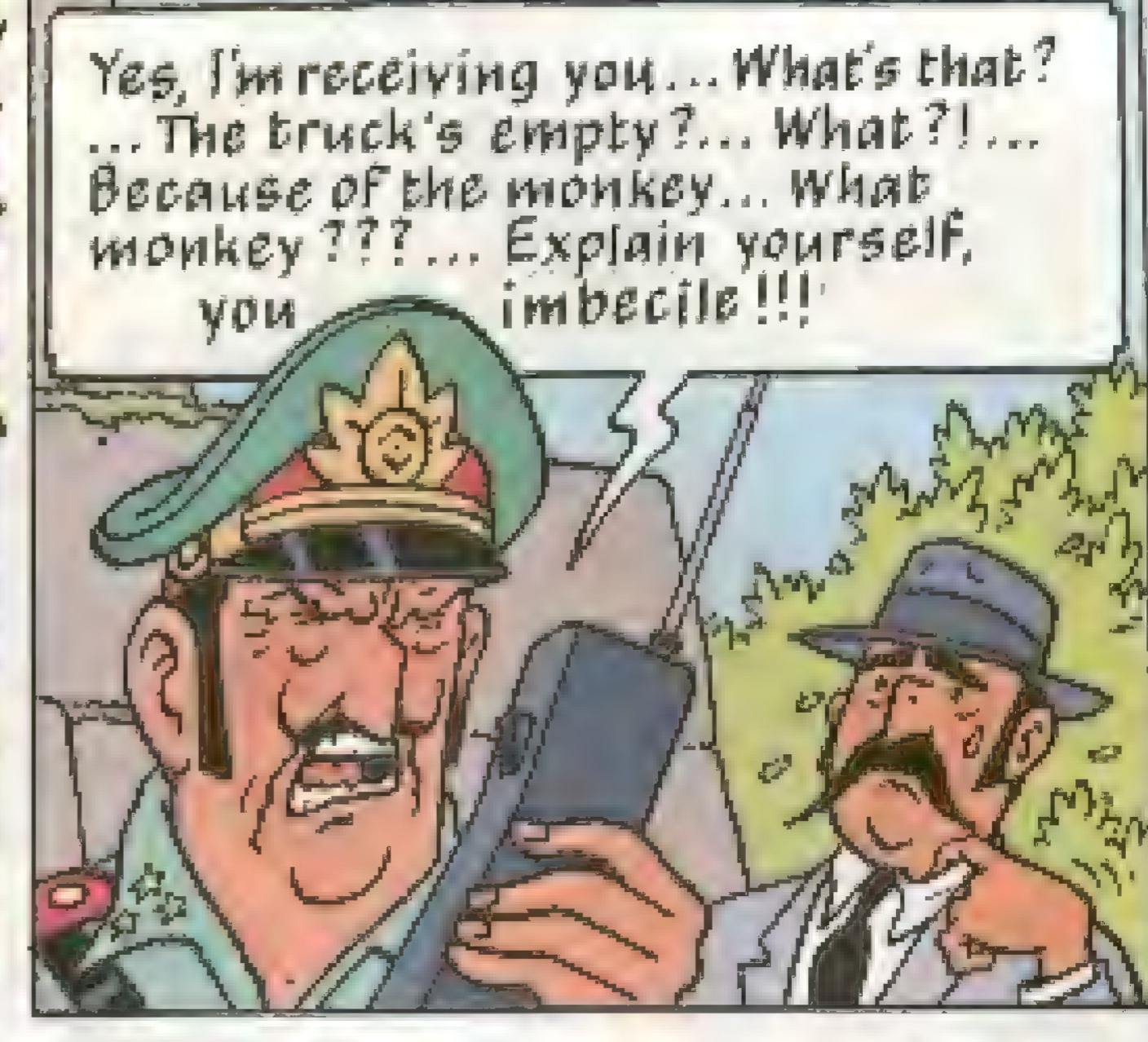
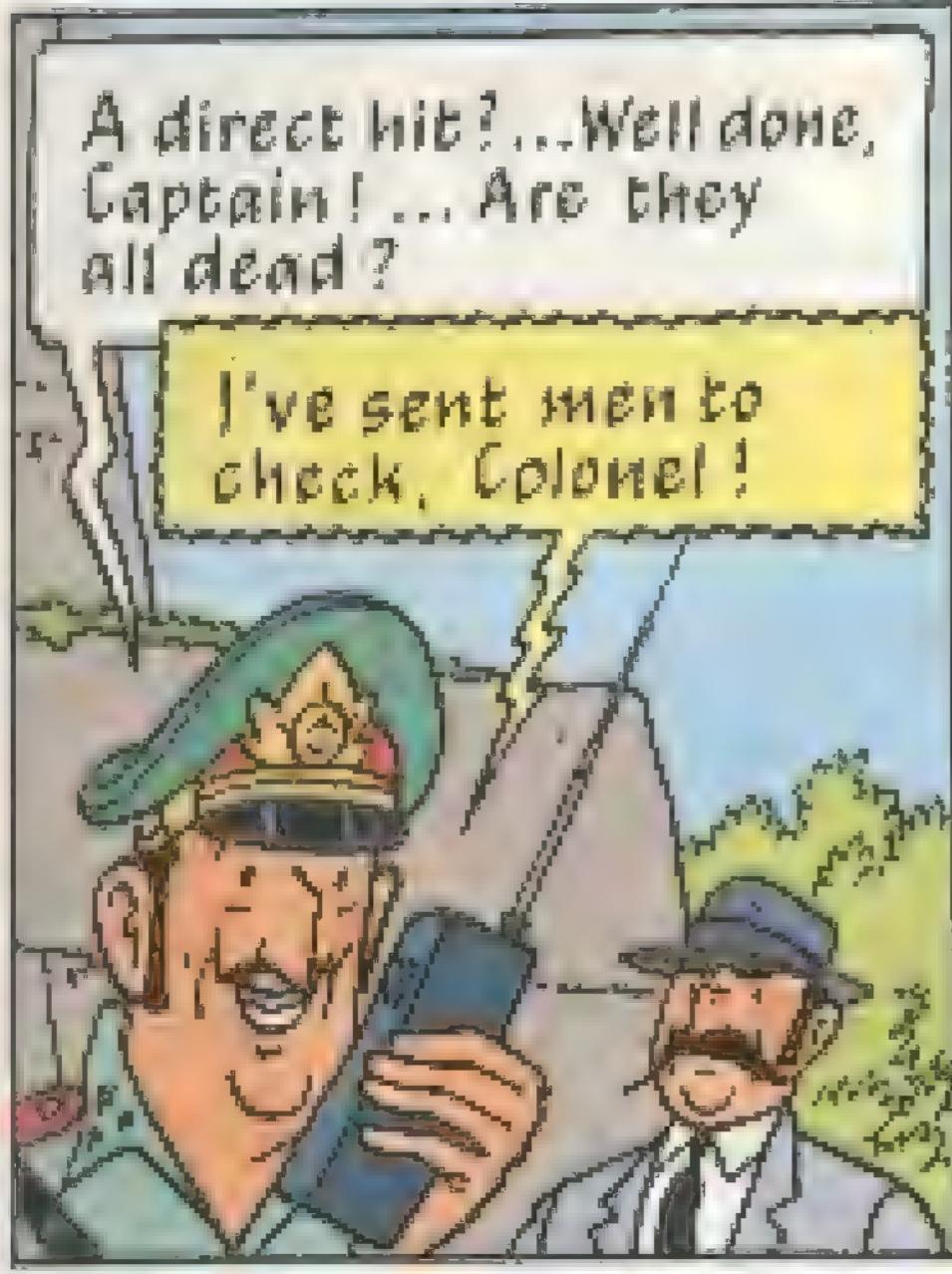


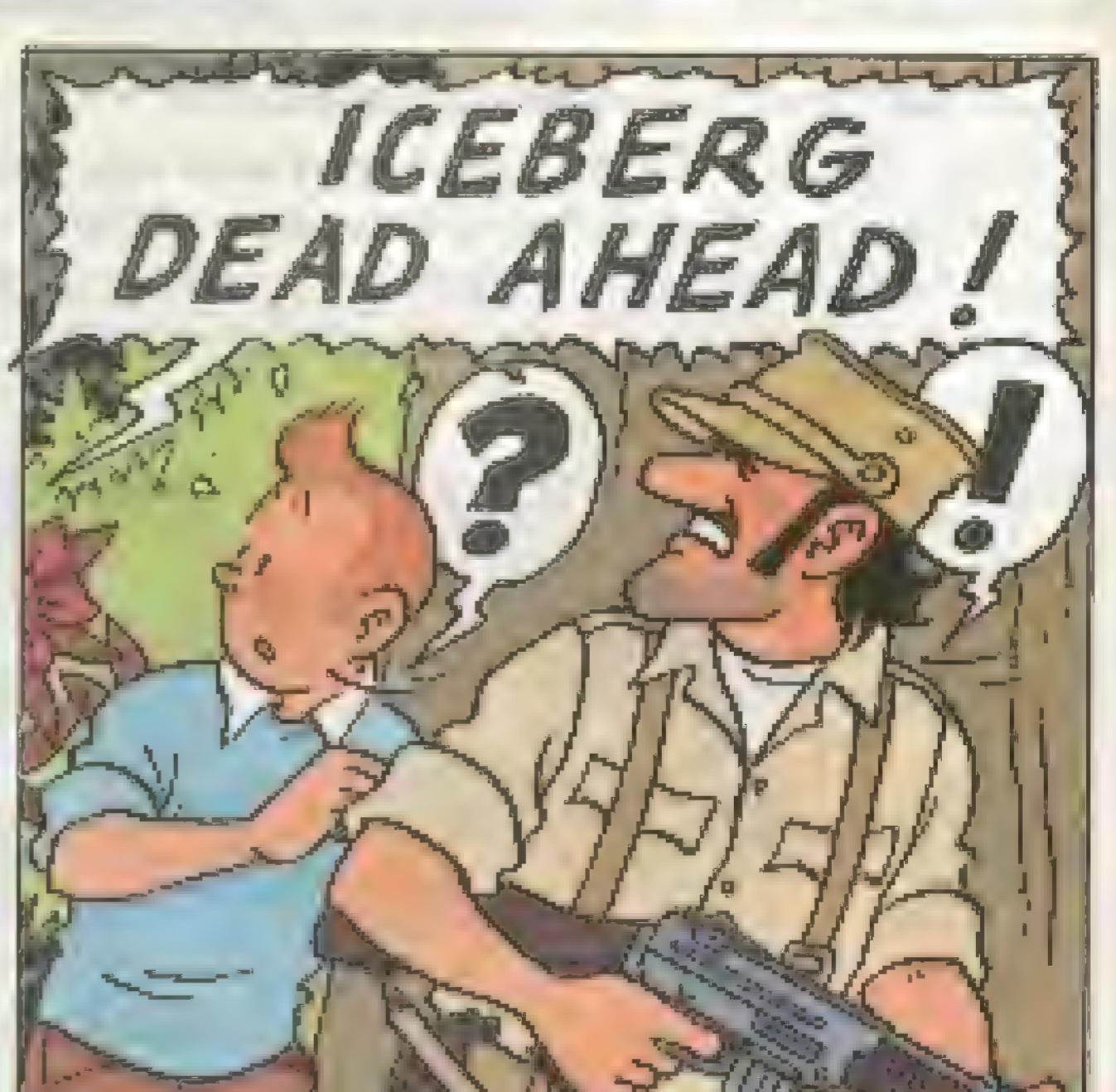
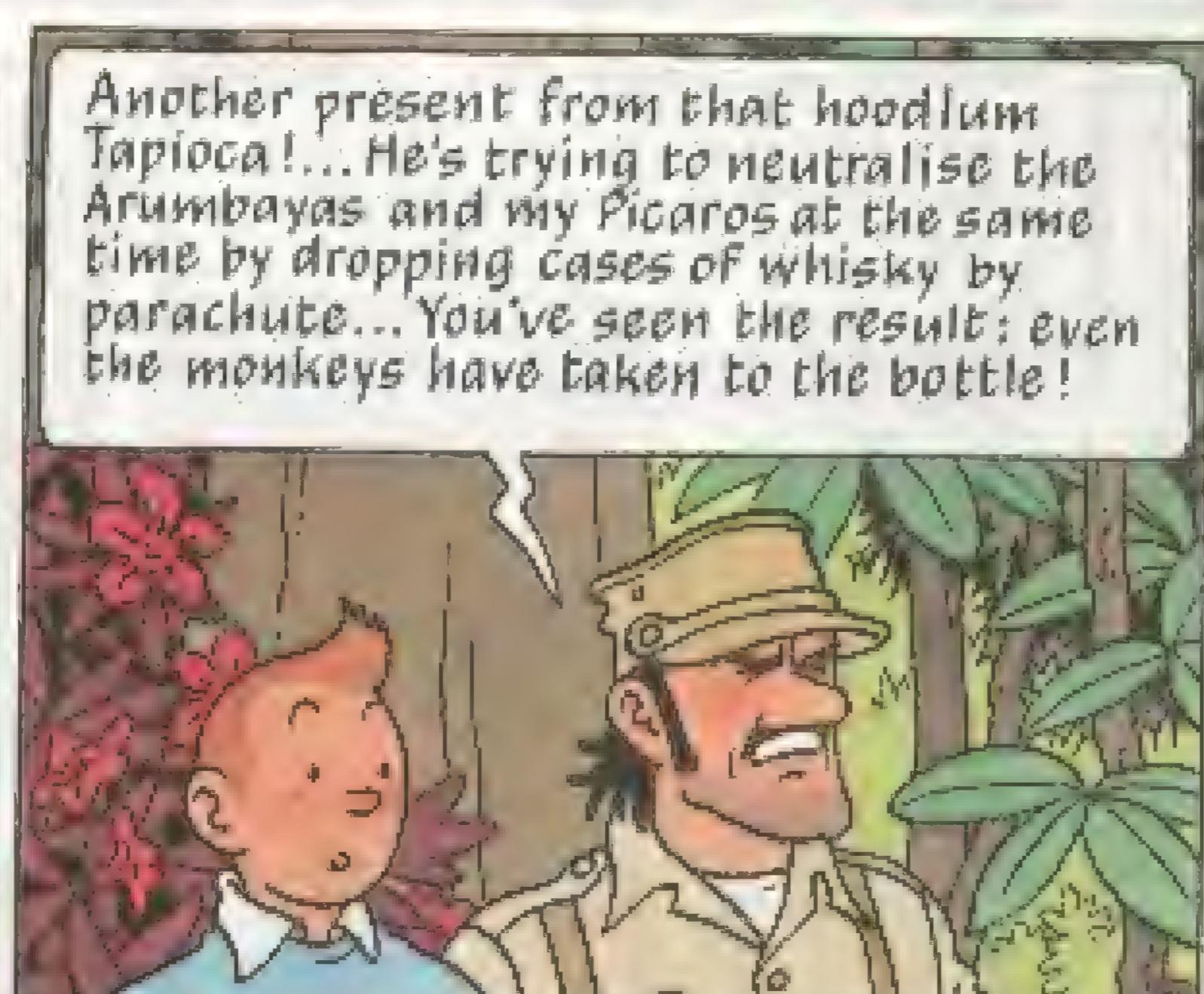
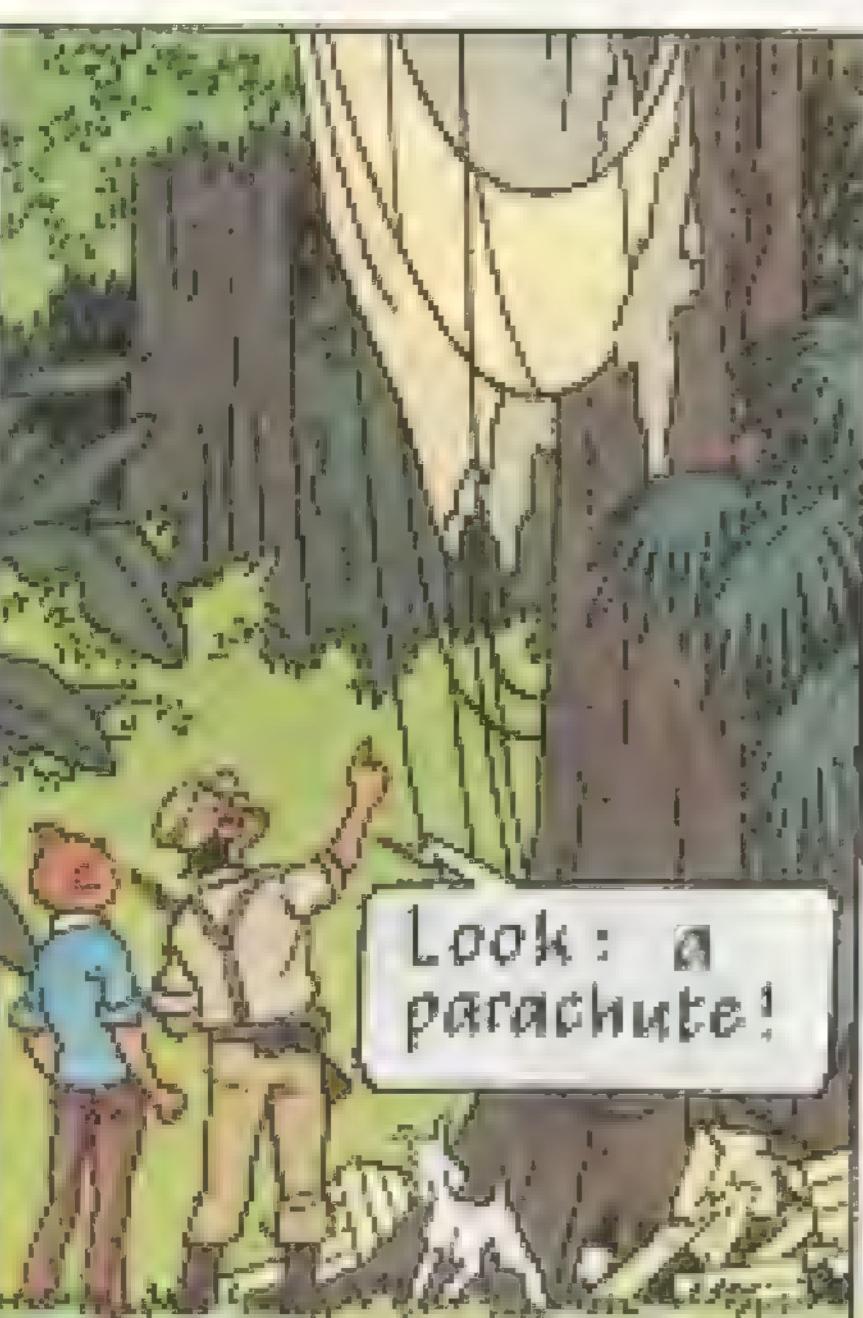
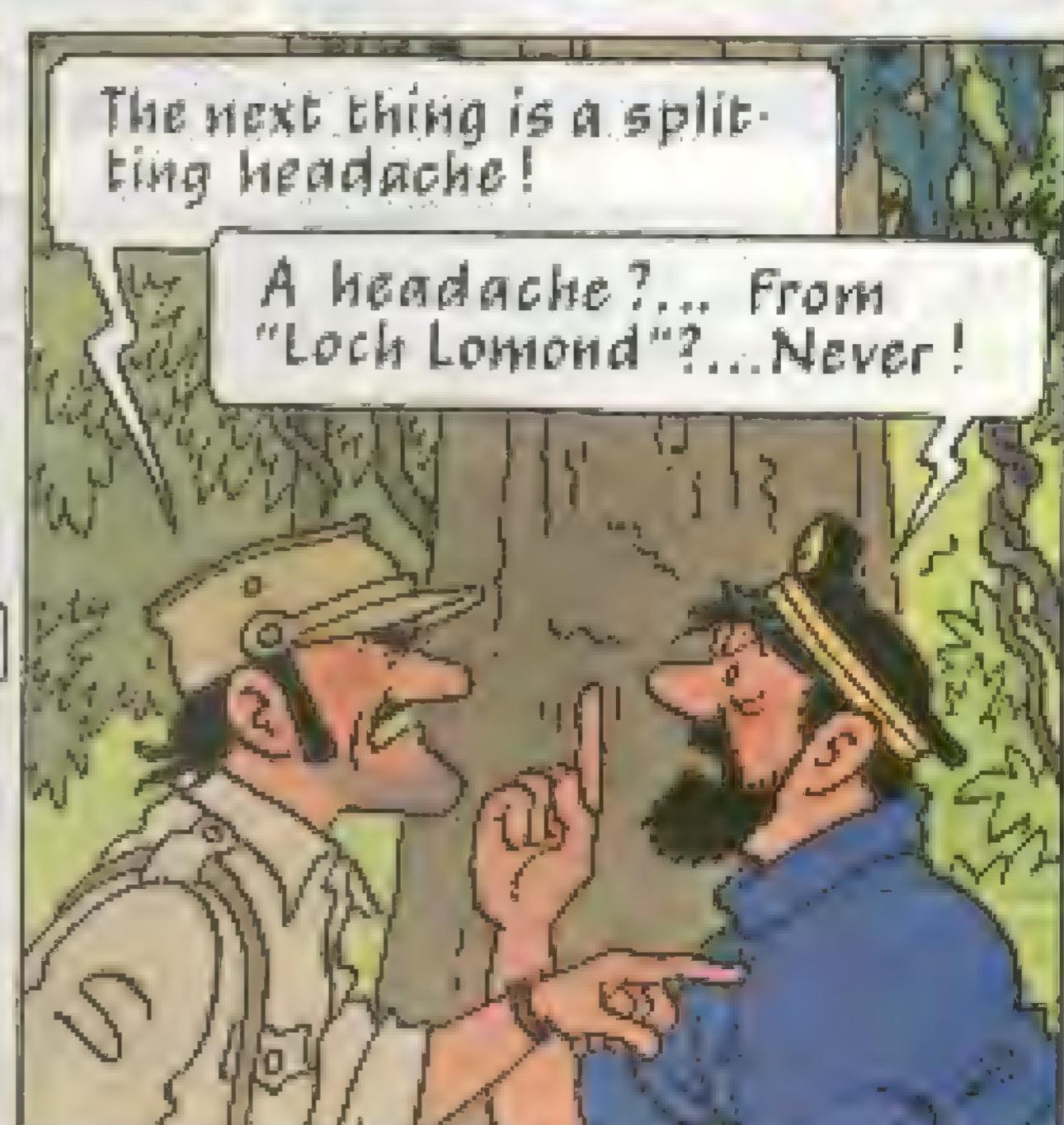
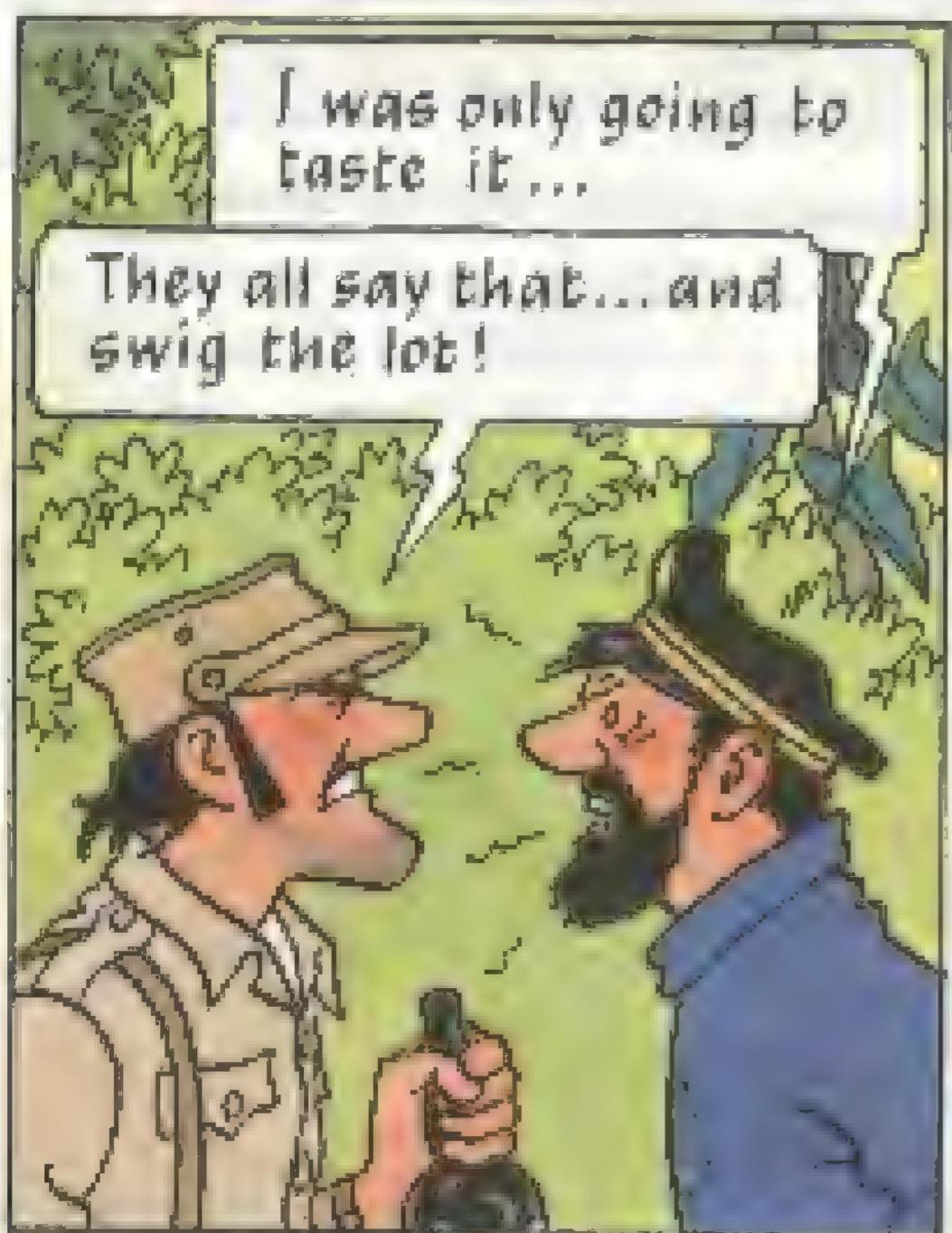
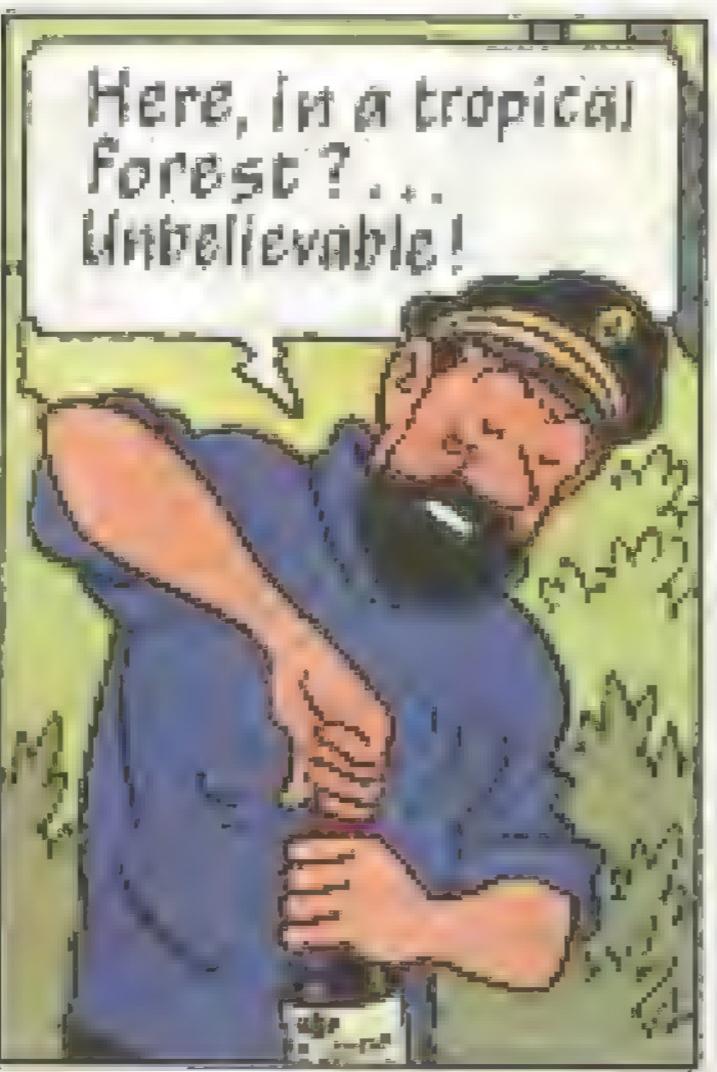
Quick!... Get out of here!...  
The next one's for us!

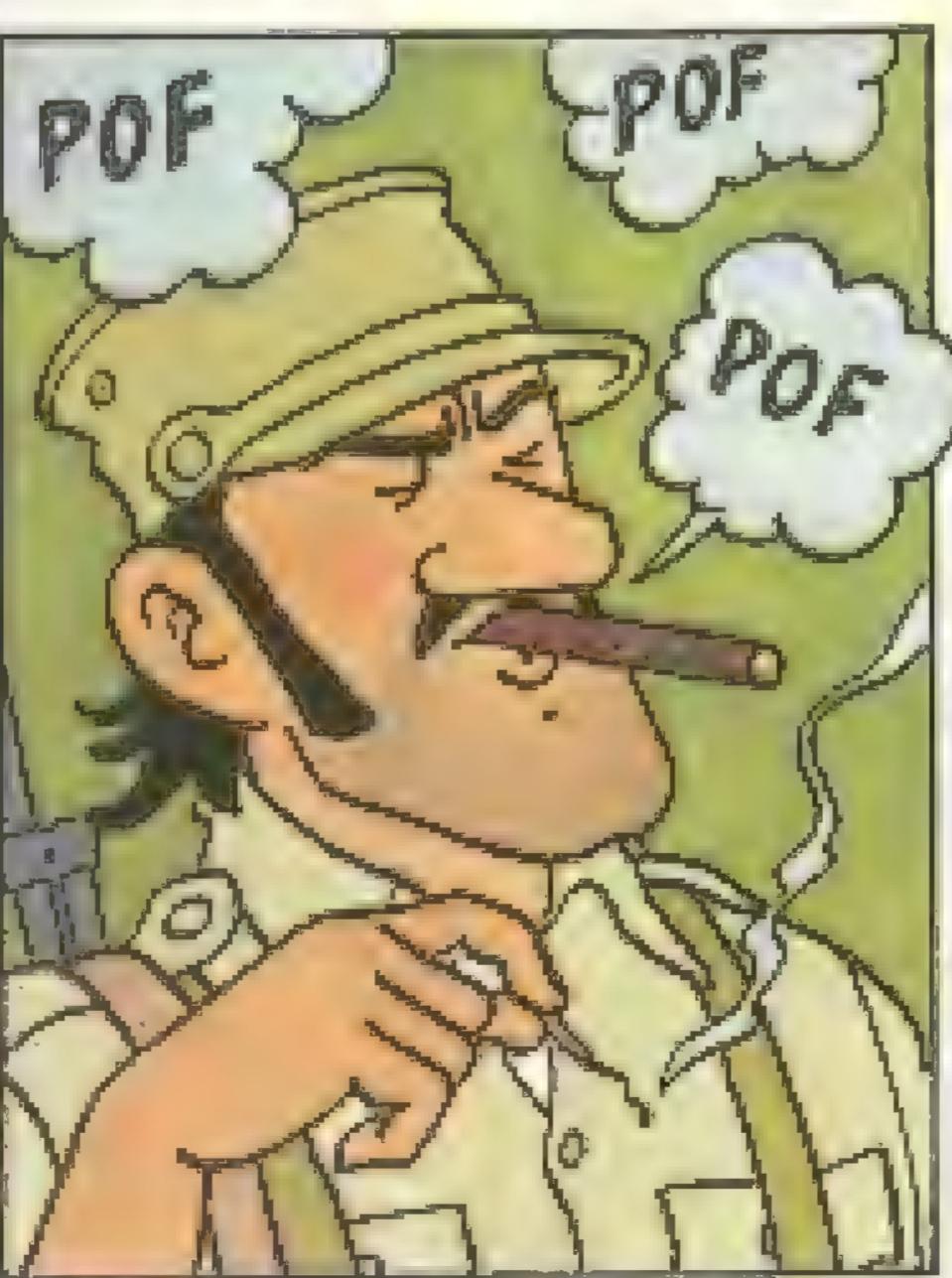
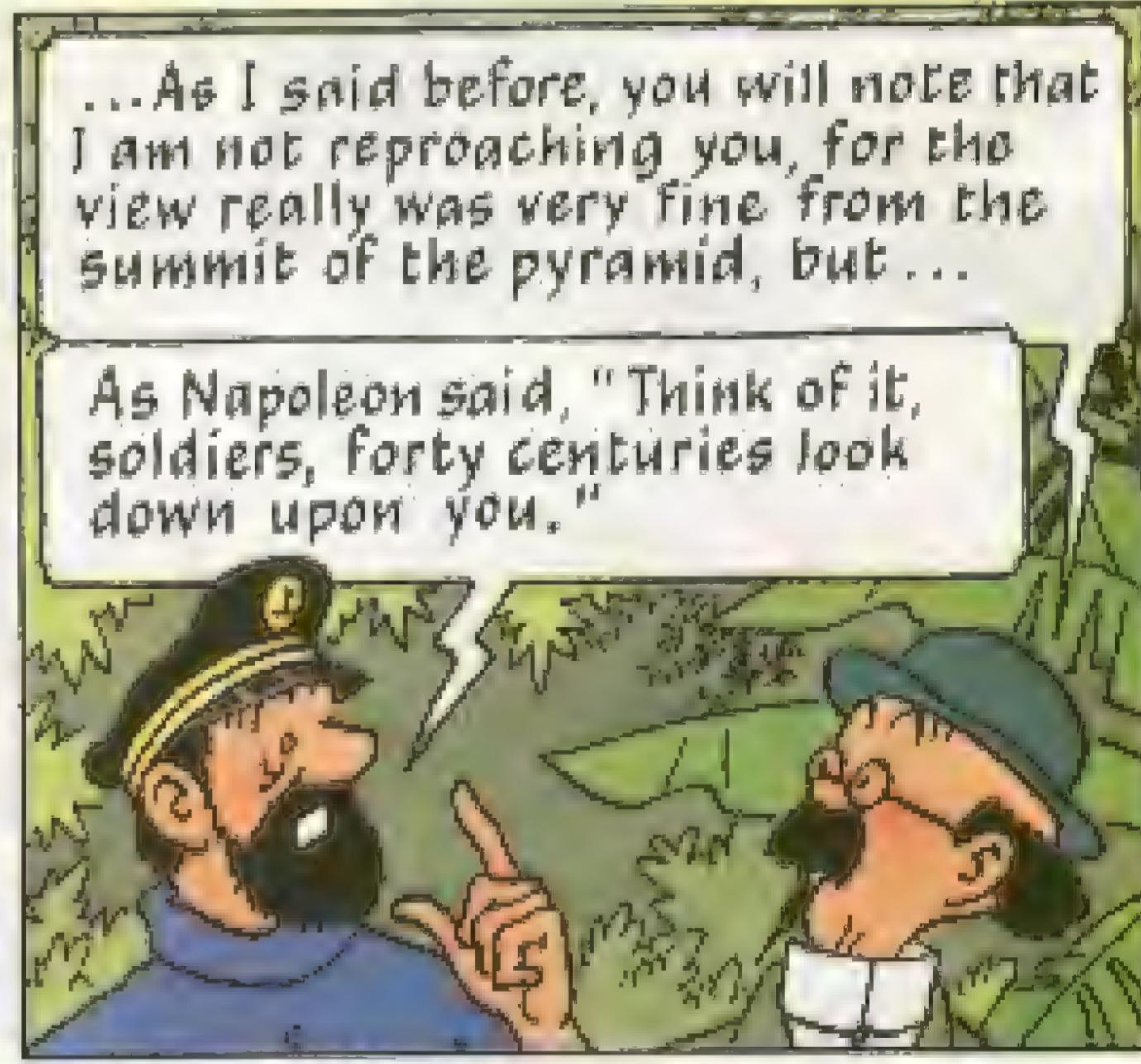
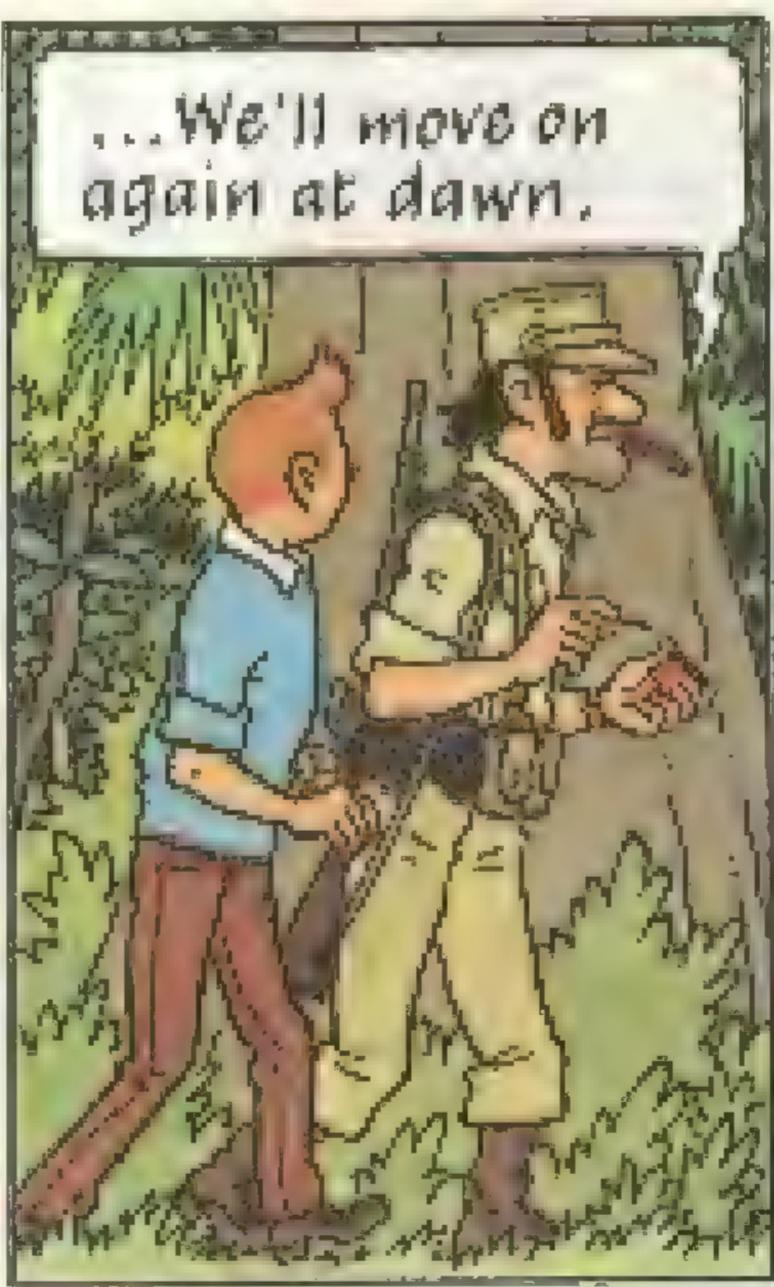
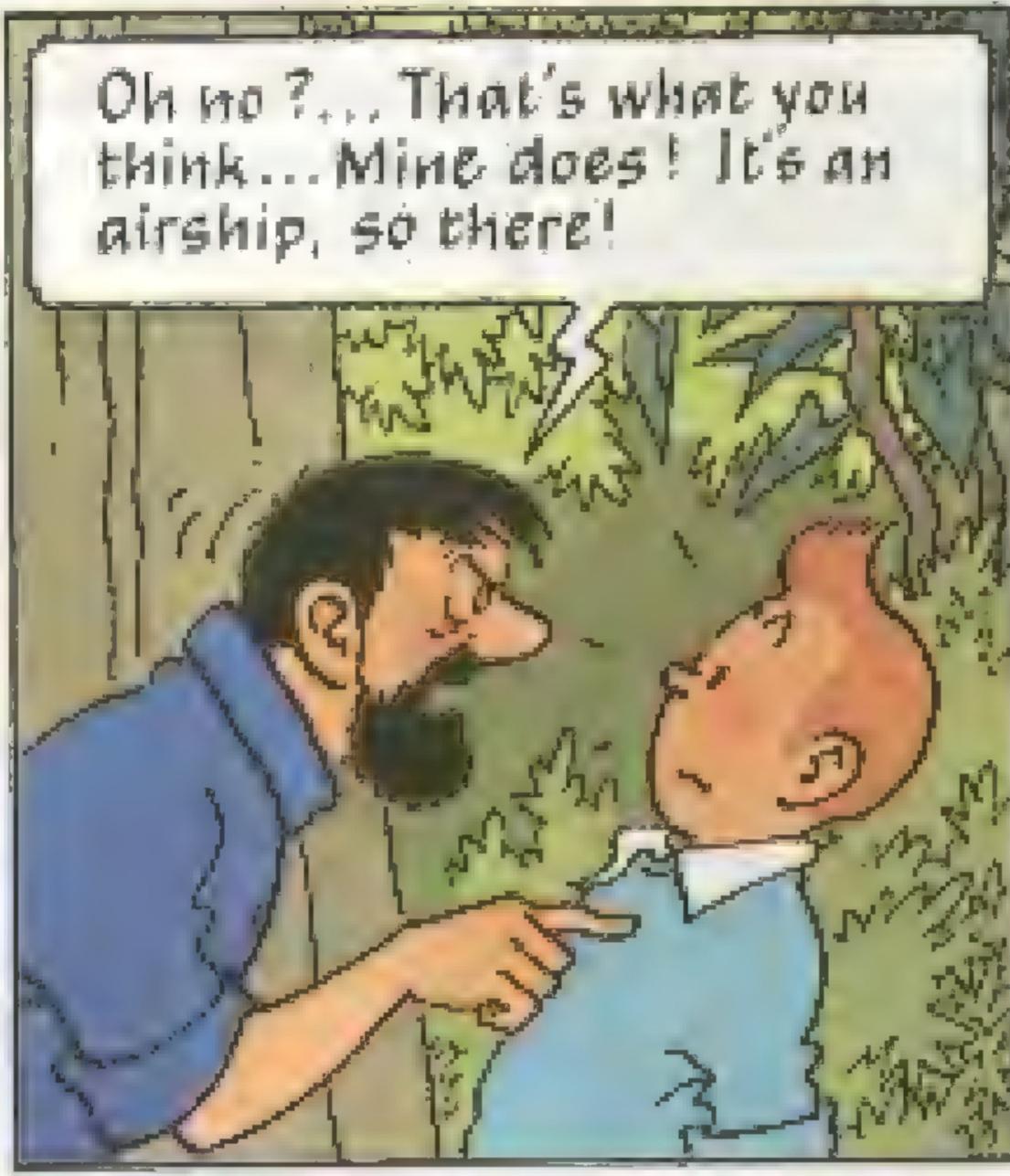
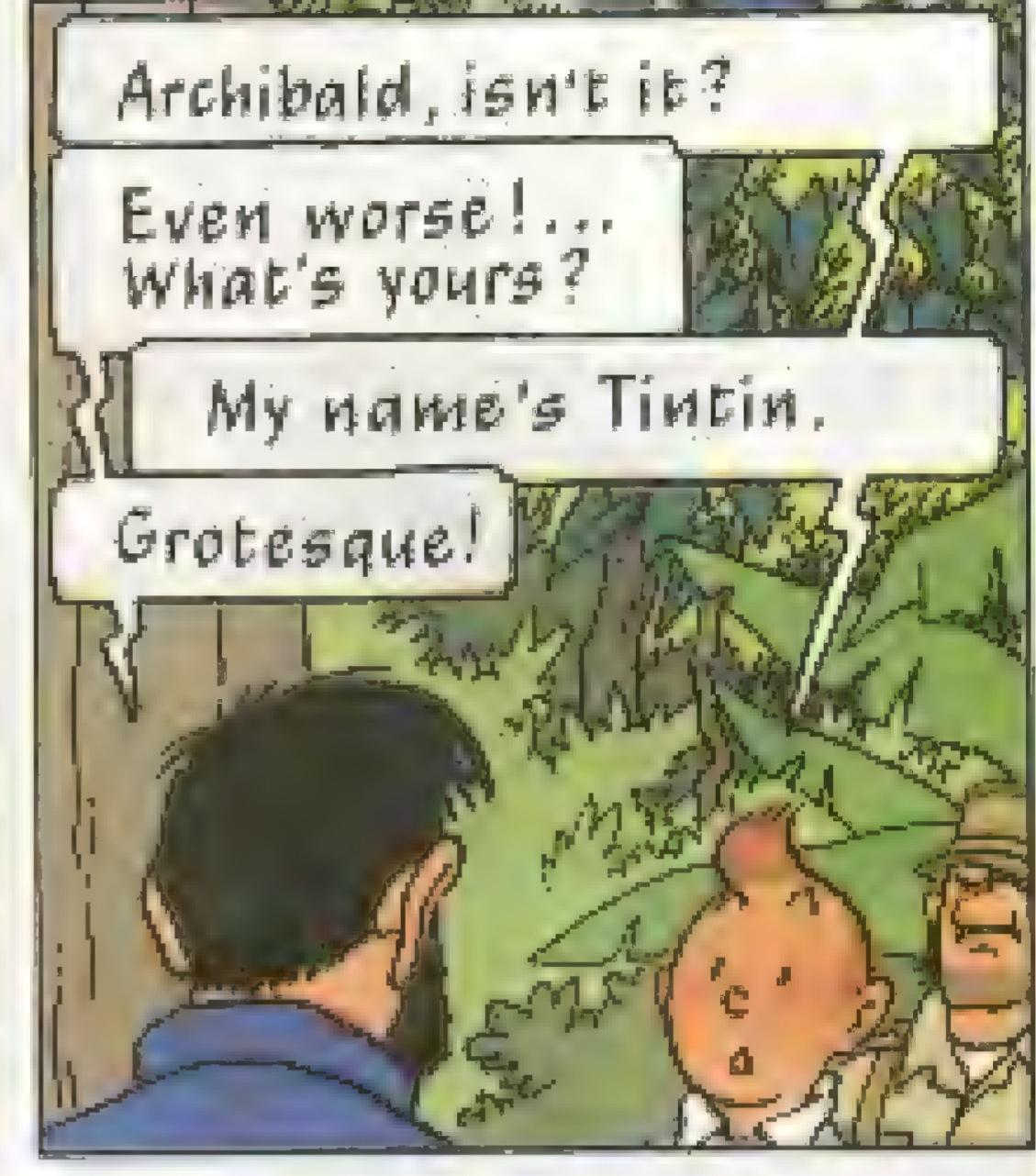
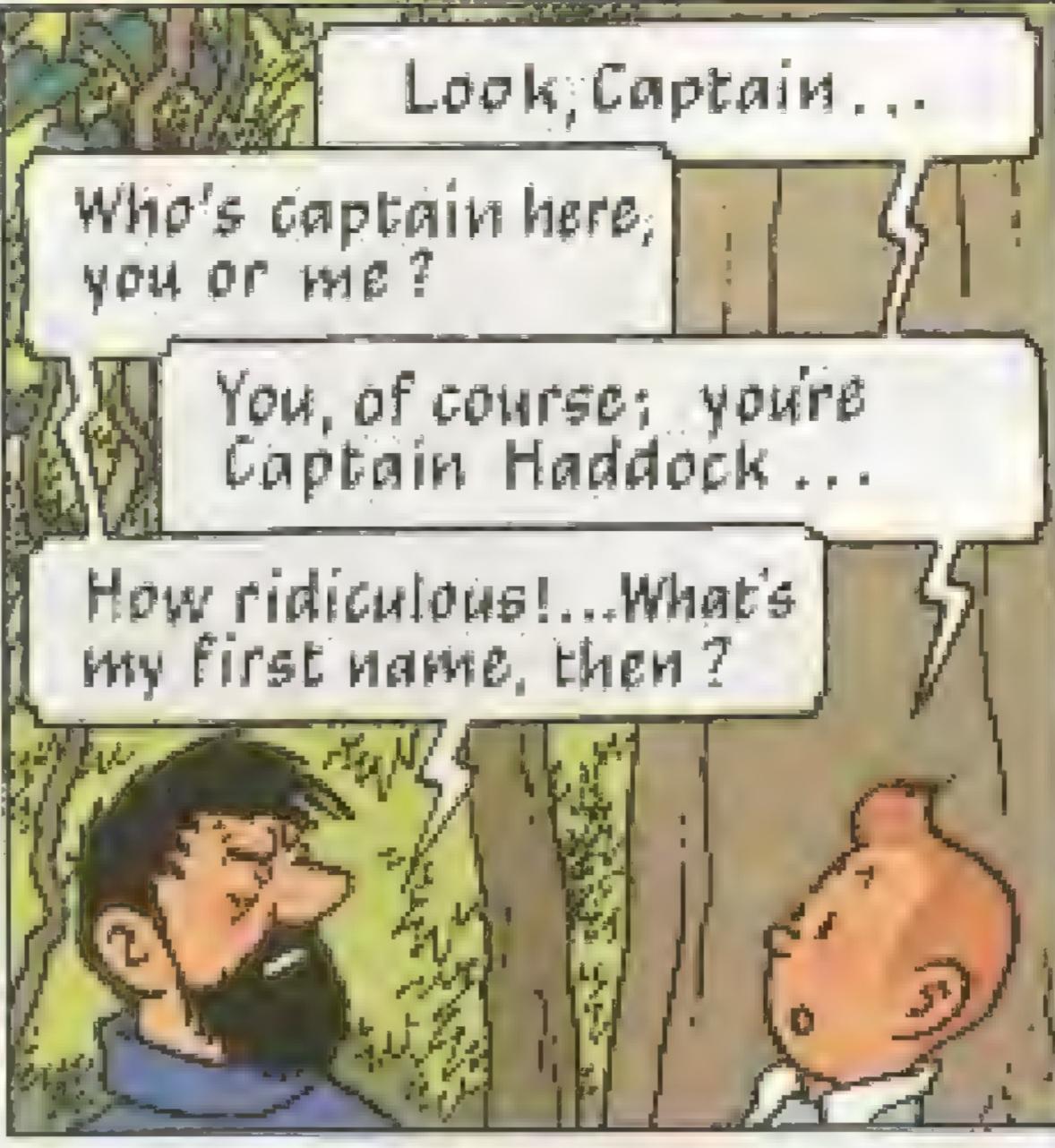


Reload!... Get a move on!... Faster, you clumsy peasants!... And this time, don't miss!









Ridgewell!... You never get any better do you, you old joker!... Come on out of there!



Hello, General!... Hello, Tintin!... It's good to see you again!



Nice to be back, Doctor Ridgewell!... How are the Arumbayas? Learnt to play golf yet?



Don't talk about it!... But on the other hand they've made great strides... in drunkenness, I'm afraid... By courtesy of General Tapioca!



LET ME GO!  
TINTIN!!!  
HELP!!!

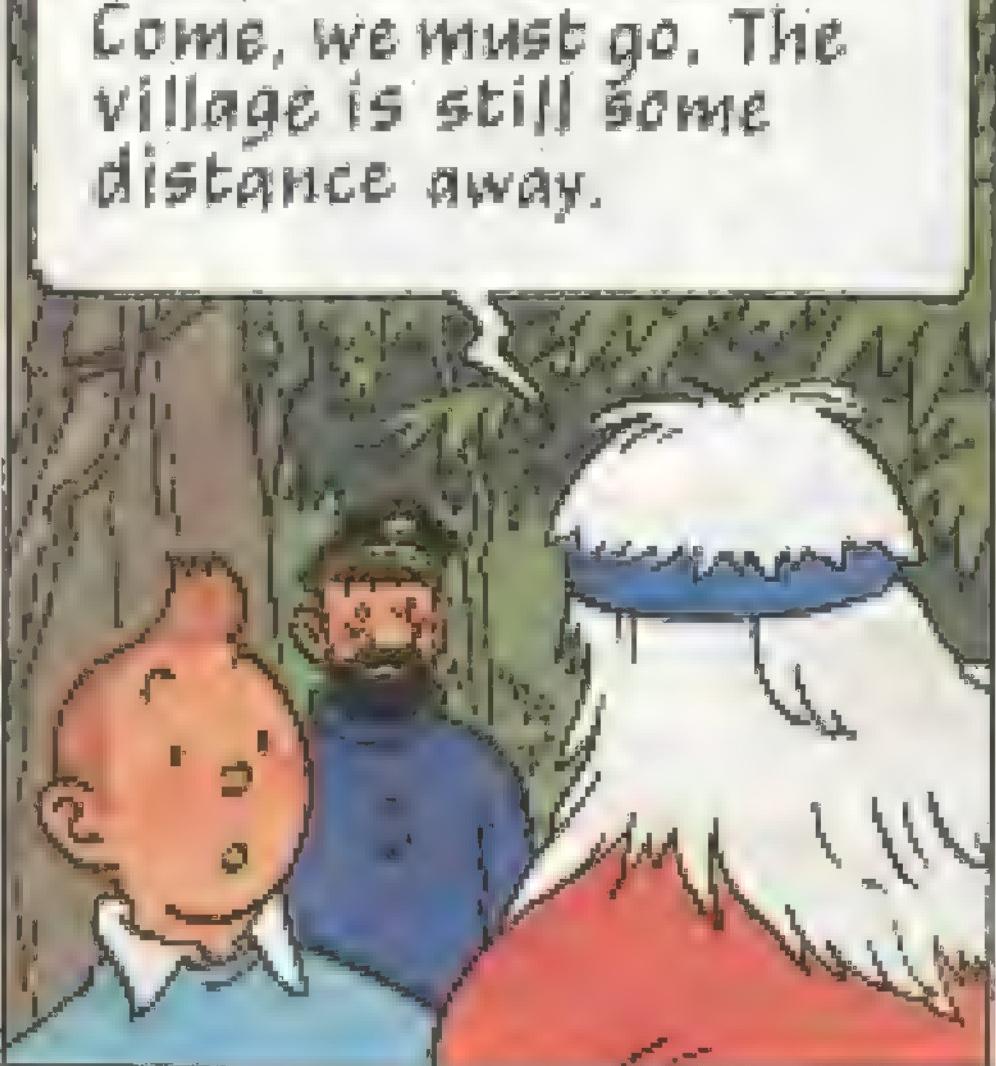
Tintin, help!... Save me!... Stop thief!... Fire!... Police!... Help, I am undone!



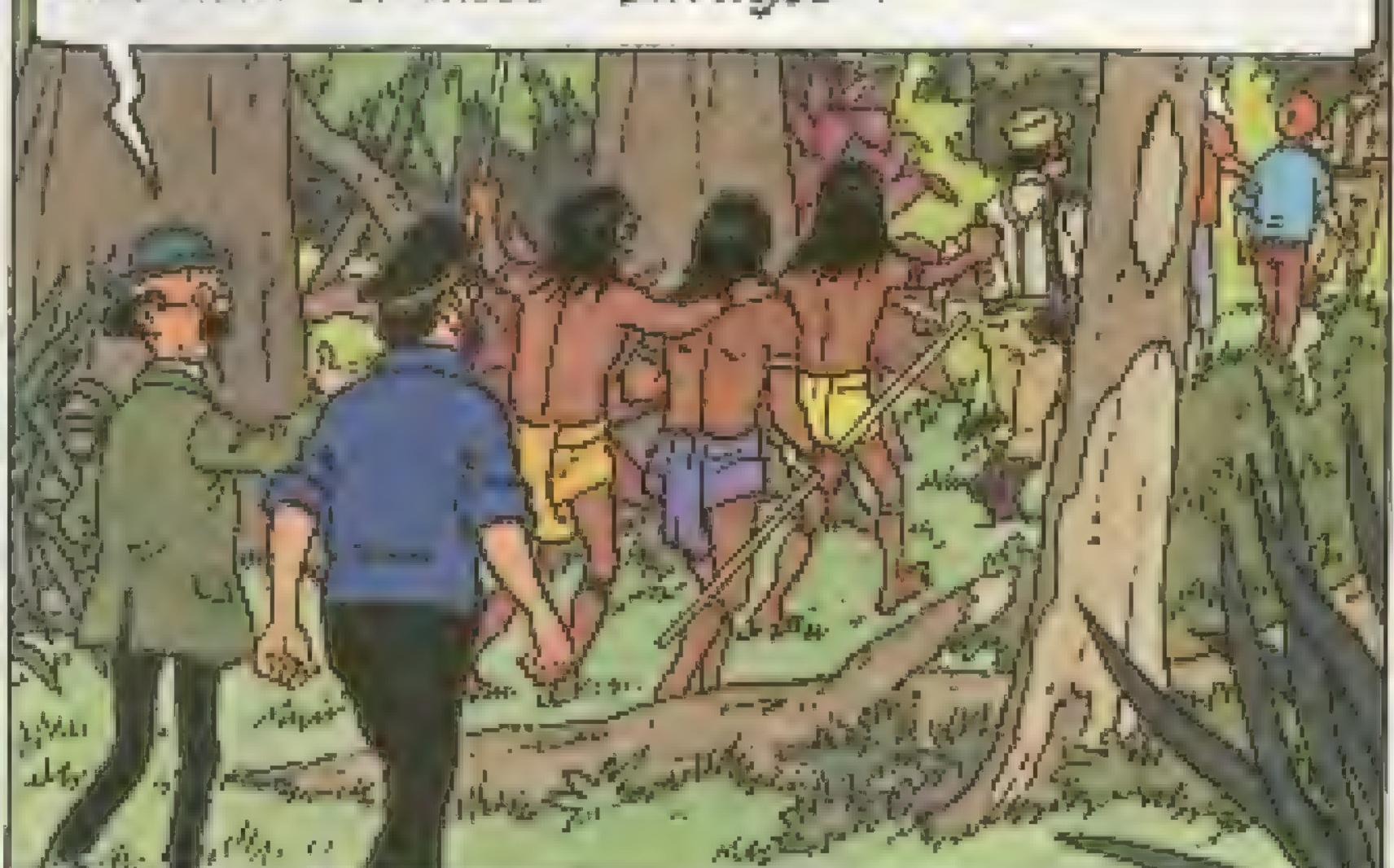
That's enough!... Gi' dahda vit!



You see?... Tapioca has a lot to answer for... Come, we must go. The village is still some distance away.



Dipsomaniacs!... That's what "civilisation" has done for those "savages".



That evening...

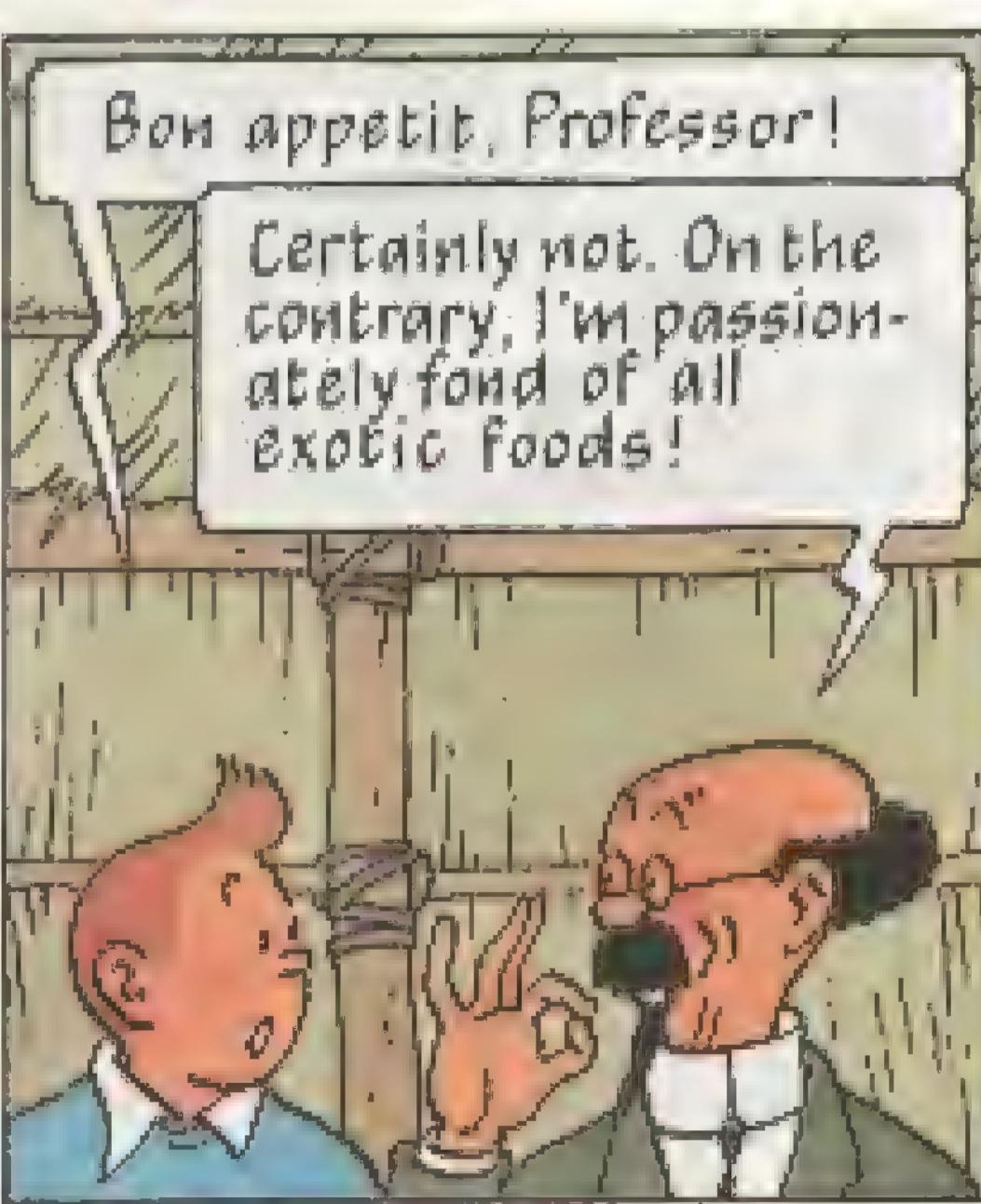
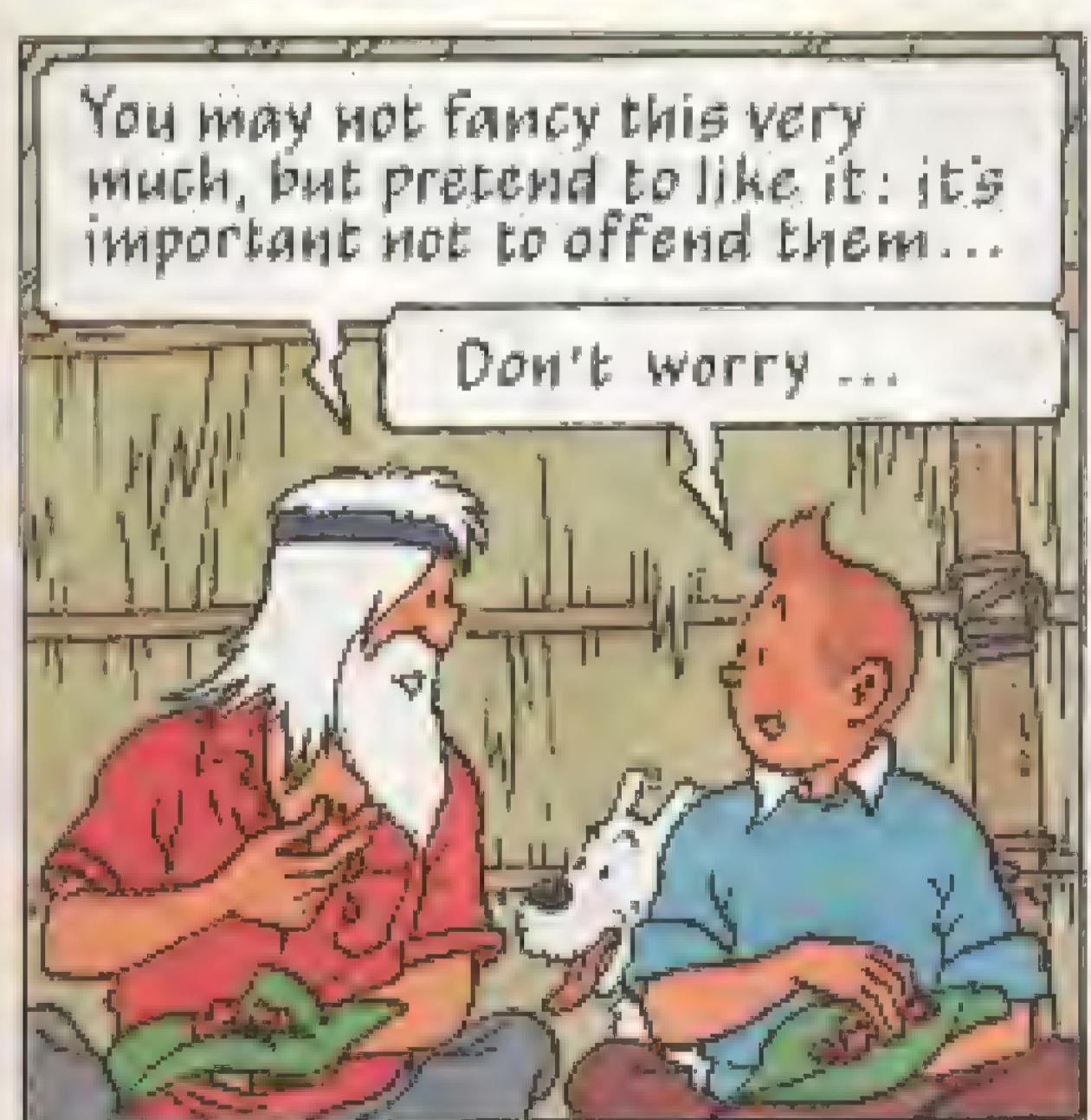
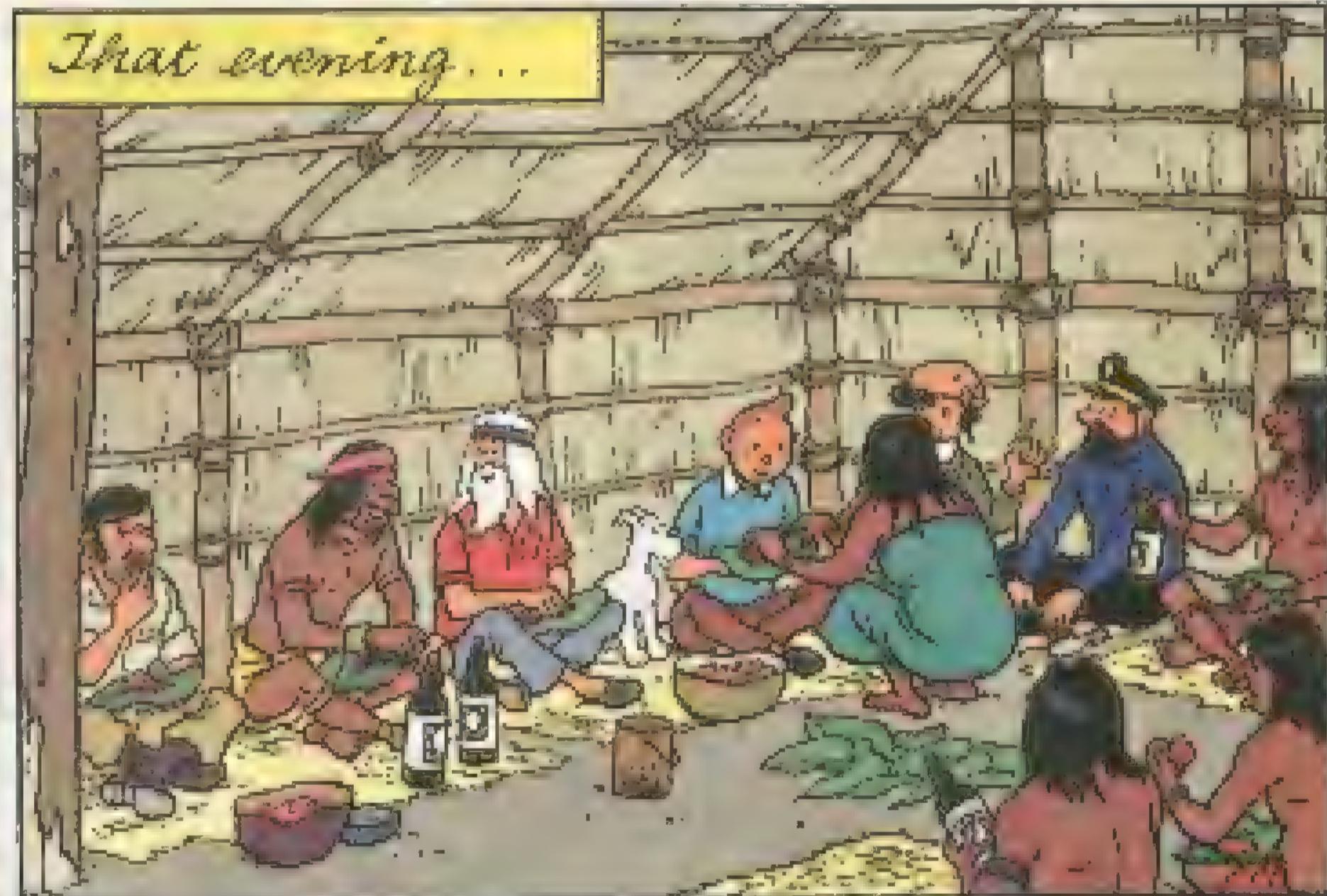
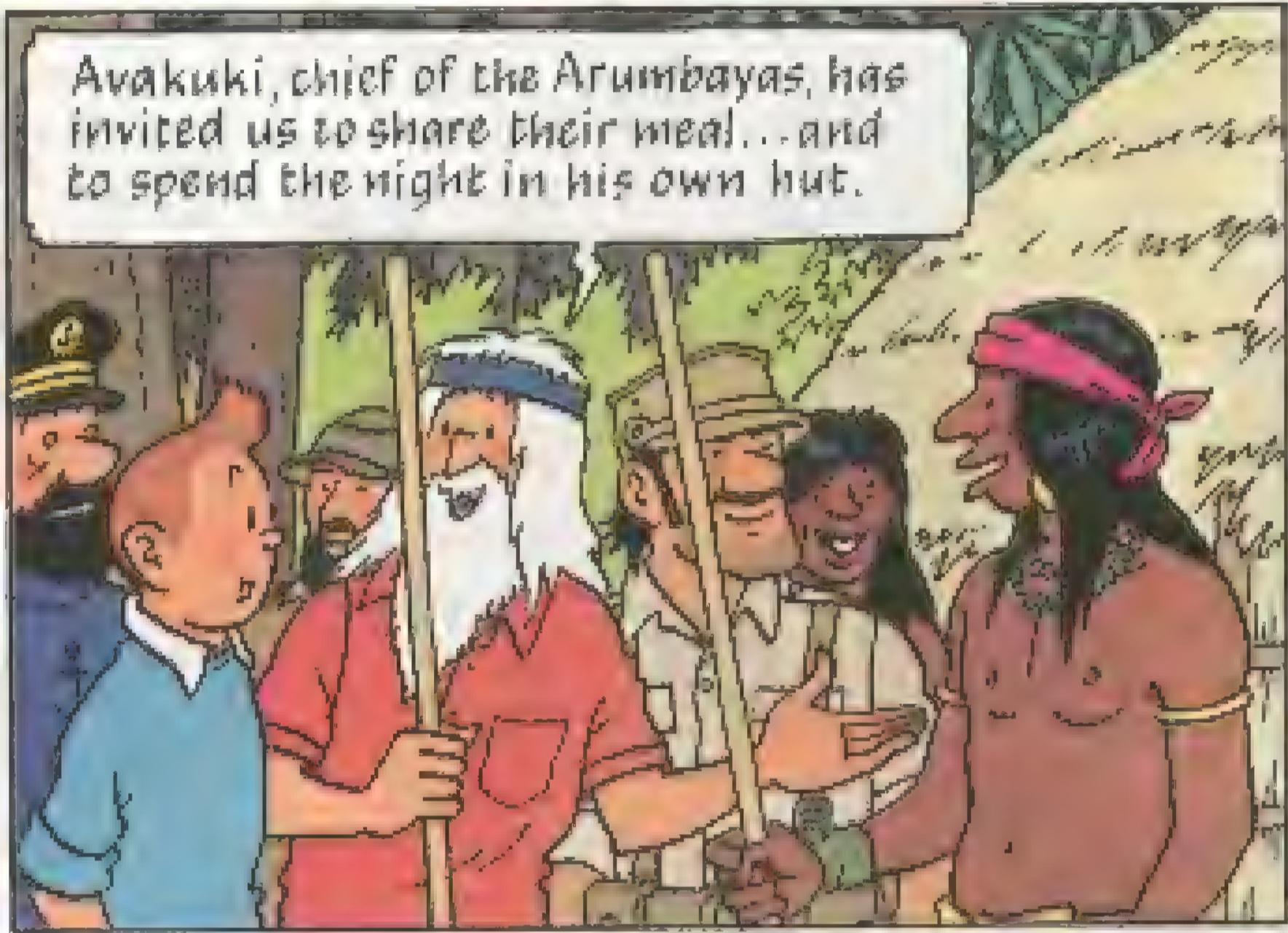


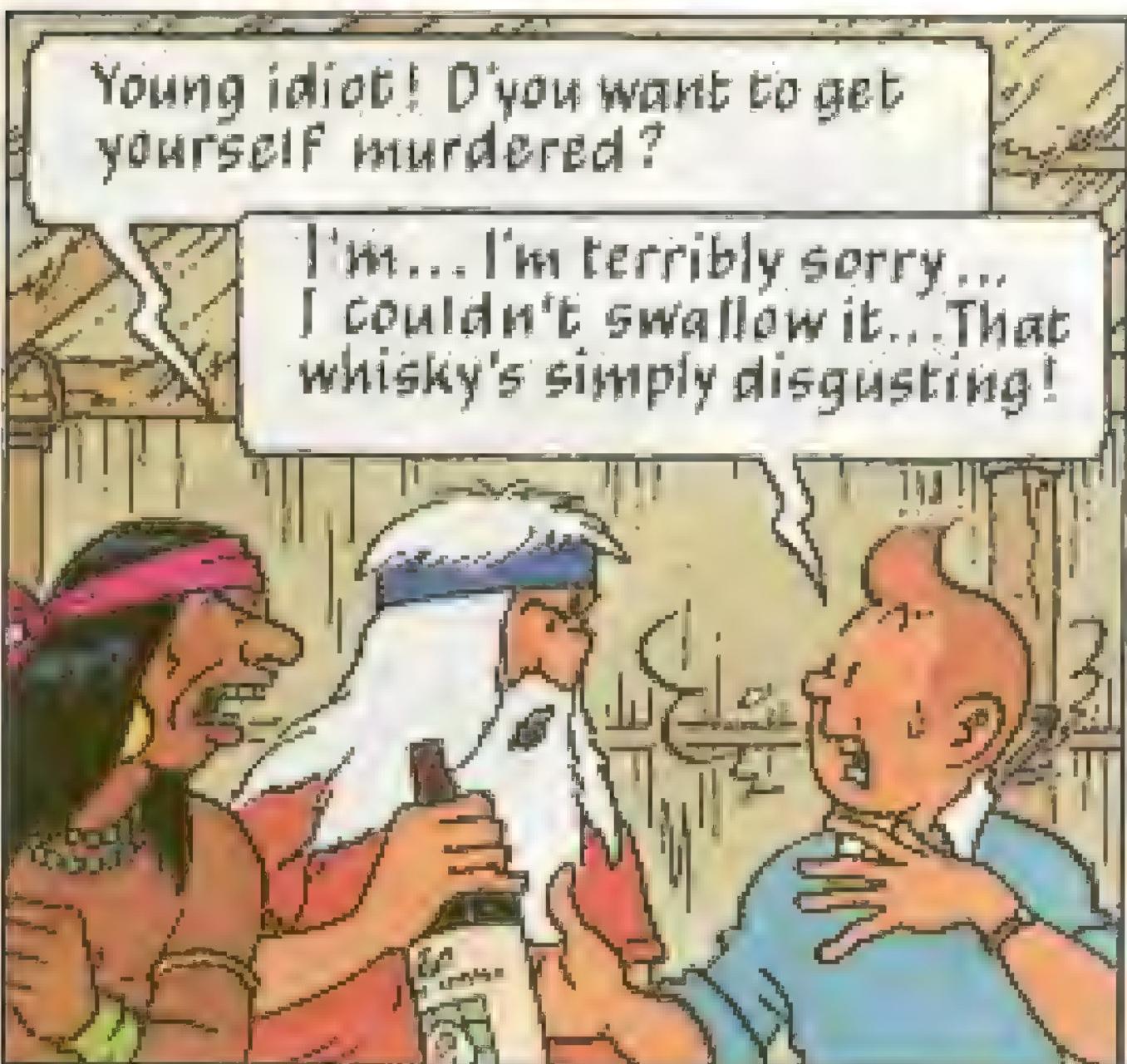
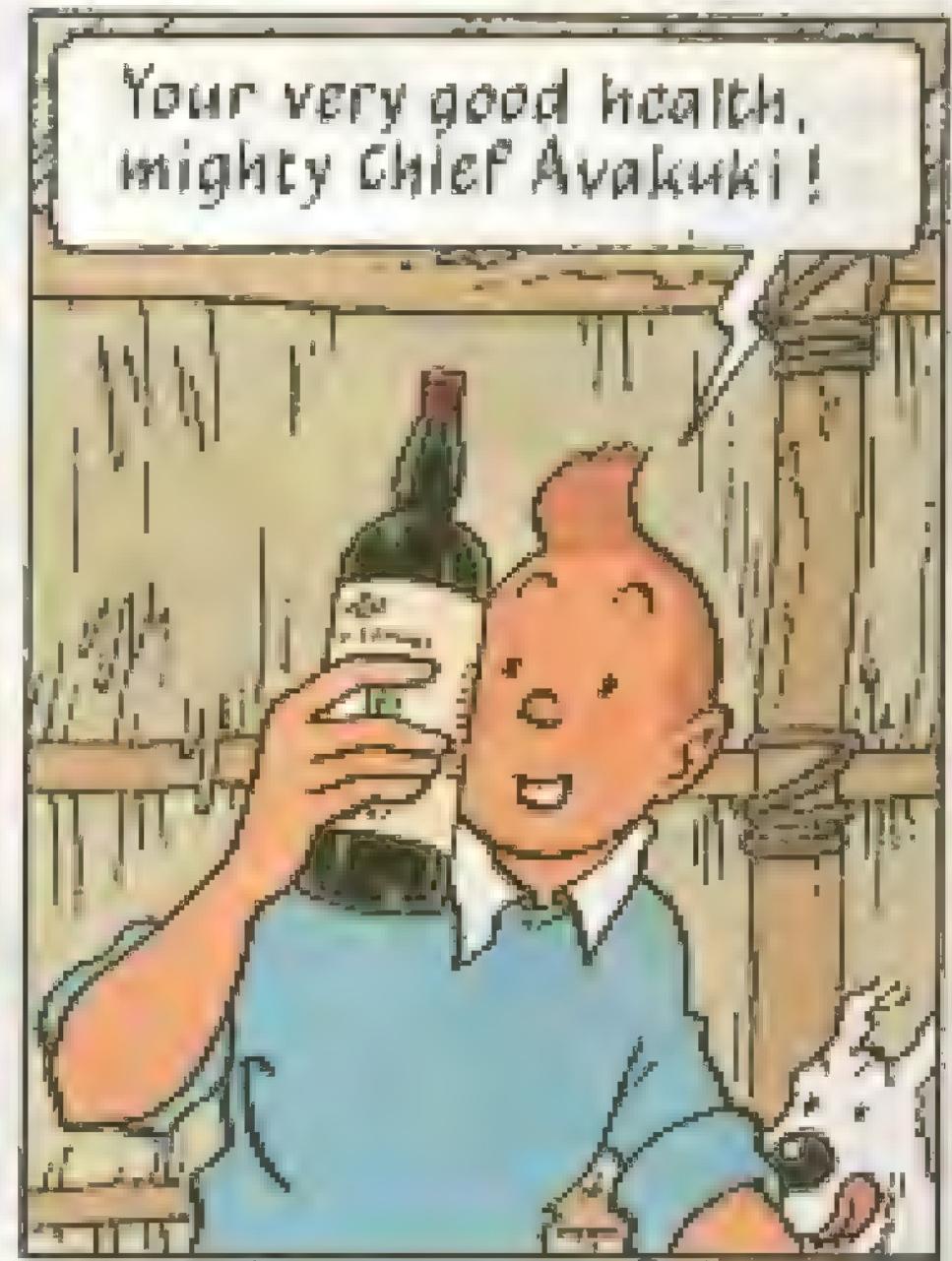
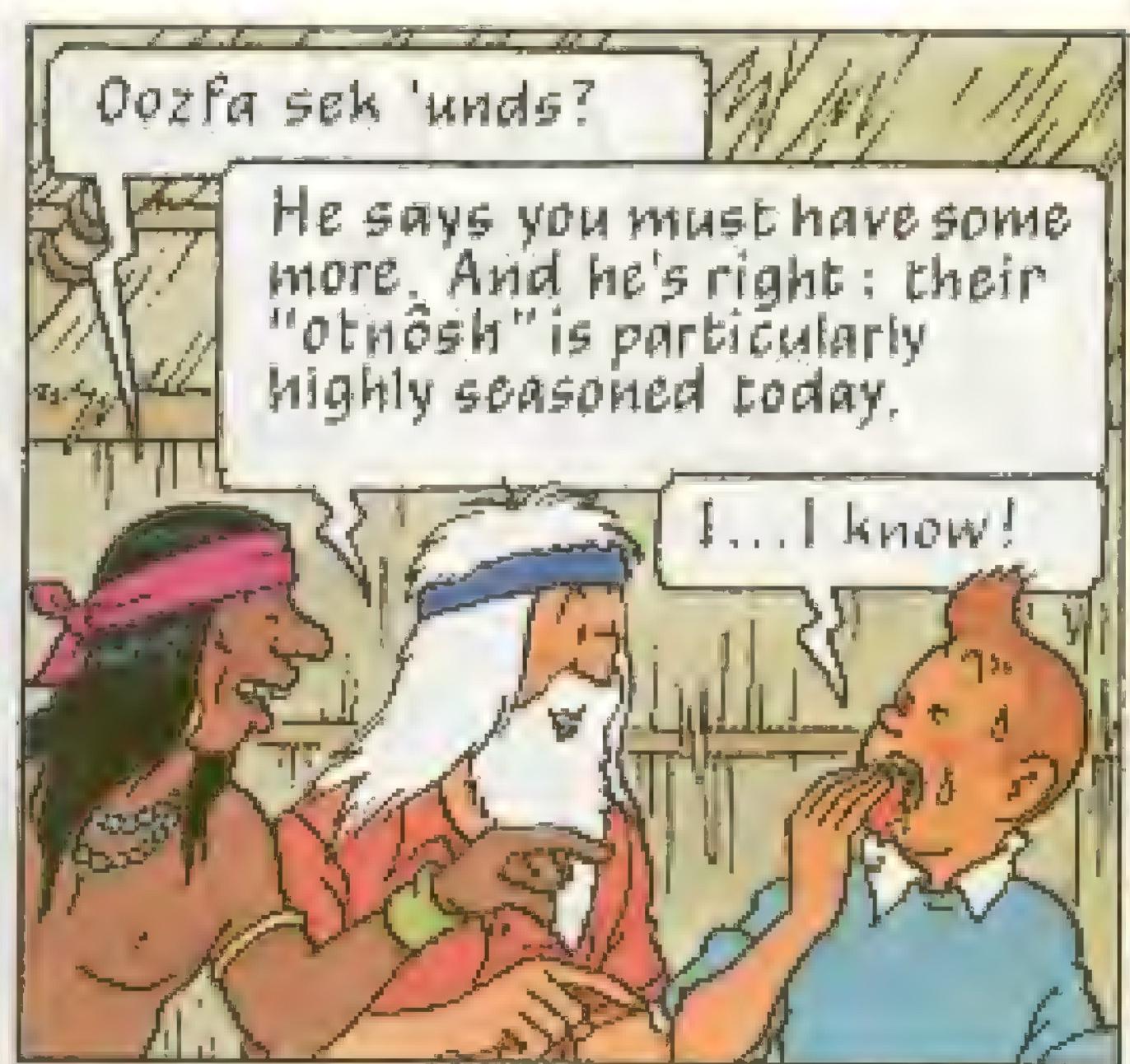
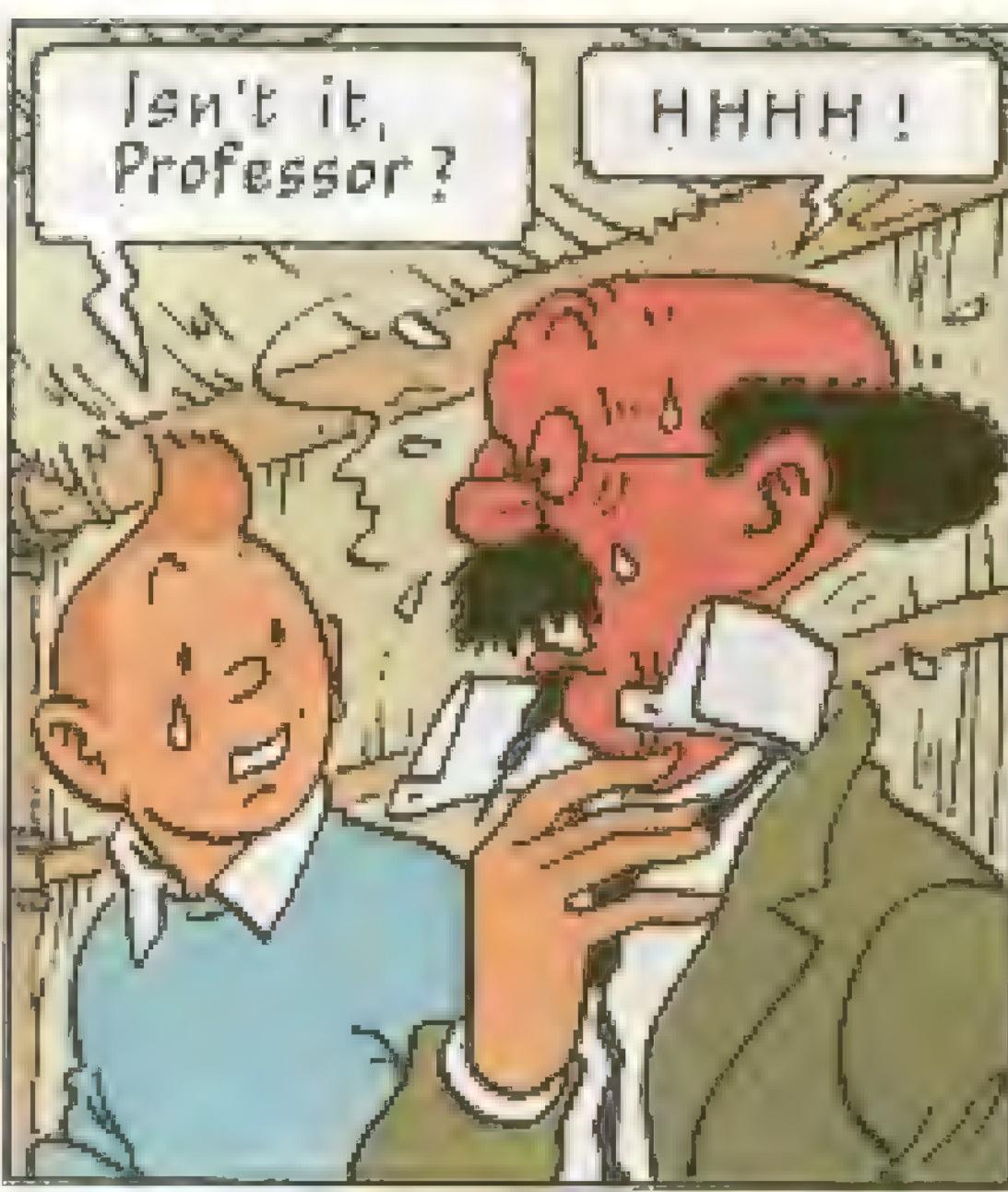
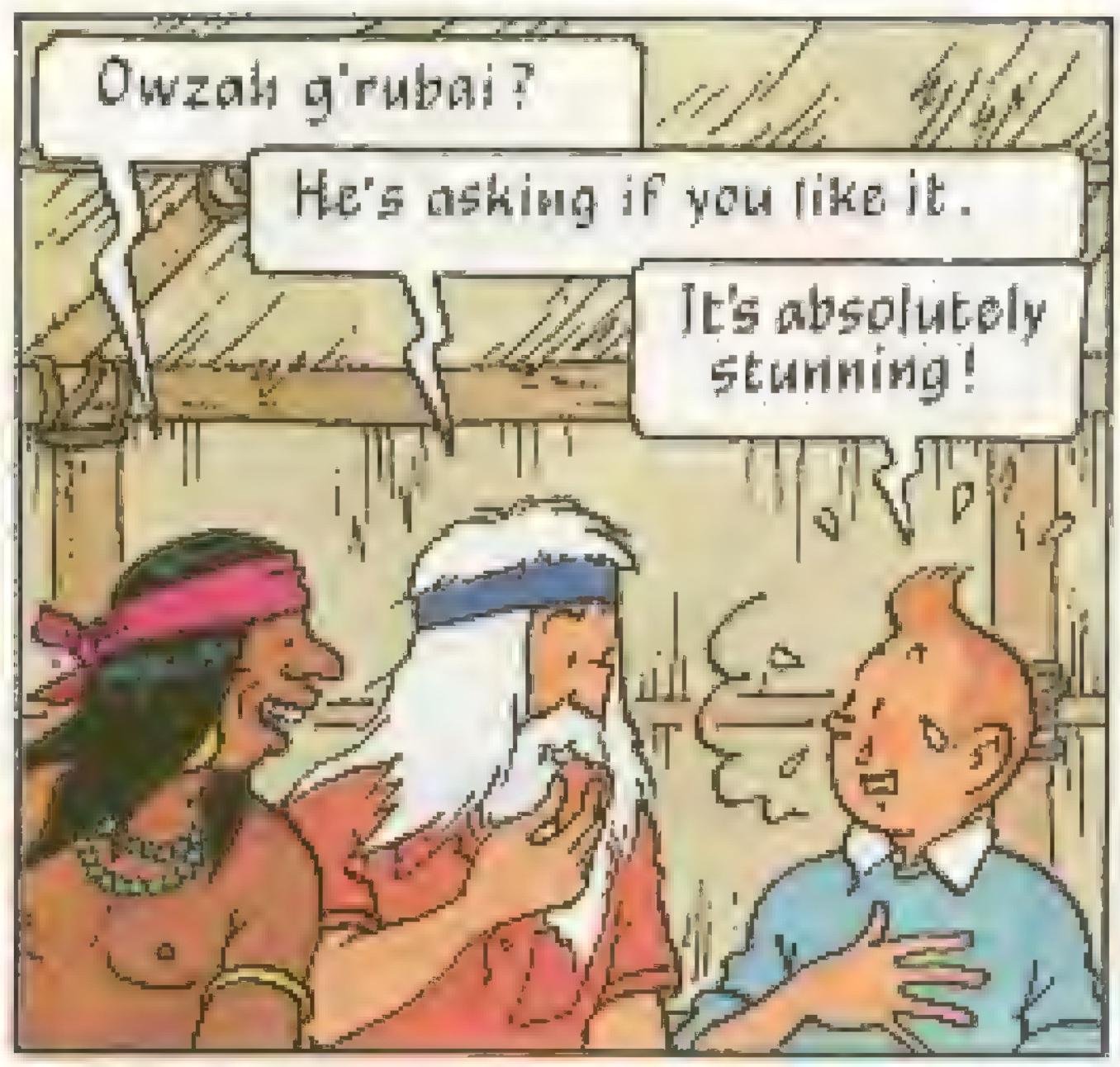
There's the Arumbaya village.

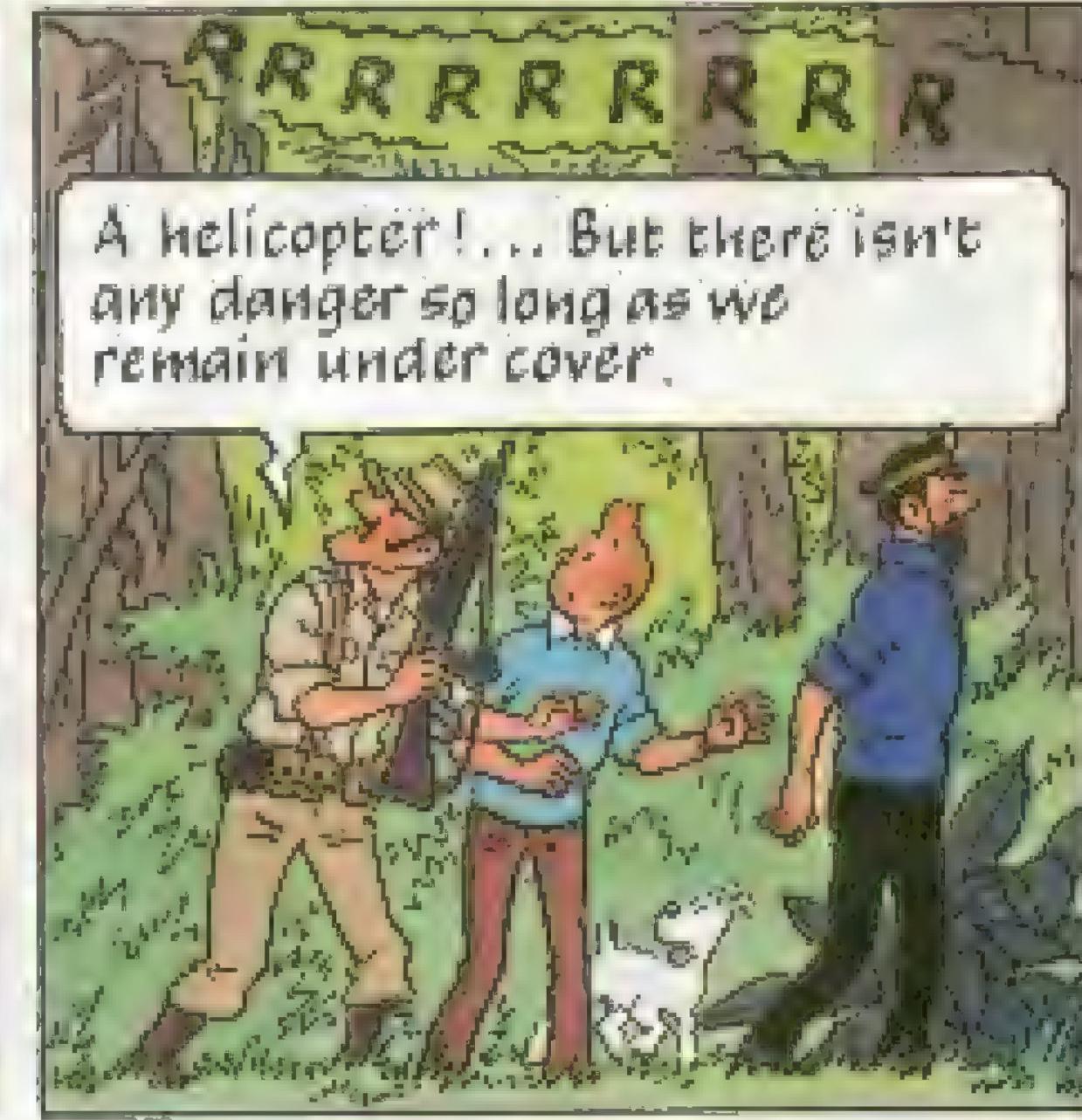
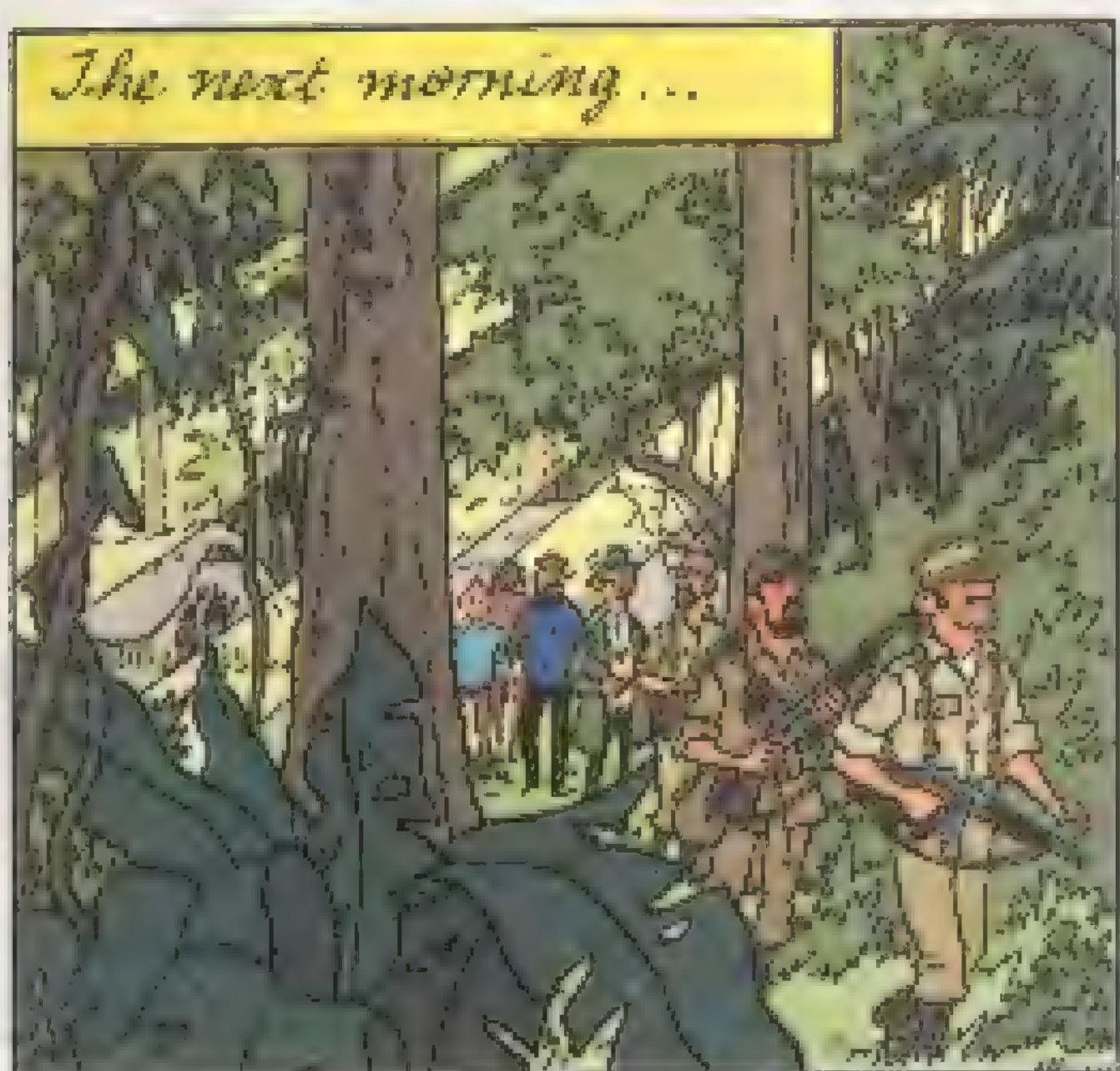
Excuse me, Captain... I see they are preparing some sort of meal over there...

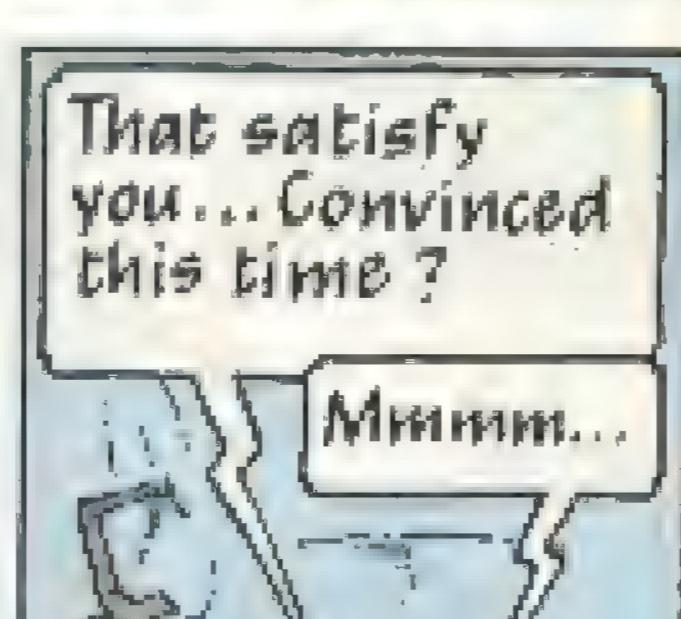
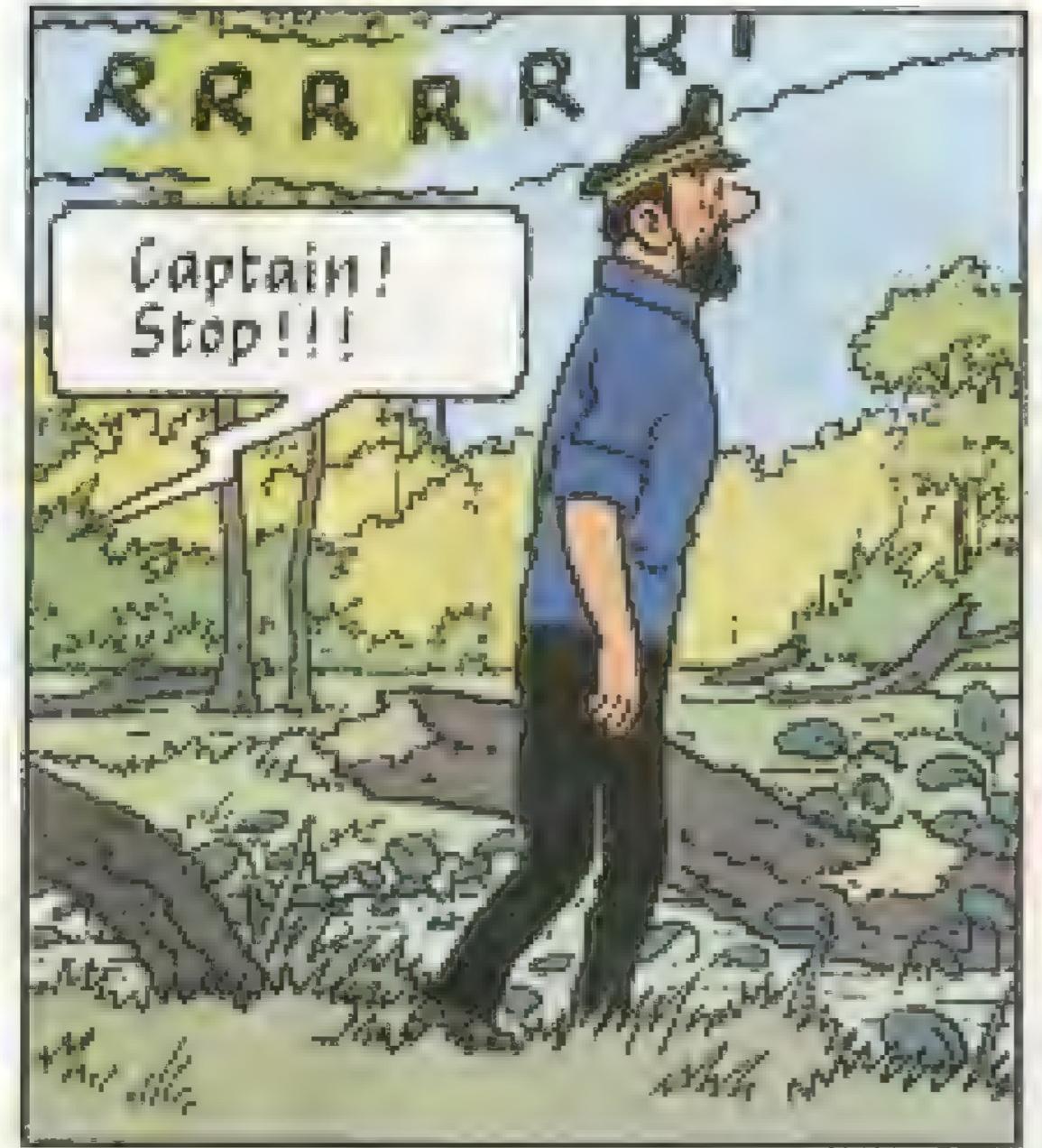


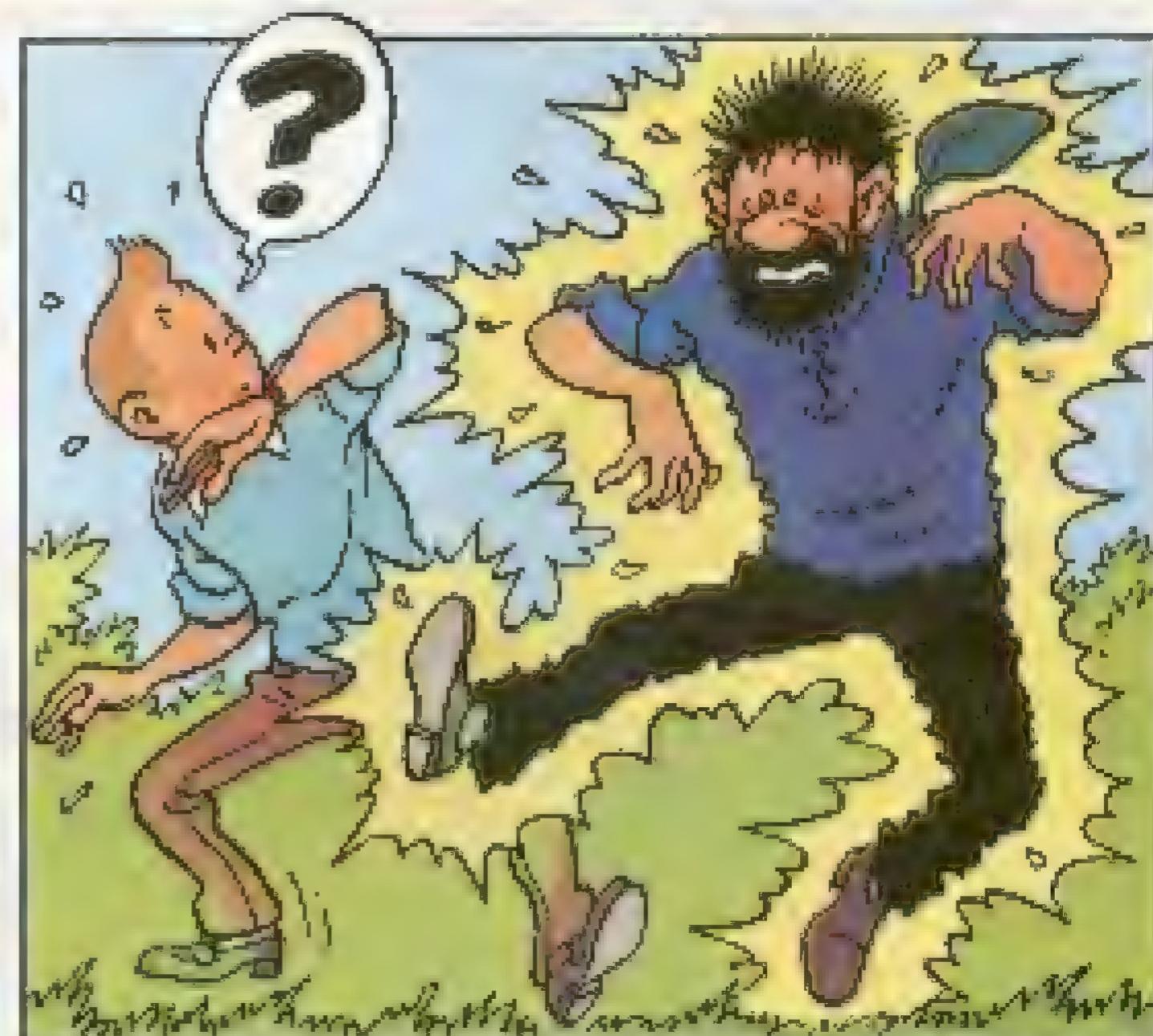
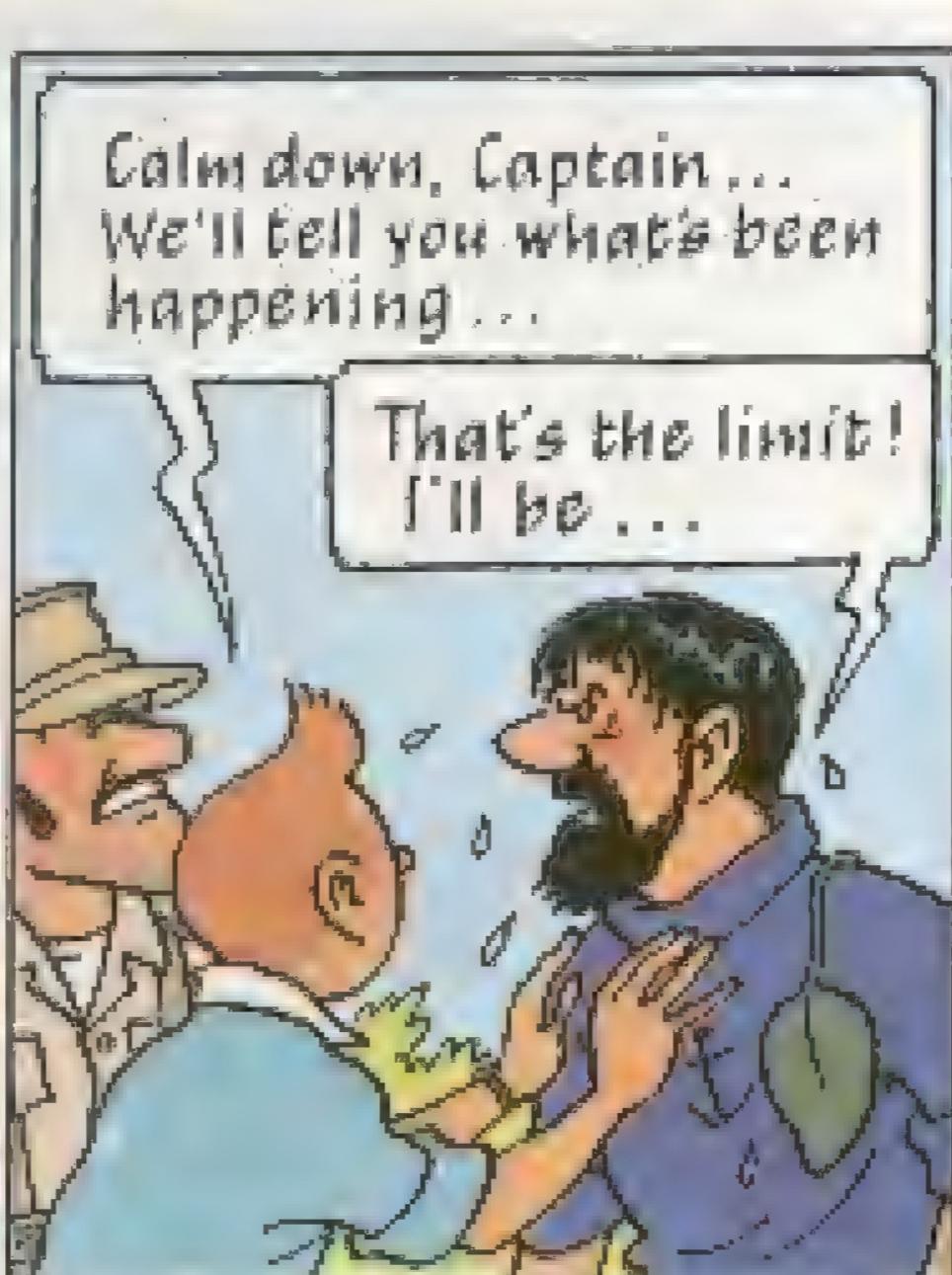
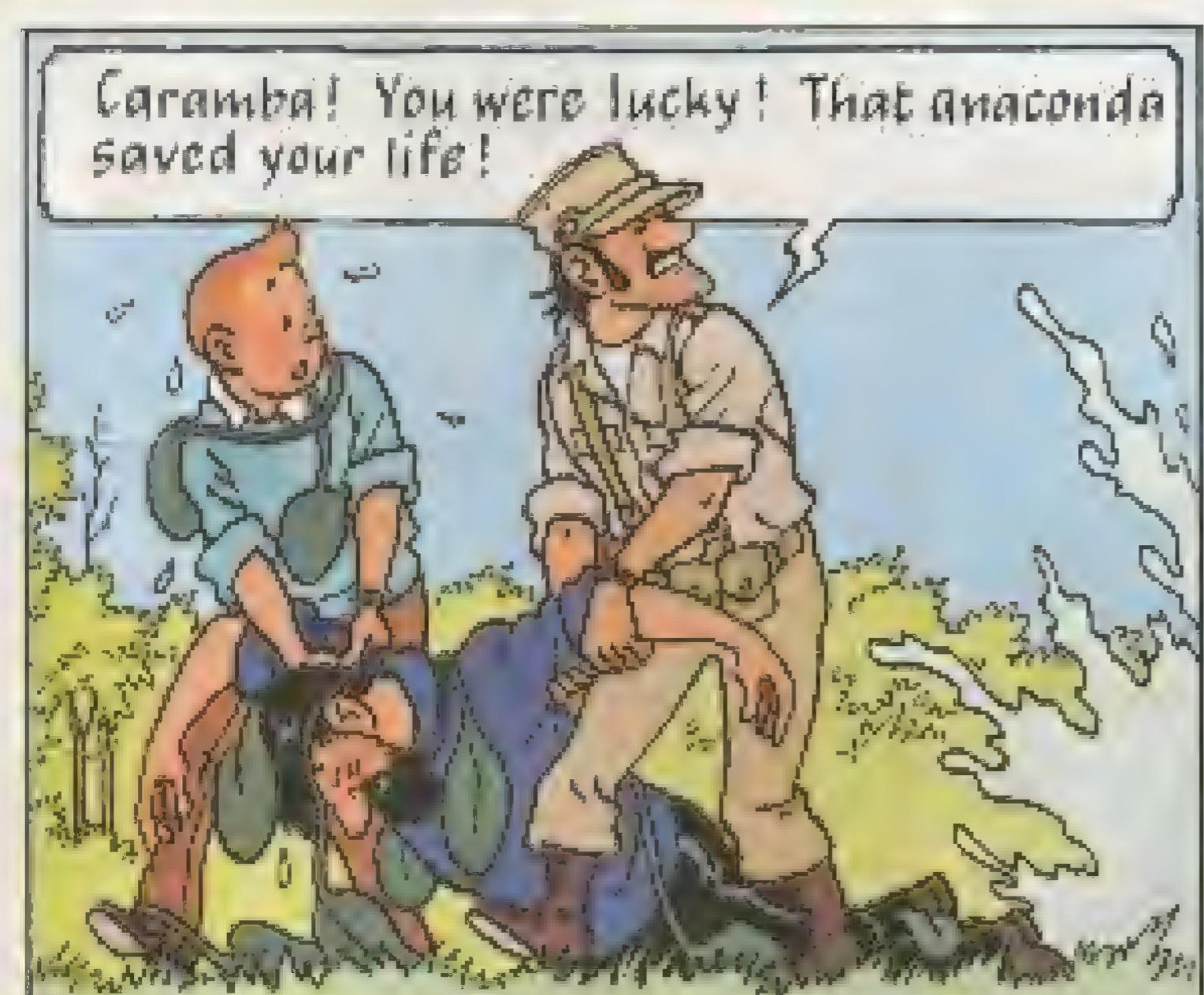
He! he!...

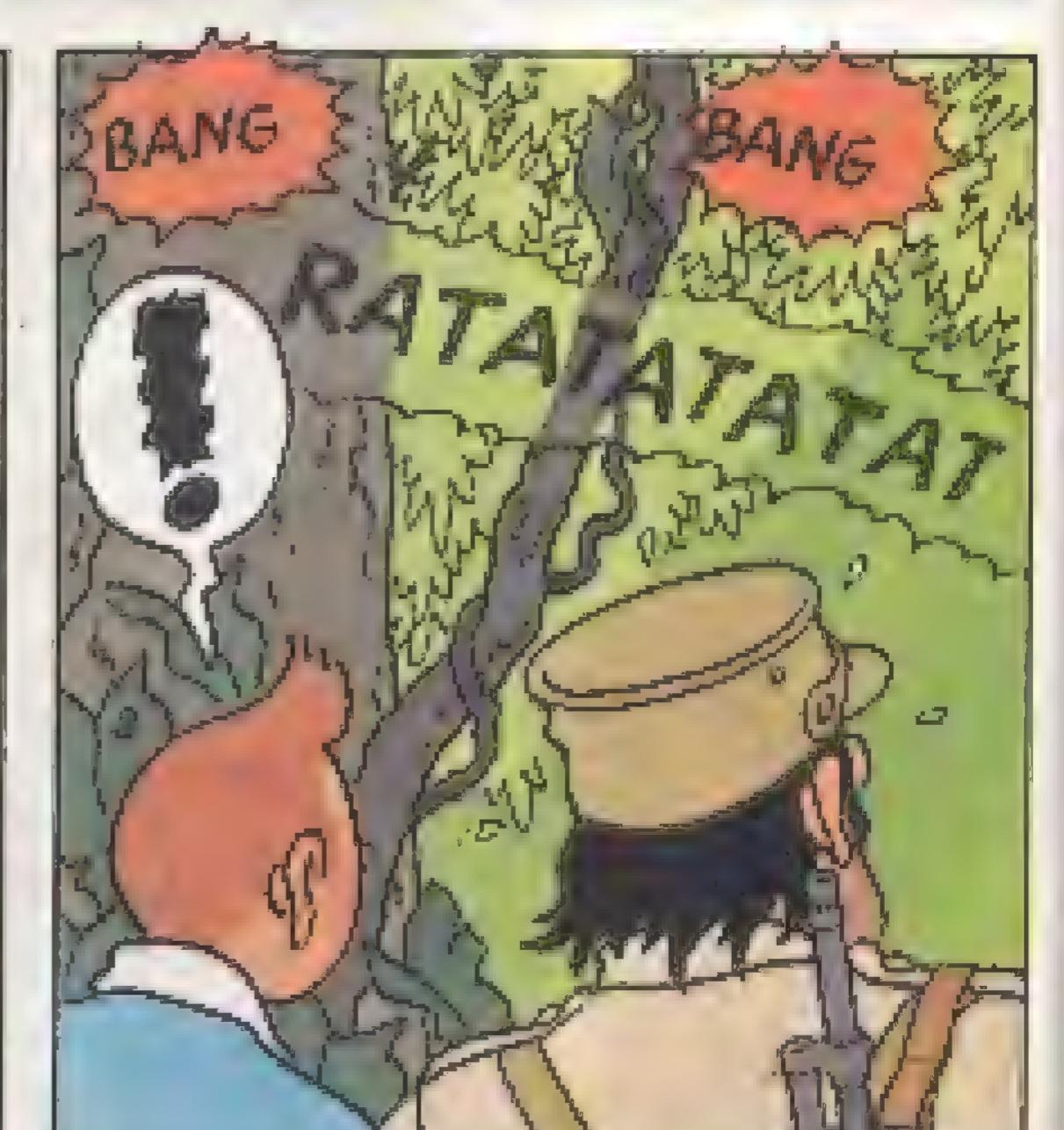
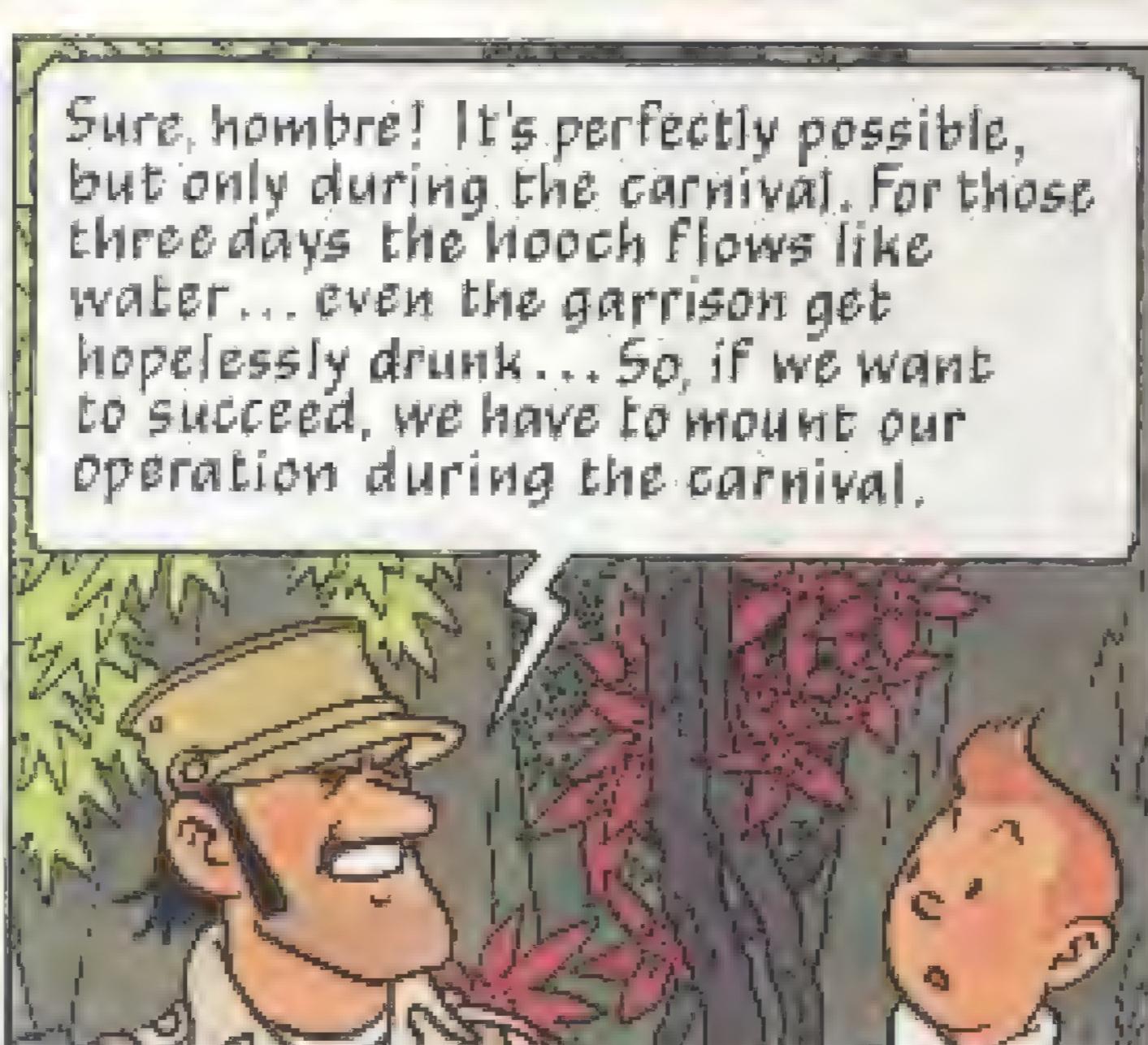
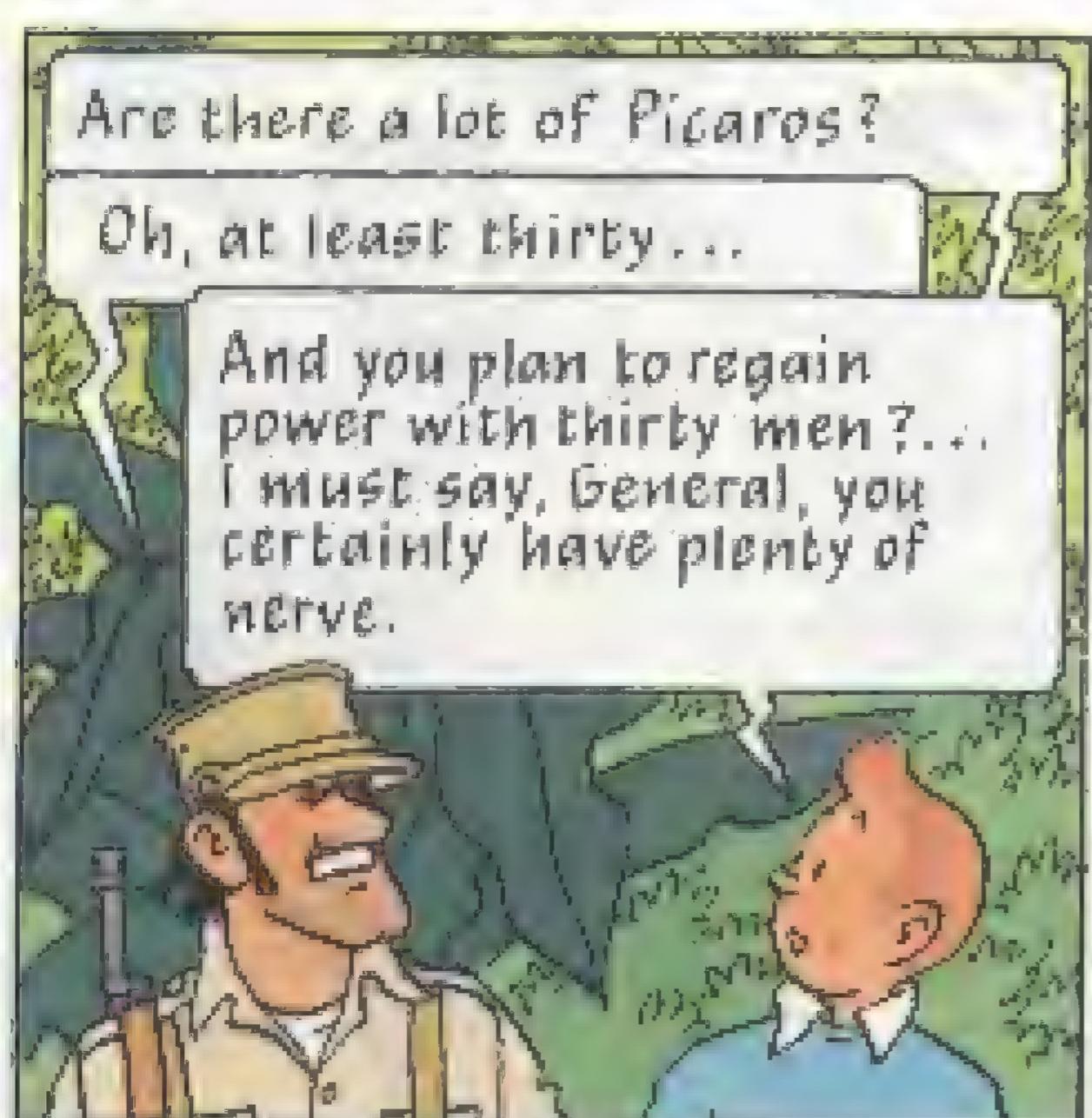
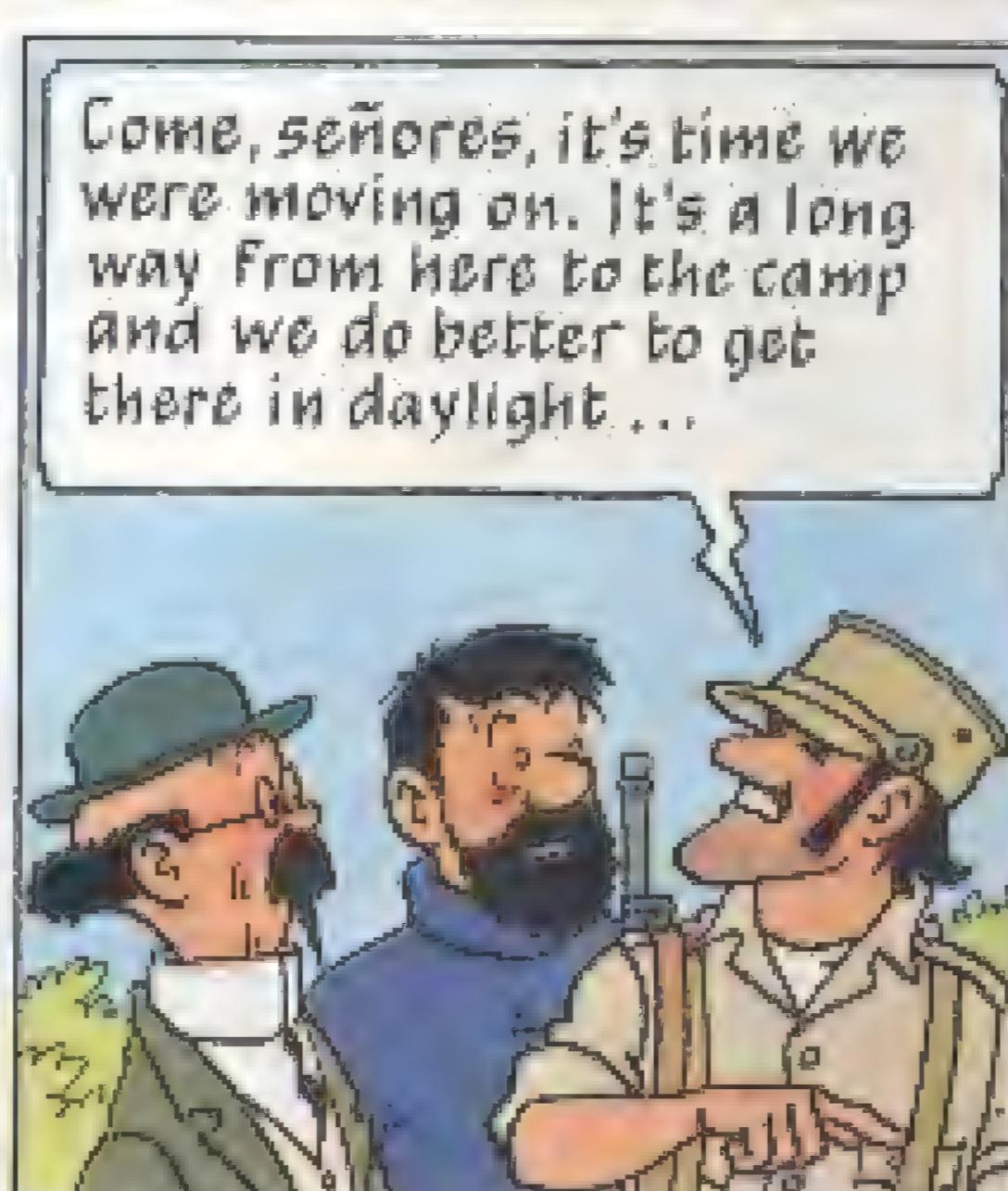
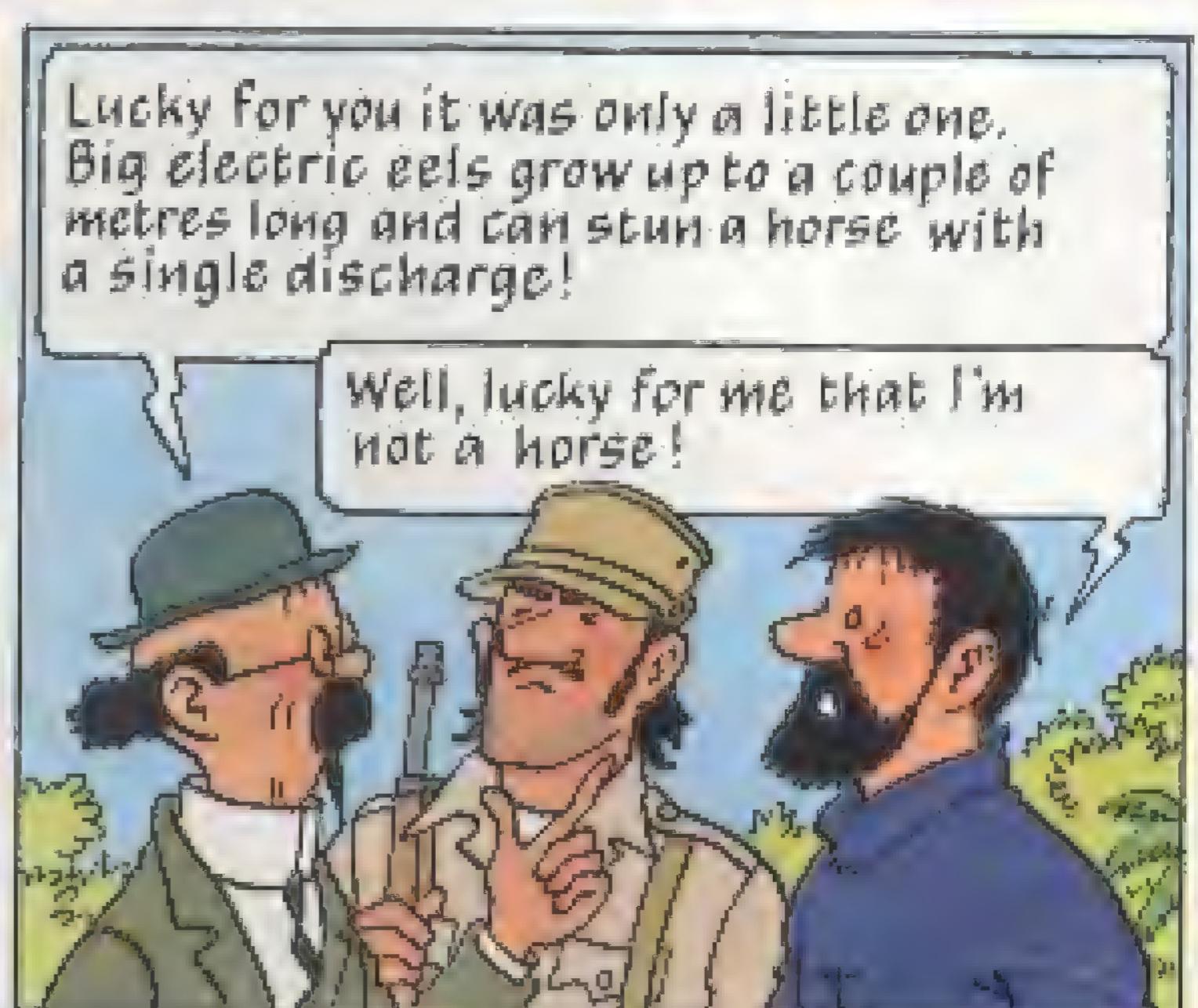
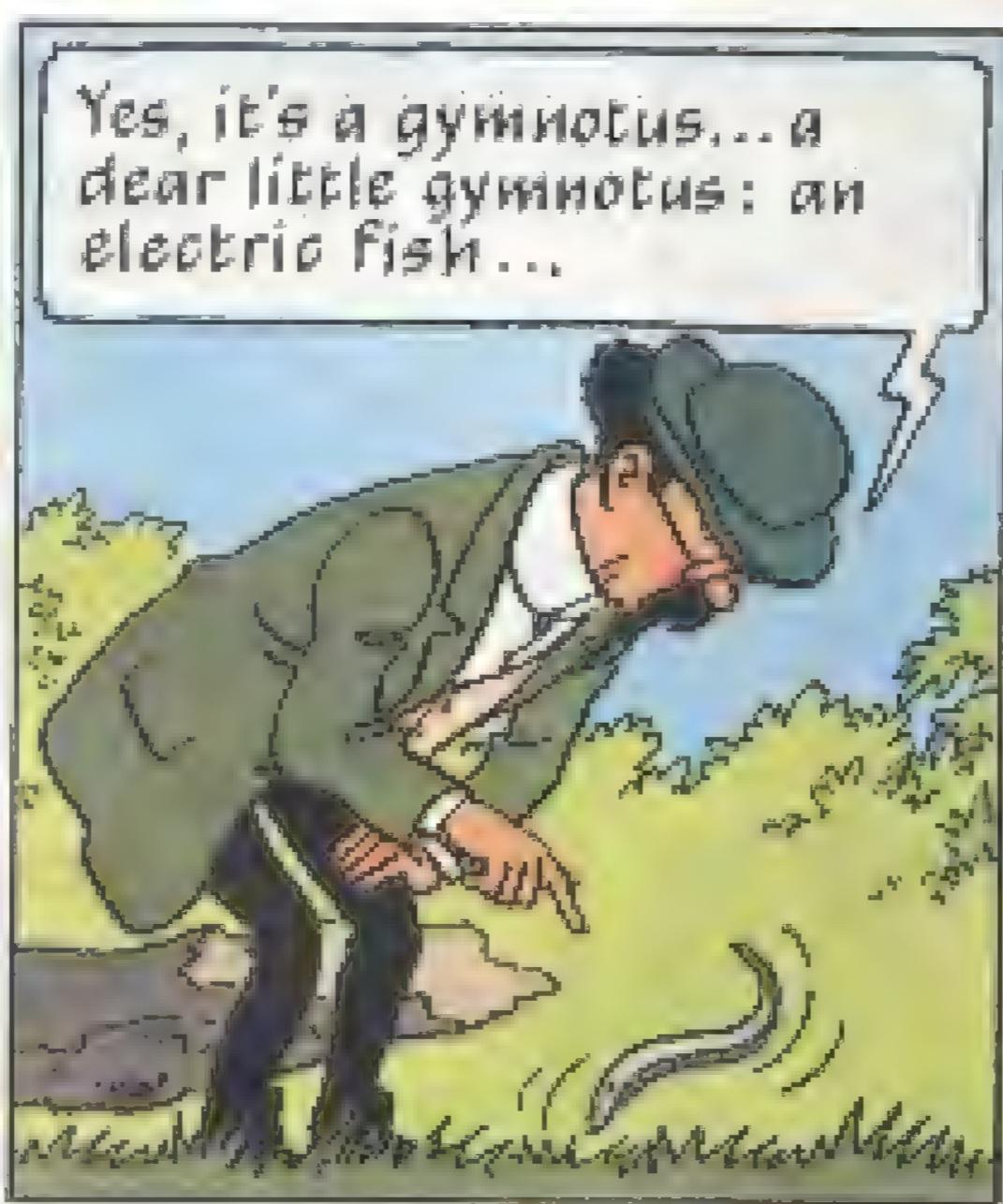
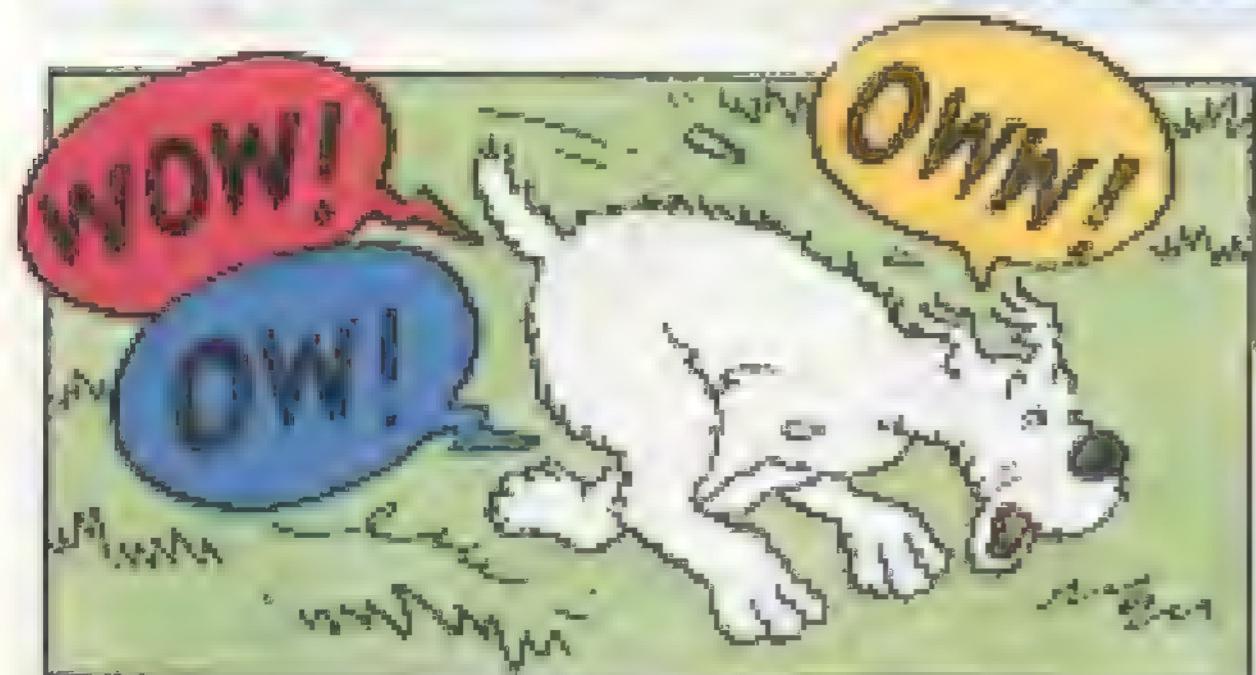


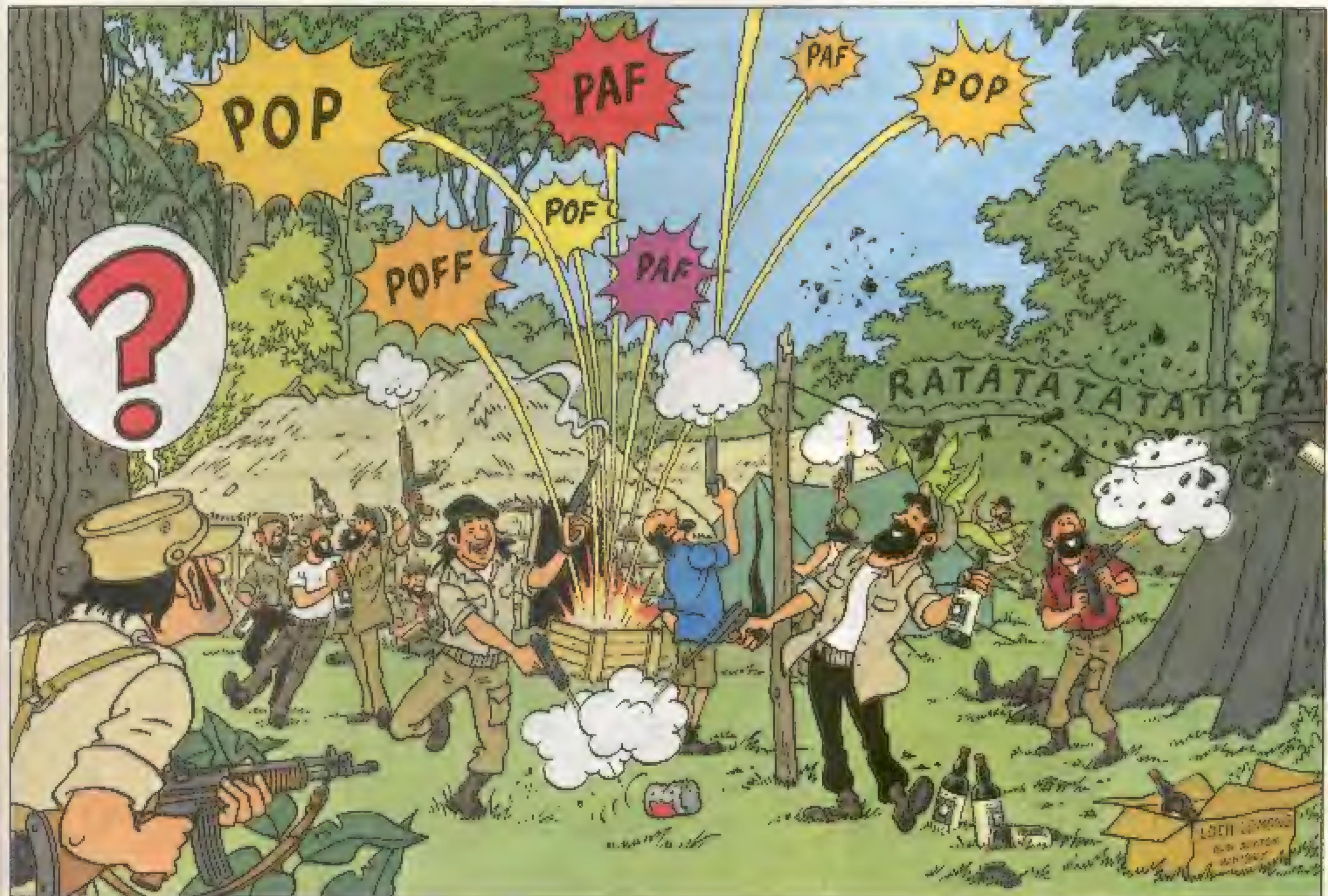
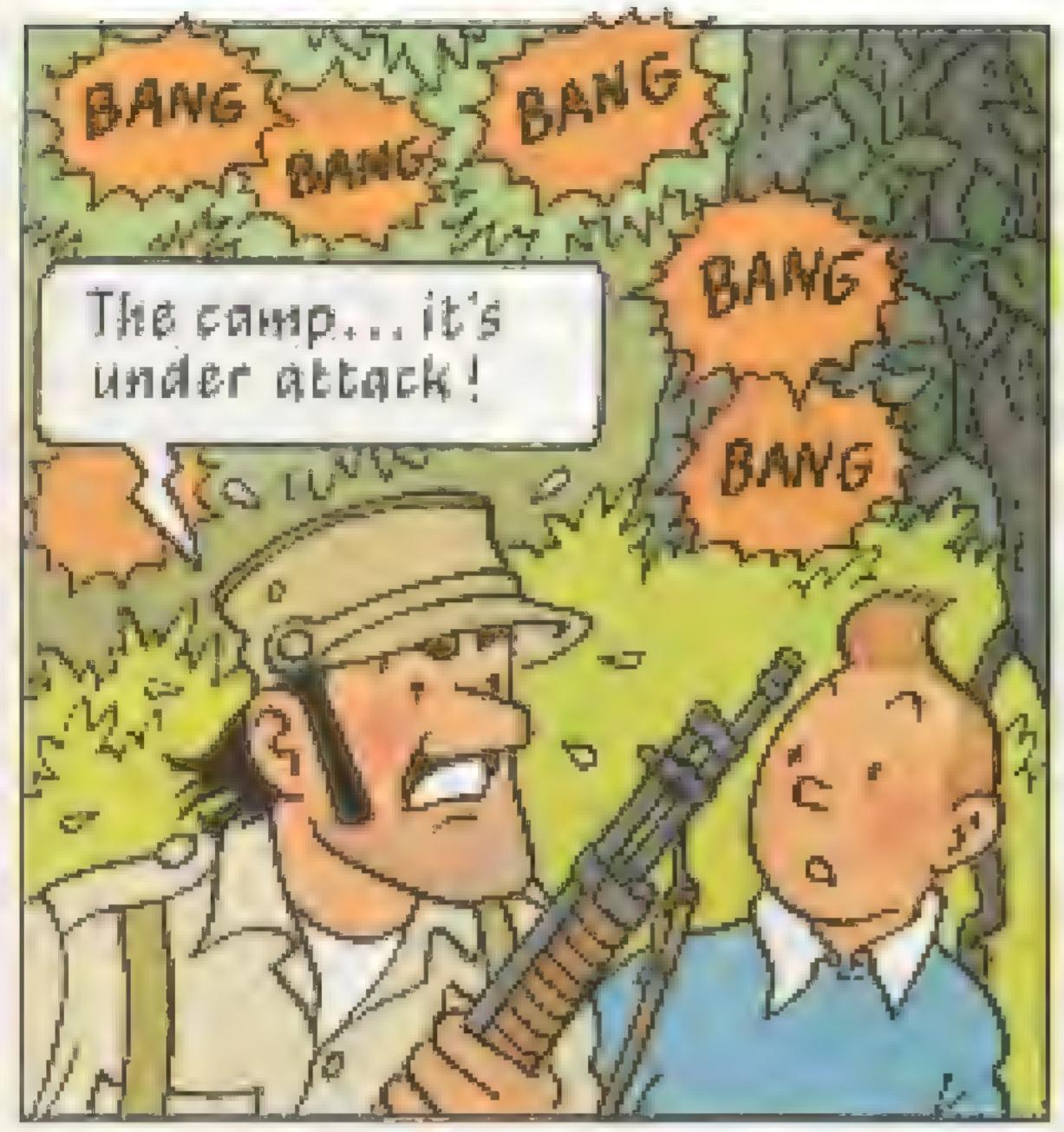


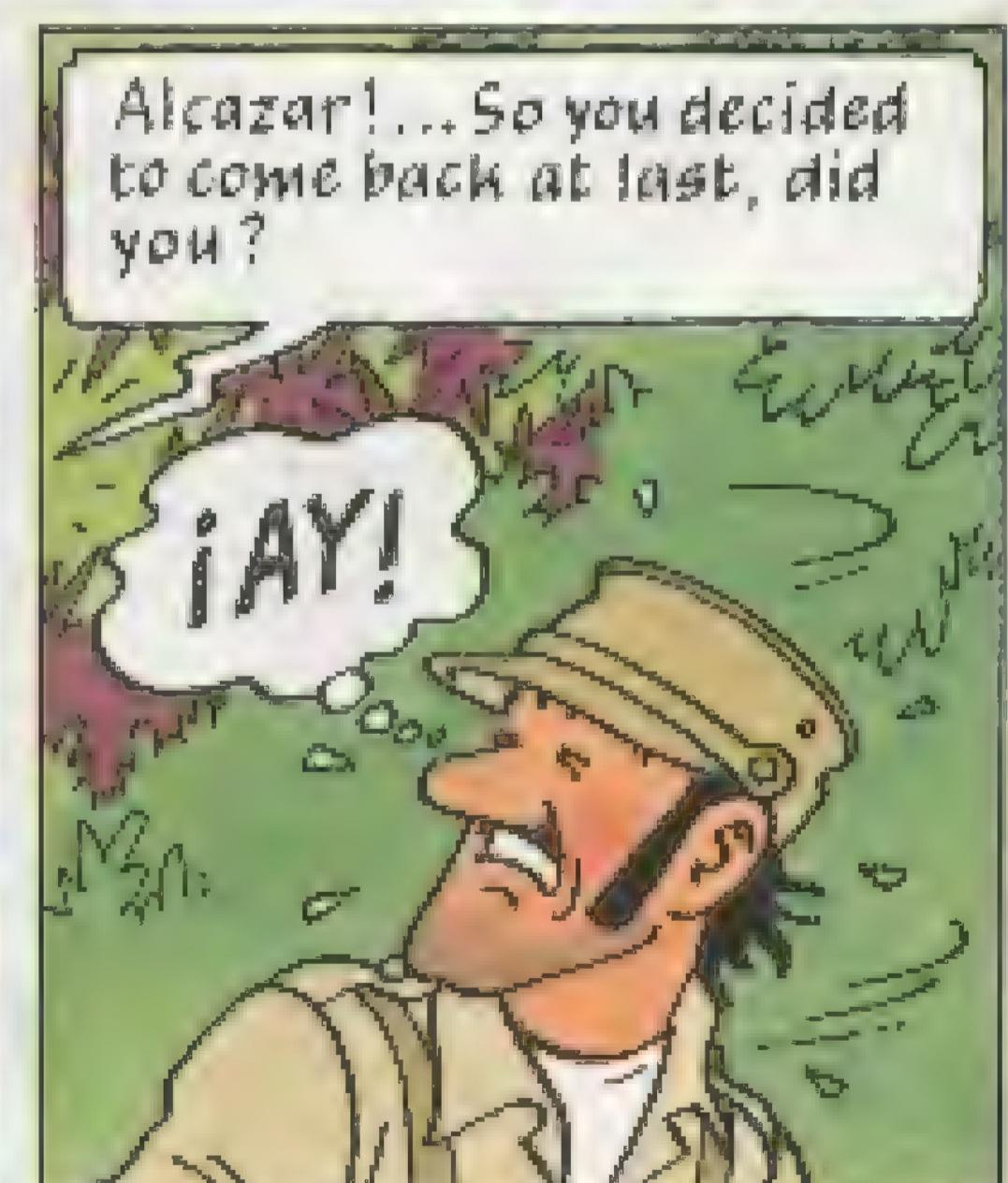
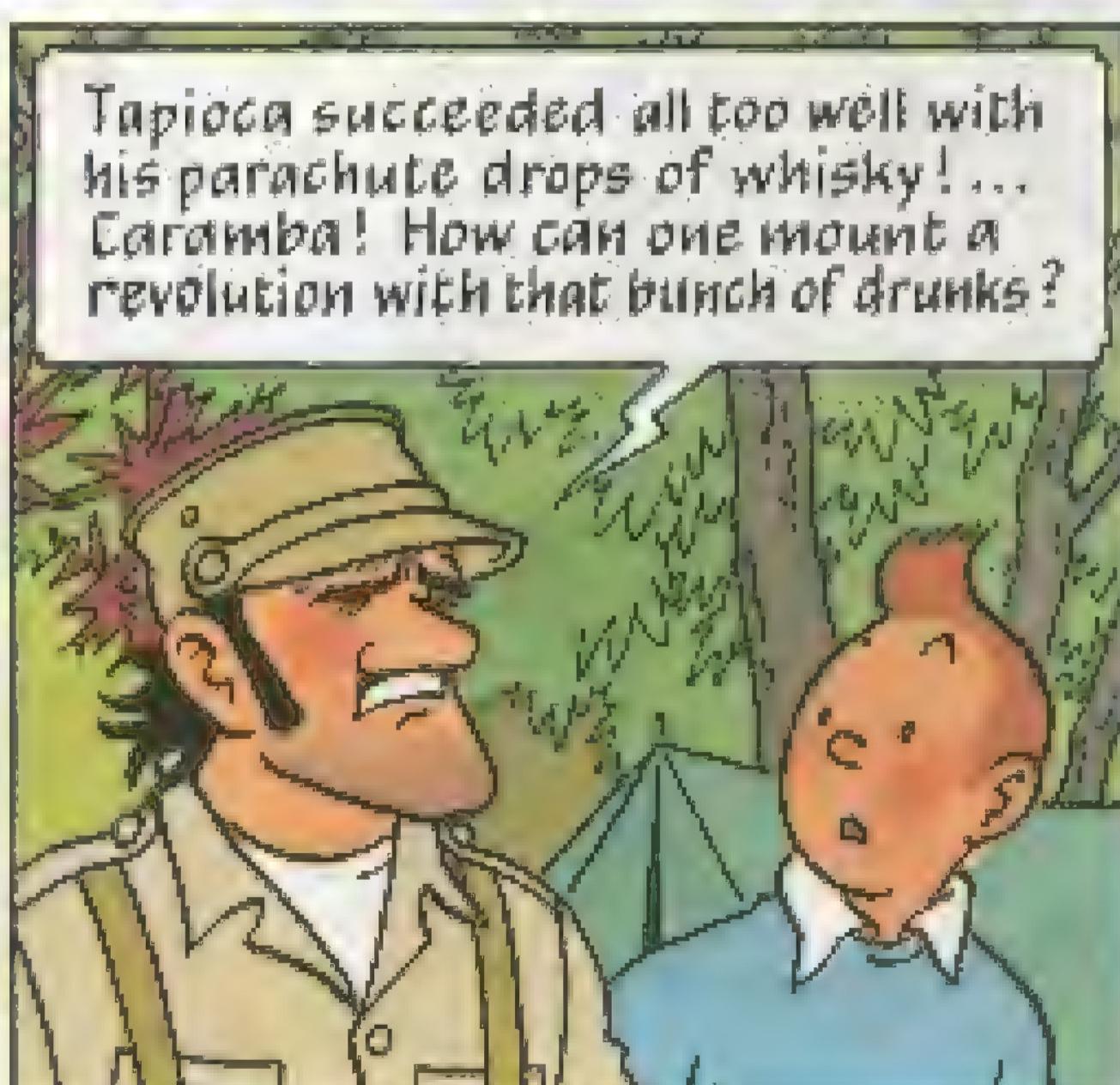
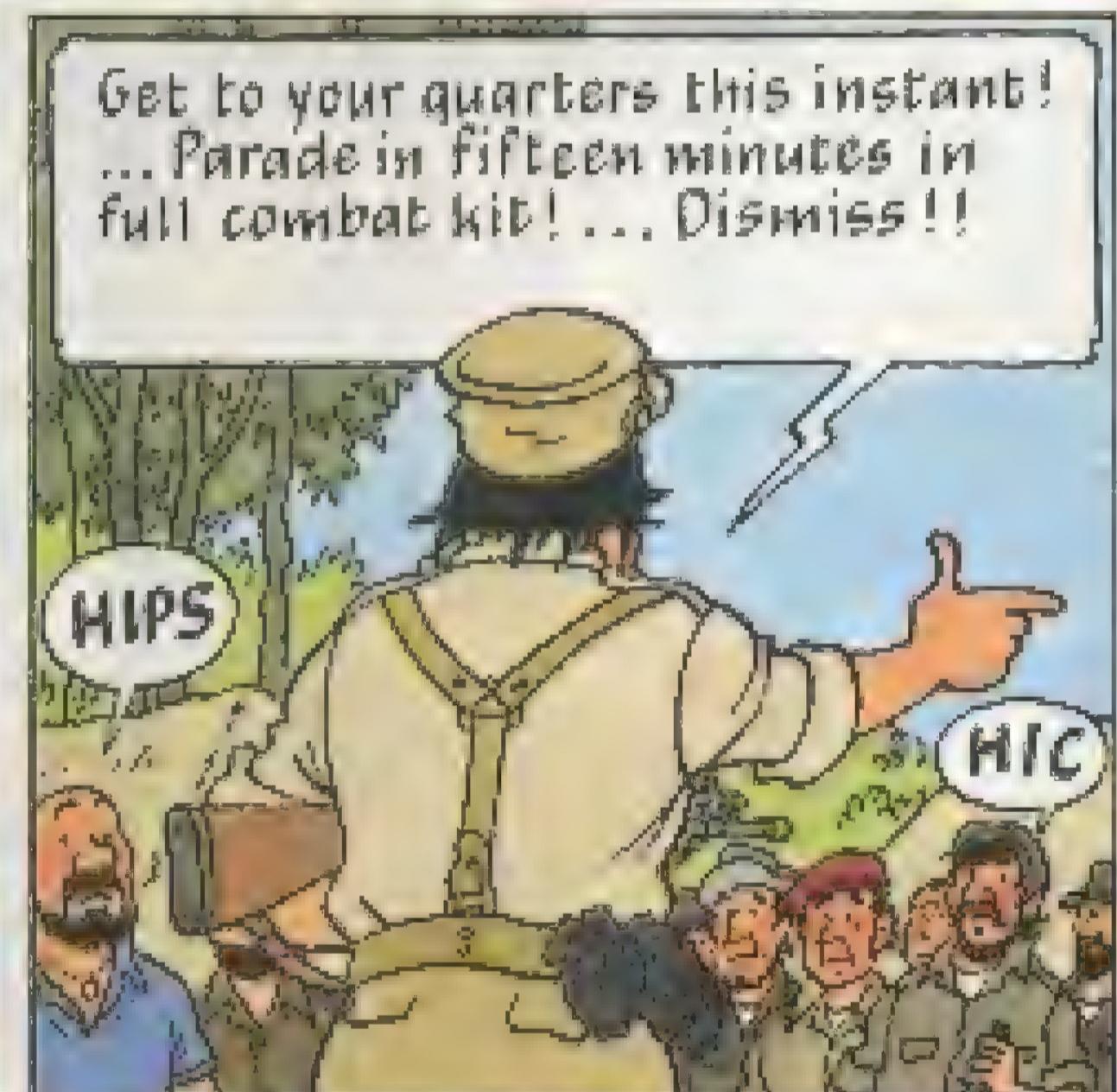
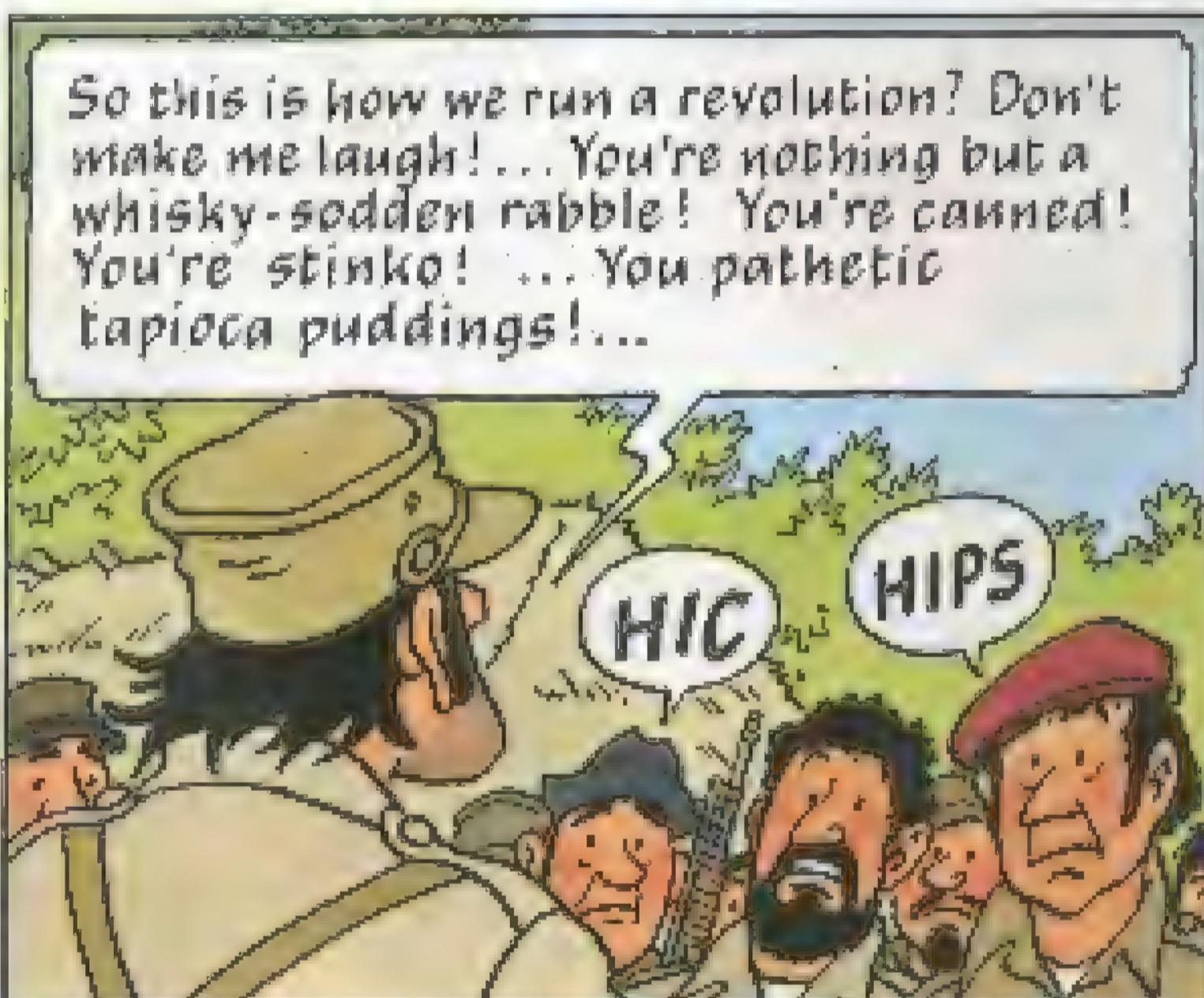
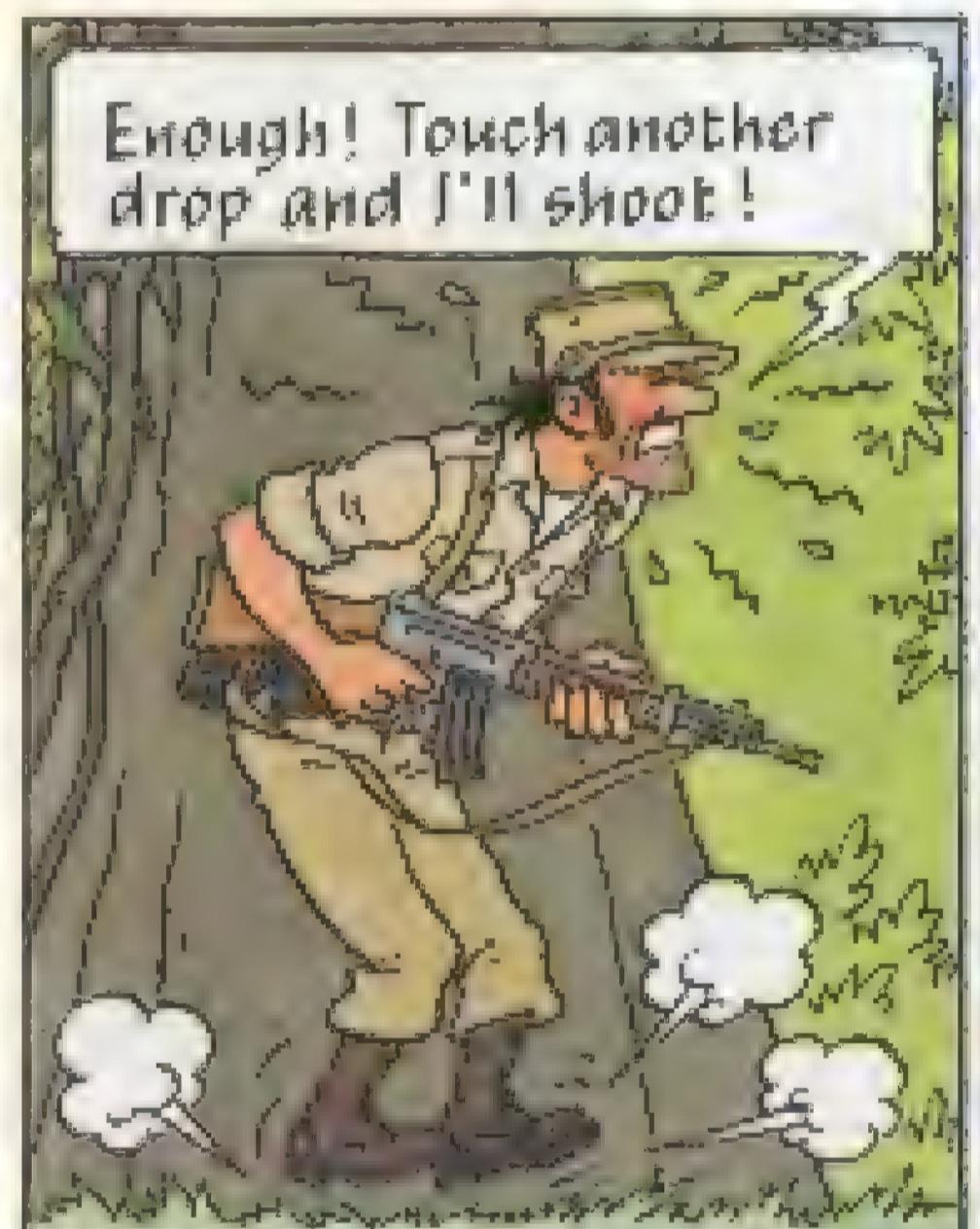
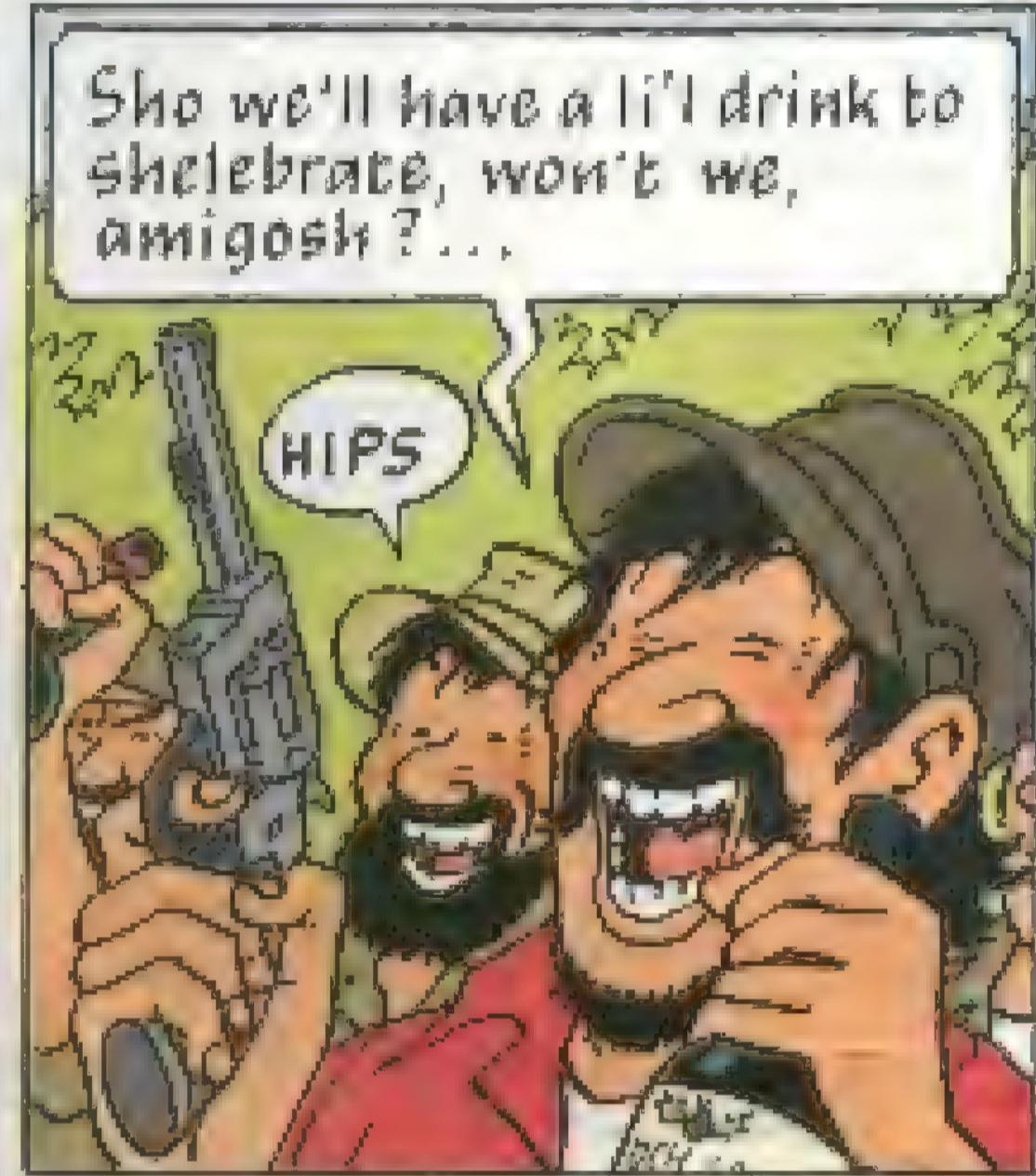
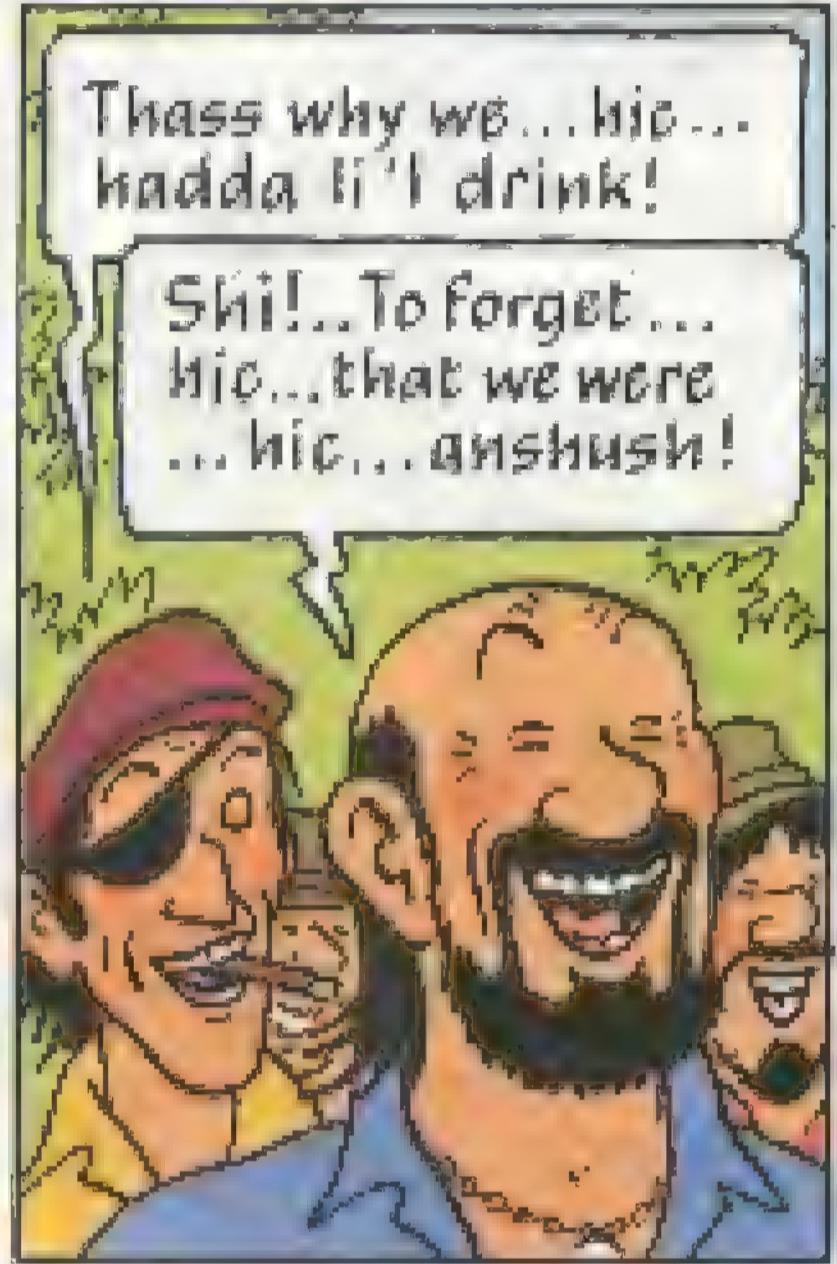
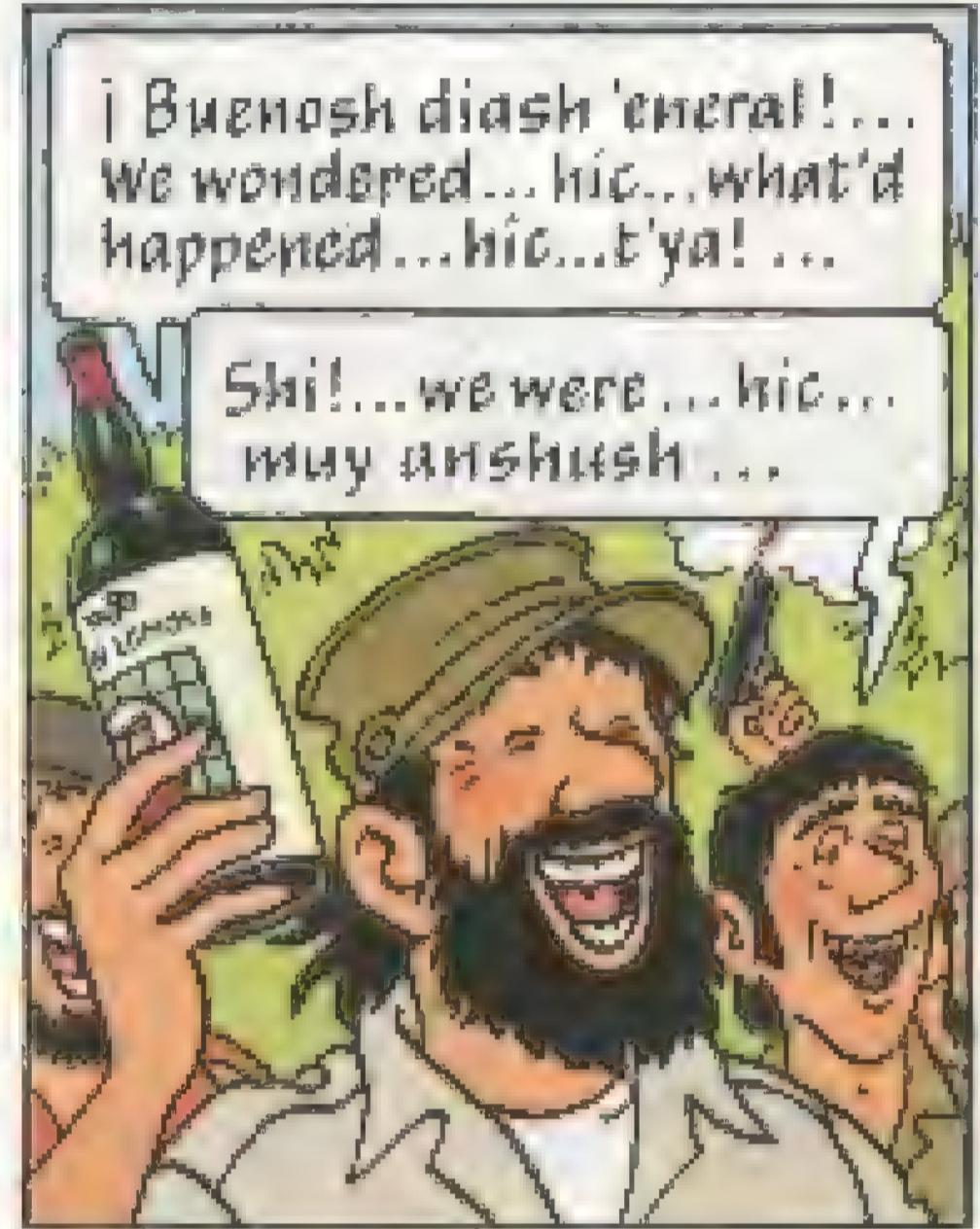


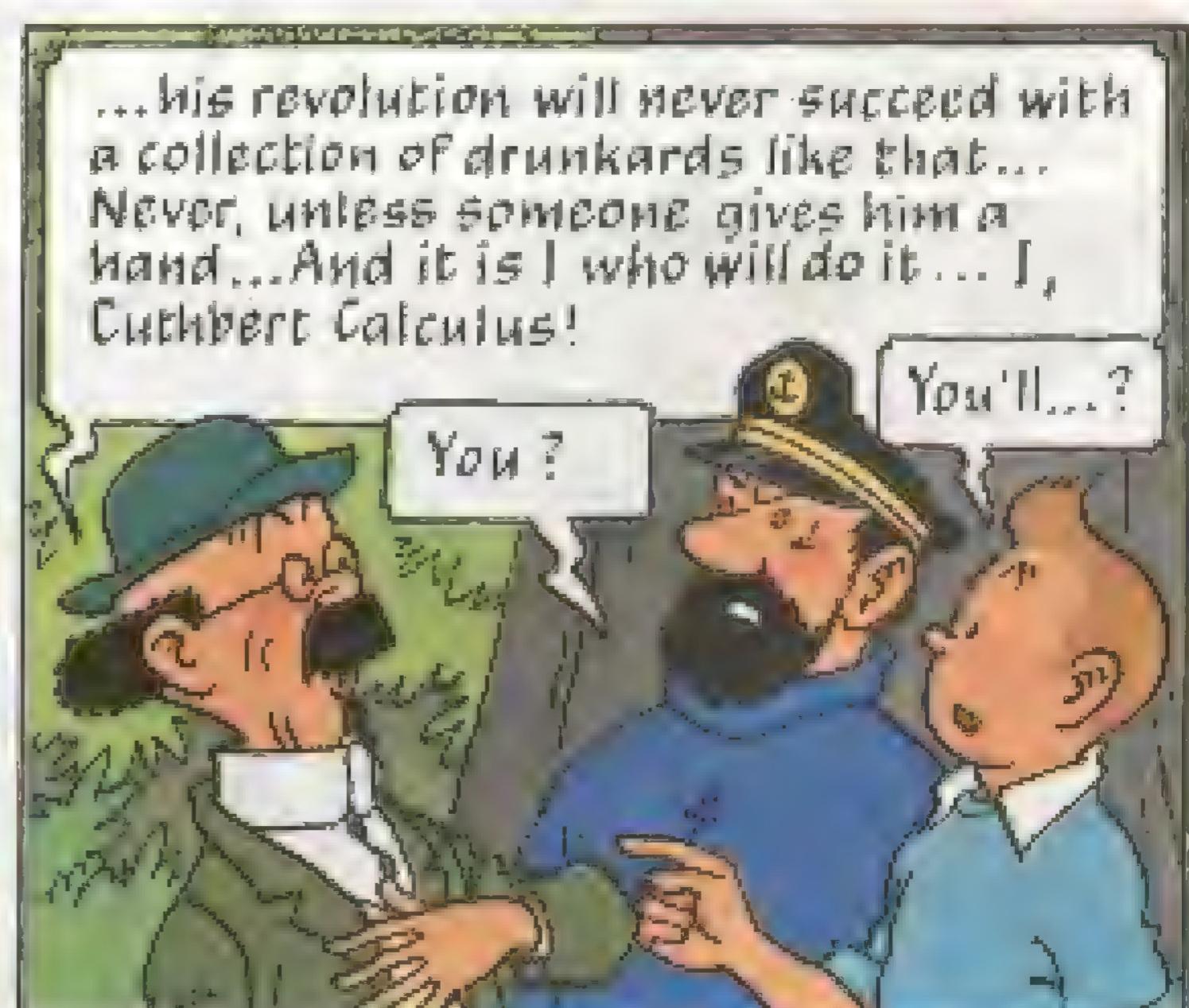
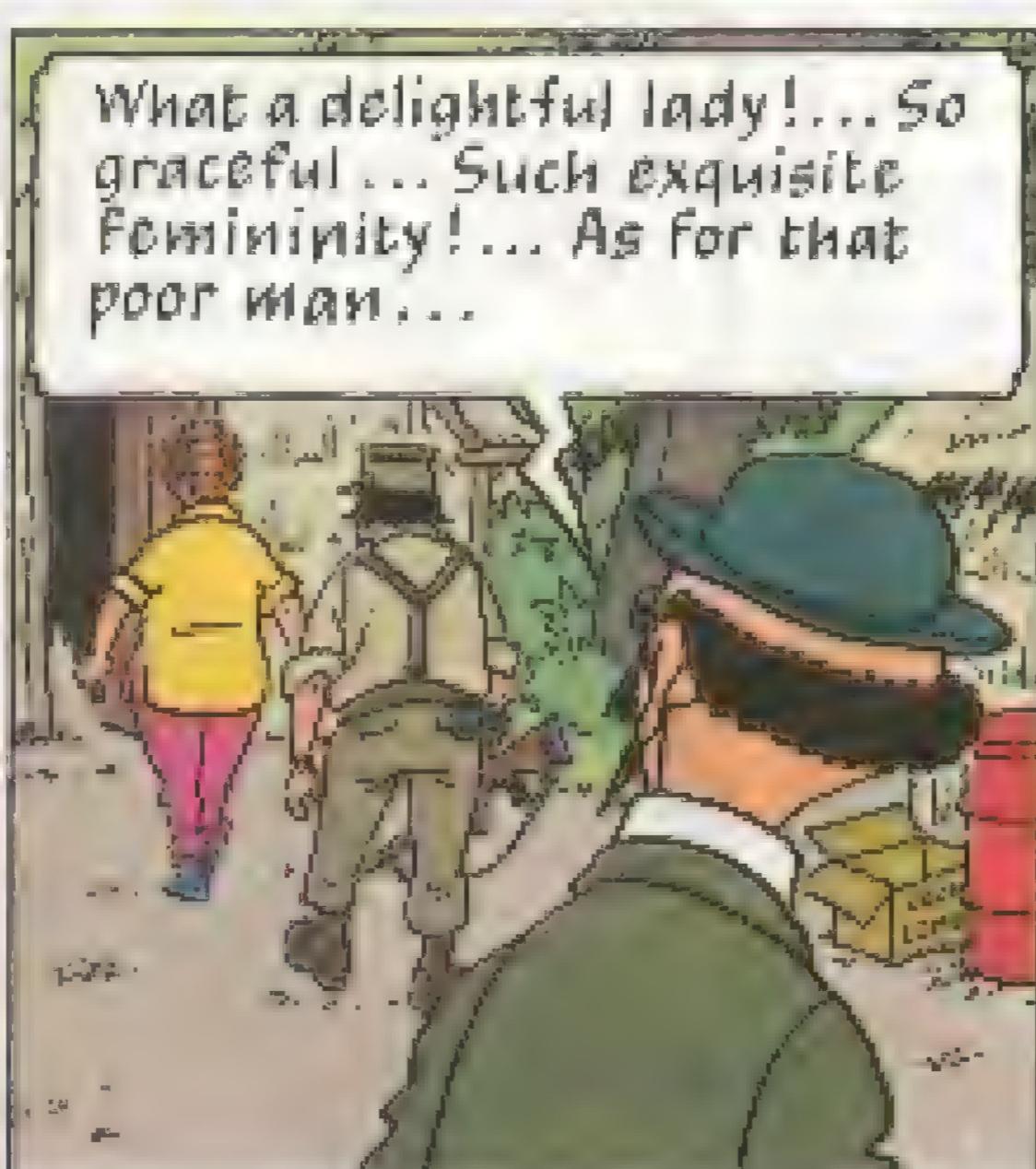
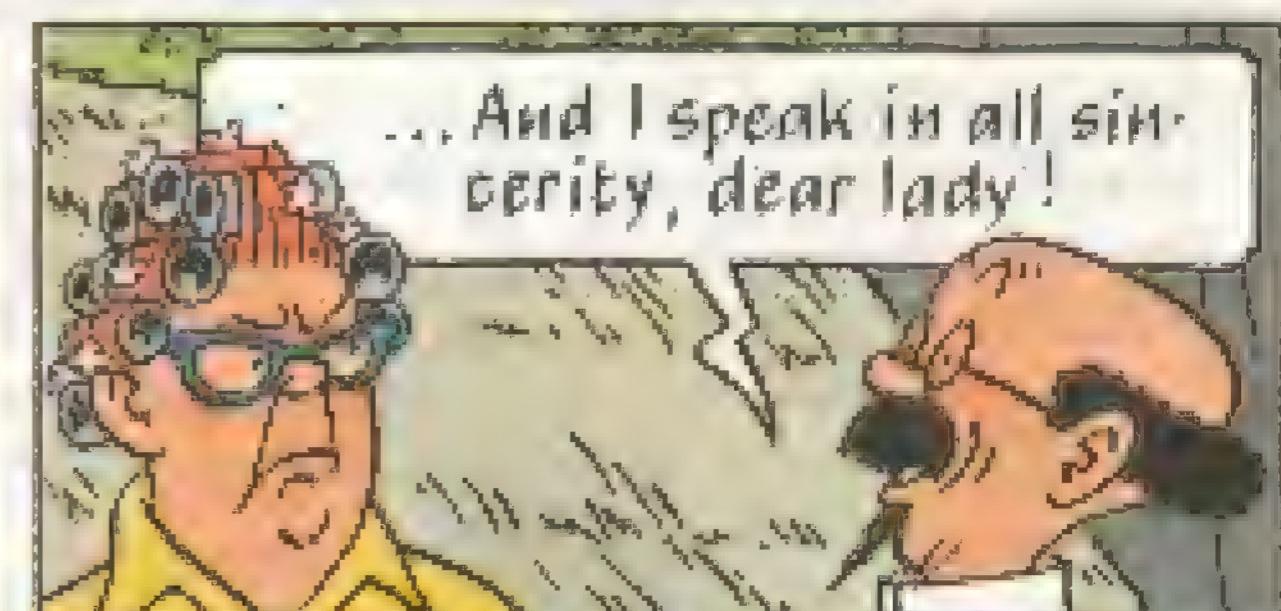
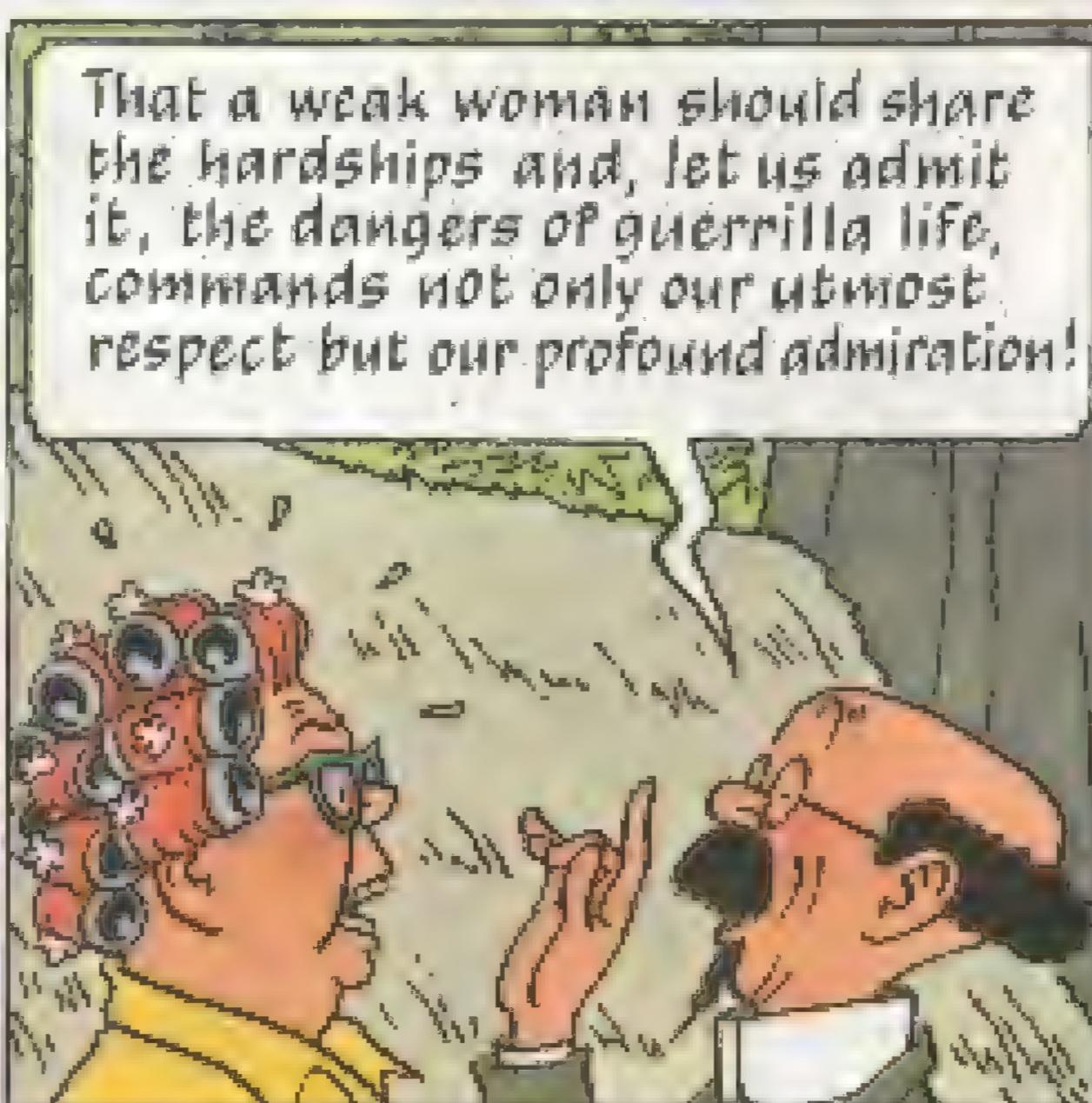
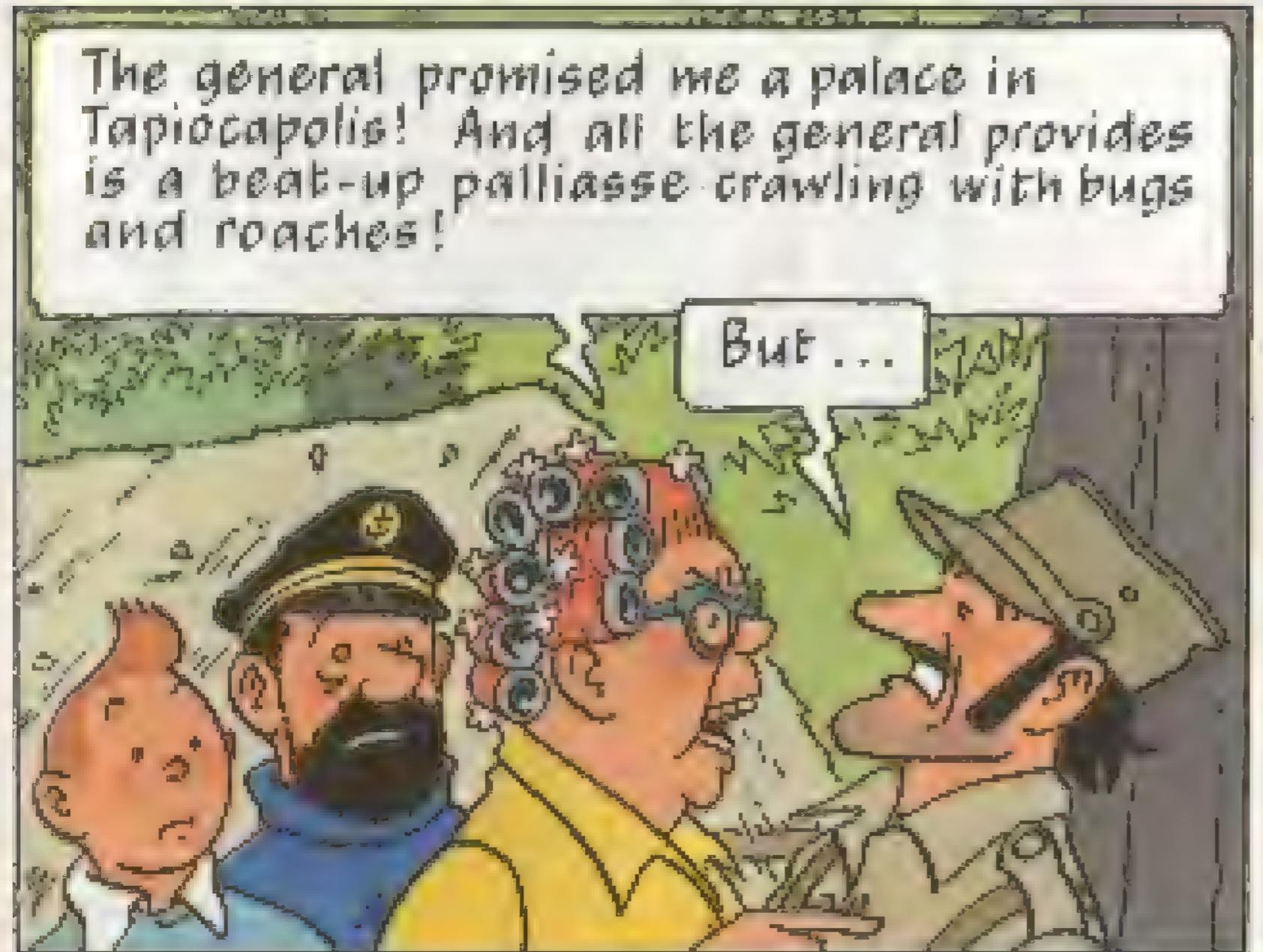
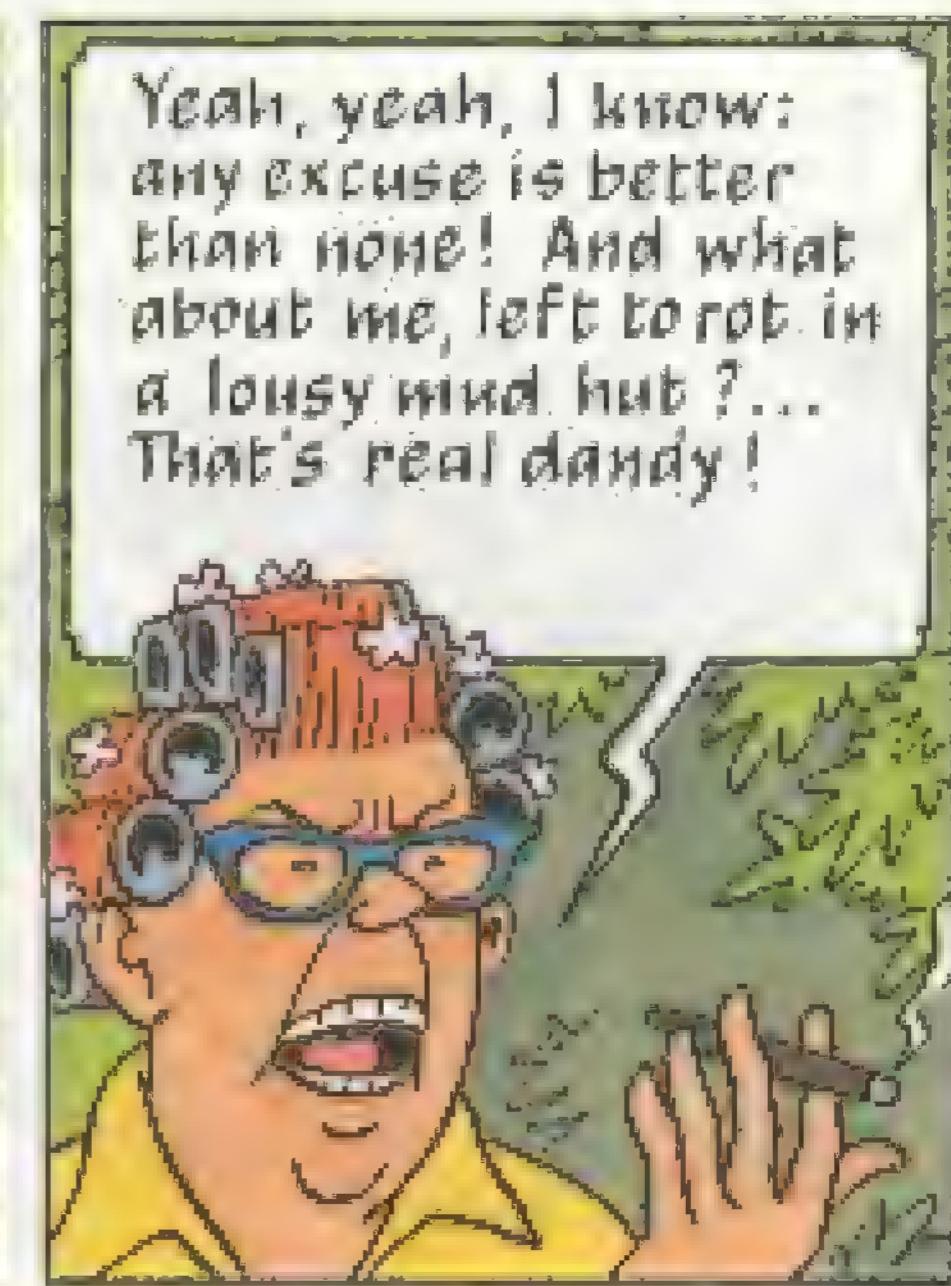
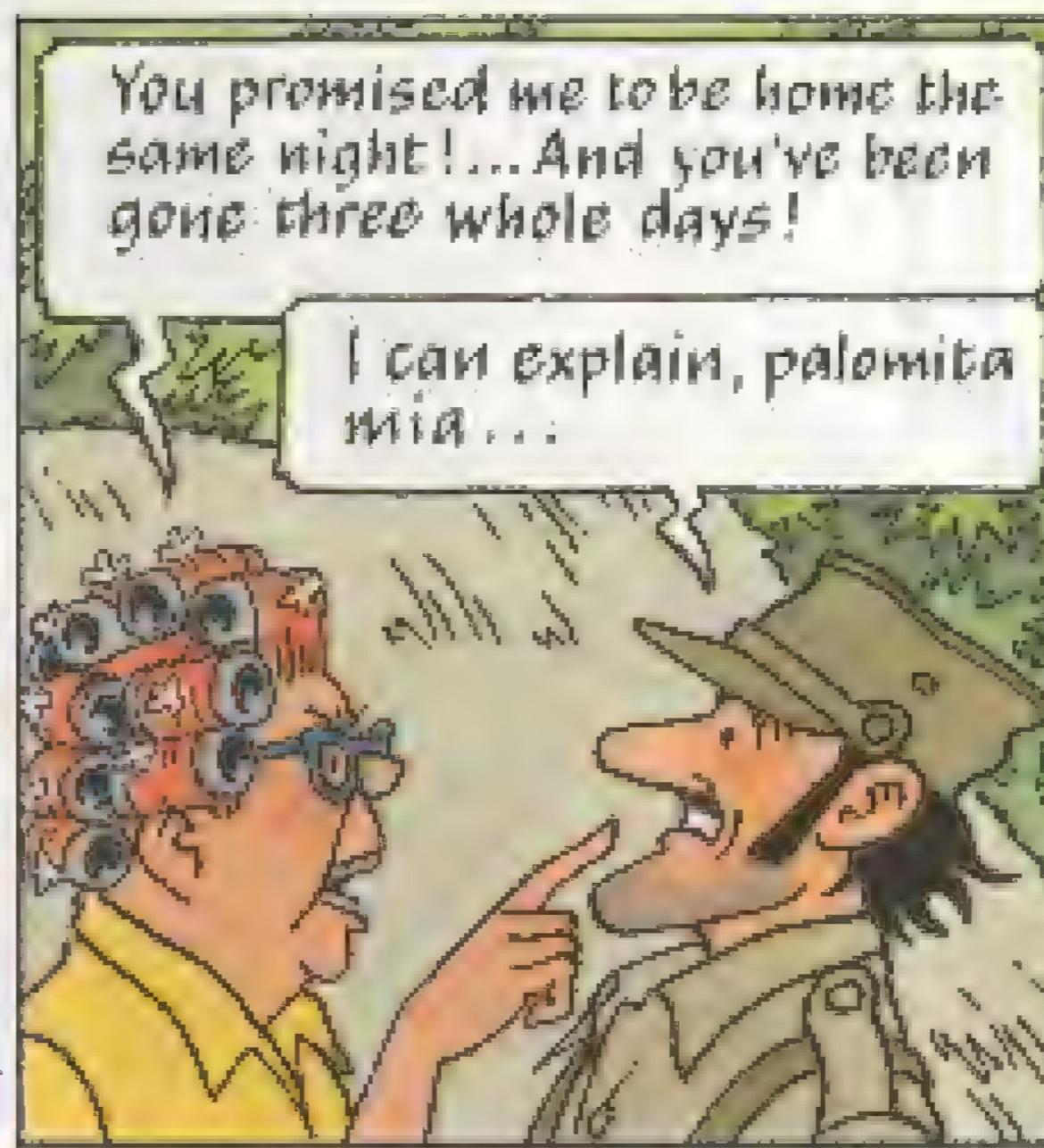












No, gentlemen, I am not a fool!  
I know exactly what I am  
saying!

You've missed a...

My sister ???... What about my  
sister?... What's my sister done to  
you?... Will you be good enough to  
leave my sister out of this?...  
And now, listen to me...

I ...

Yes...

You see this tube of tablets? Well,  
it contains a product that I have  
recently perfected. It has a base  
of medicinal herbs...

The preparation has no taste, no  
smell, and is absolutely non-toxic.  
Having said that, a single one of  
these tablets administered in  
either food or drink imparts a  
disgusting taste to any alcohol  
taken thereafter...

... And the very first person  
upon whom I tested it was you,  
Captain!

ME?

You dared to do that?... Borgia!  
... Cannibal!... Miserable  
blundering barbecued blister...

I tell you my sister has  
absolutely nothing to  
do with it!

And furthermore,  
you can thank me  
for being concerned  
for your health!

Please,  
Captain!

It's a disgrace!...  
A scandal!...  
A monstrous  
attack upon the  
personal freedom  
of the individual!

Precisely!... And again yesterday,  
with the Indians, you could see  
for yourselves the efficacy of  
my invention ...

But I never knew  
you had...

No, young man, I am not mad!  
... And I would ask you to  
show a little more respect to-  
wards a man of mature years!

No, no, I insist  
... er ...

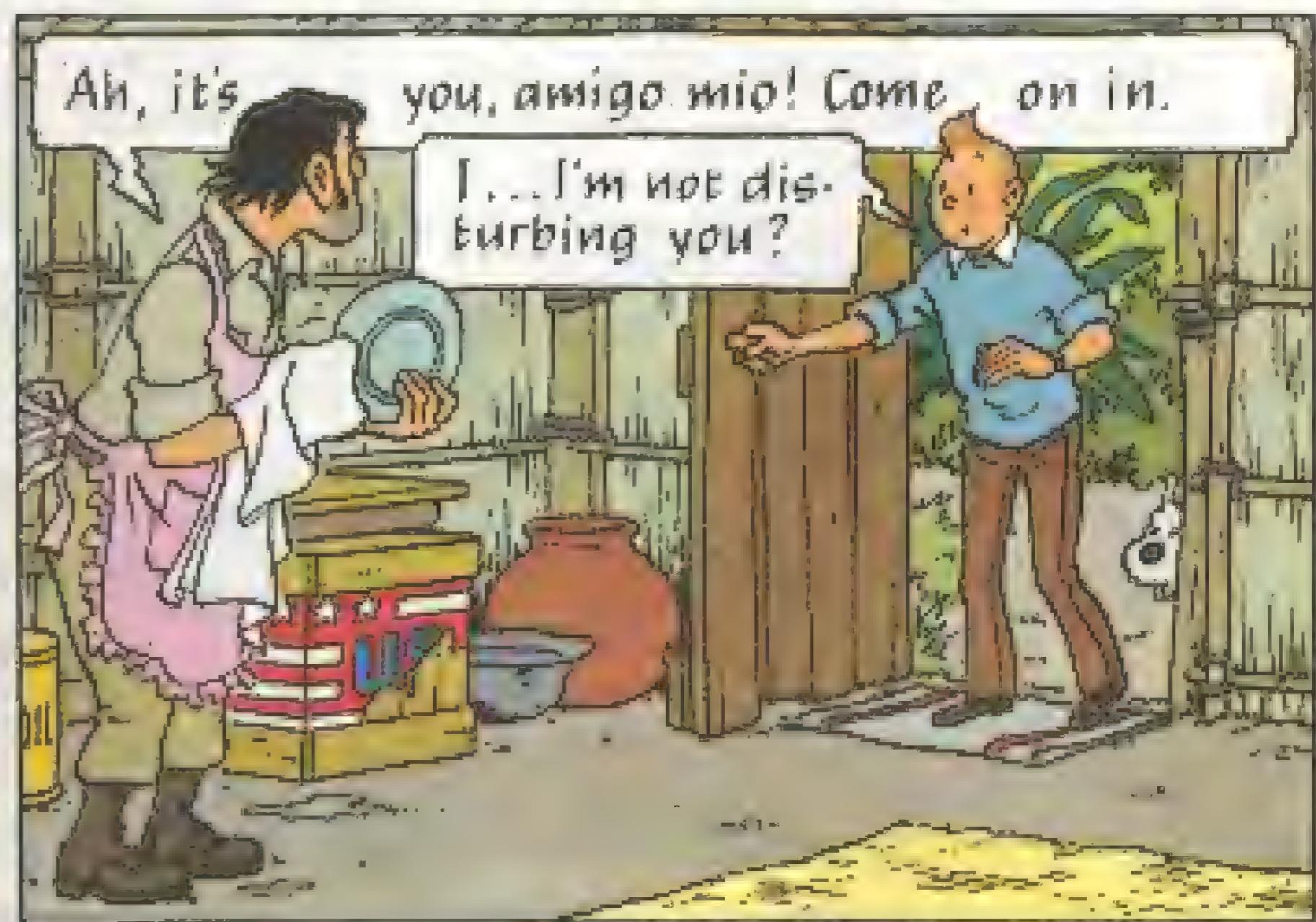
And for heaven's sake stop  
talking about my sister!

My sister... Just  
a moment...  
My sister ???

... And another thing!... I  
don't have a sister... I never  
had a sister... And don't  
you forget it!

So there!

Stay with him, Captain... And for the time being stop him from doing anything hasty... I'm off to talk to the General.

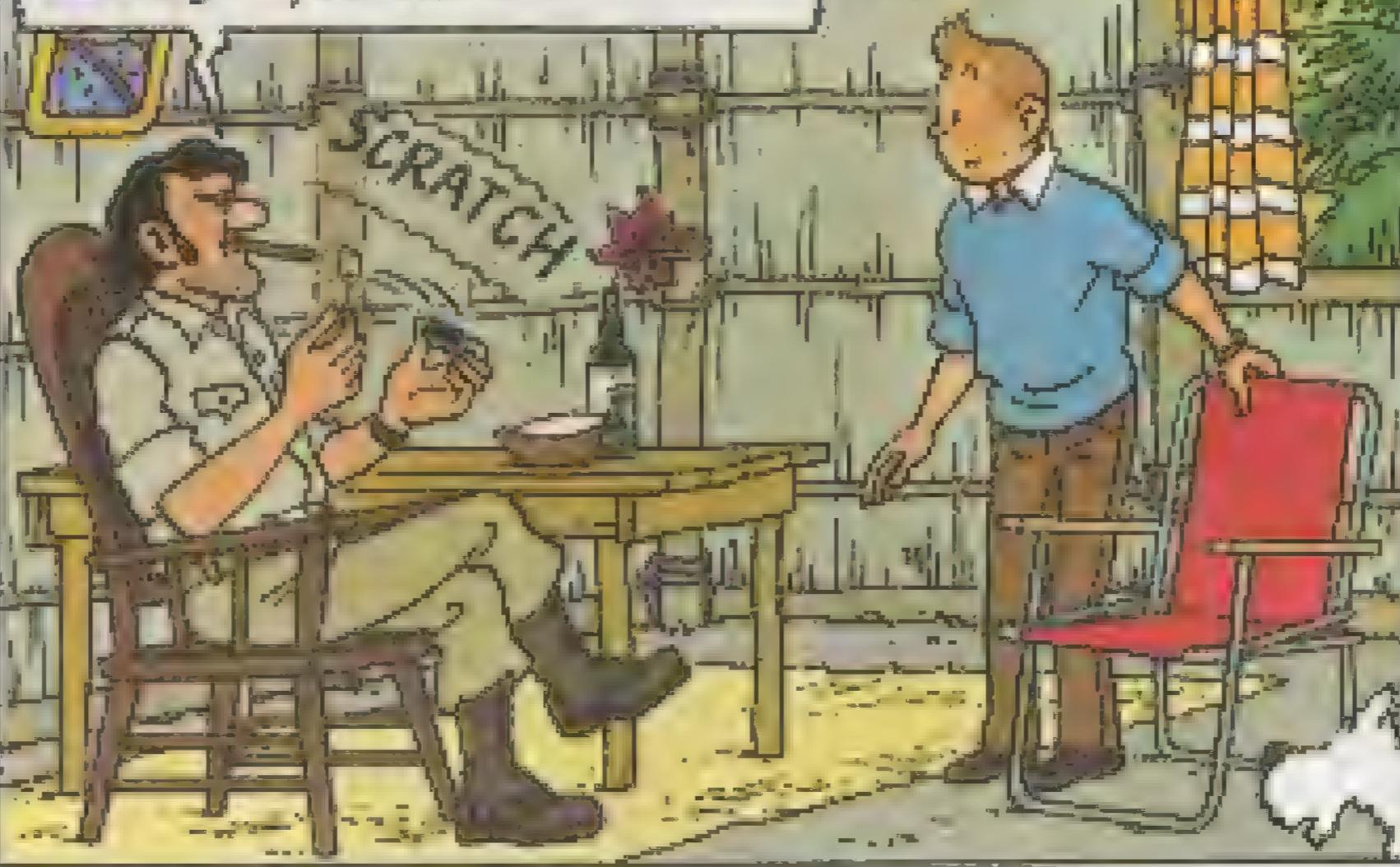


Alcazar, the dishes!

I'll carry on presently, palomita mia: I promise!



Sit down, hombre... What brings you here?



Another cigar?... That makes three since you came back!

Does... does it, my dove?



I've been thinking over what you said to me earlier: a revolution is impossible while your Picaros have only one idea in their heads: whisky!



But what would you say if someone succeeded in curing them of their bad habits?

Ah, that's impossible, amigo.



And yet, if you managed to do that... ¡Mil bombas! I'd give you half the gold reserves in the Banco de la Nación!...

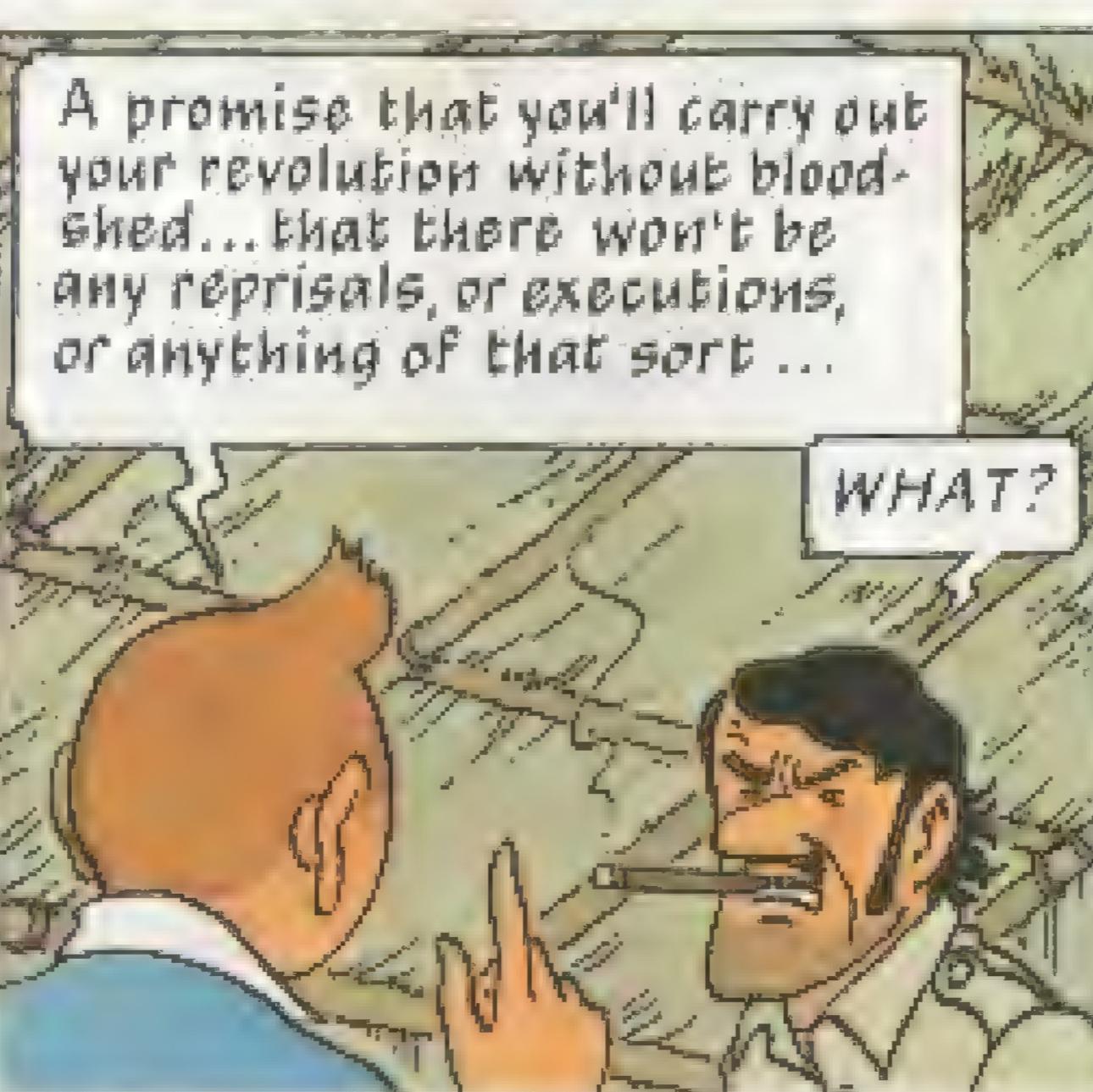
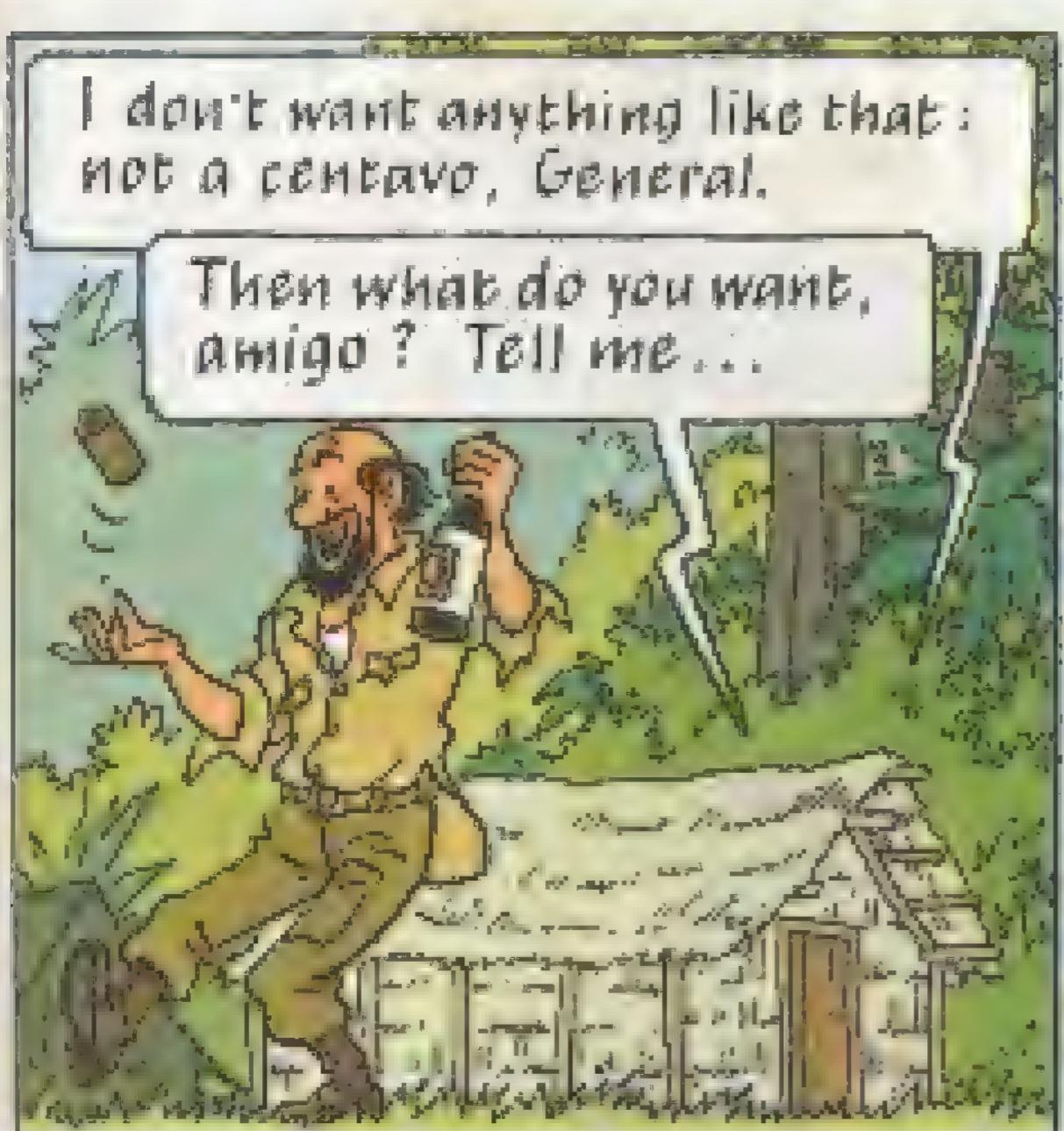
Ahem!

... er, let's say a third...

Ahem!

Well... er... ten percent... What about that?

You're crazy!... Or else you're a traitor... and ought to be shot here and now!



A revolution without executions?... Without reprisals?... ¡Caramba!... It's unthinkable!... You must be joking!... And anyway, what about tradition?... Yes, what about tradition, eh? Answer me that!

No, what you ask is impossible, amigo... Tapioca and his ministers are bloody tyrants and villains...

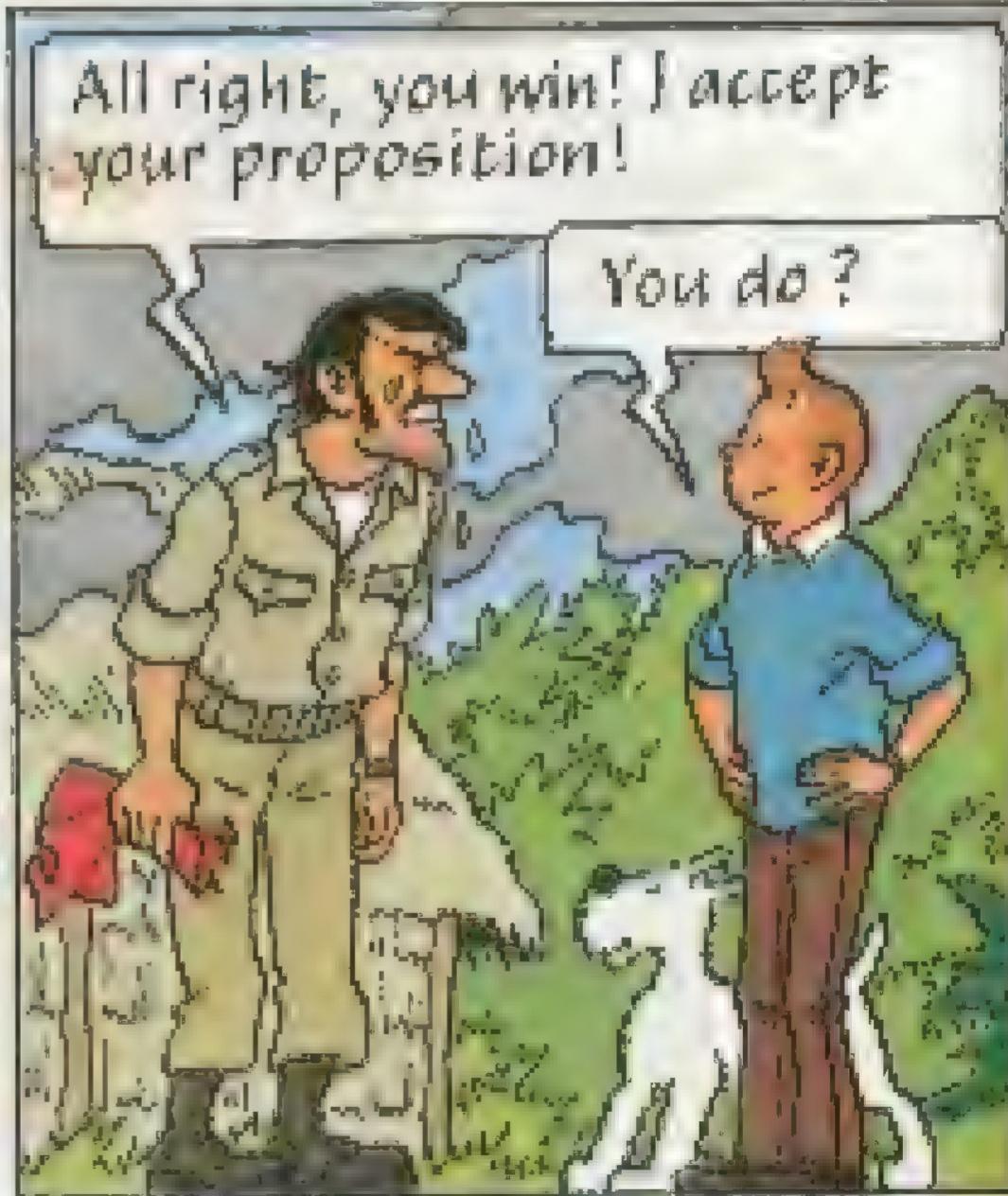
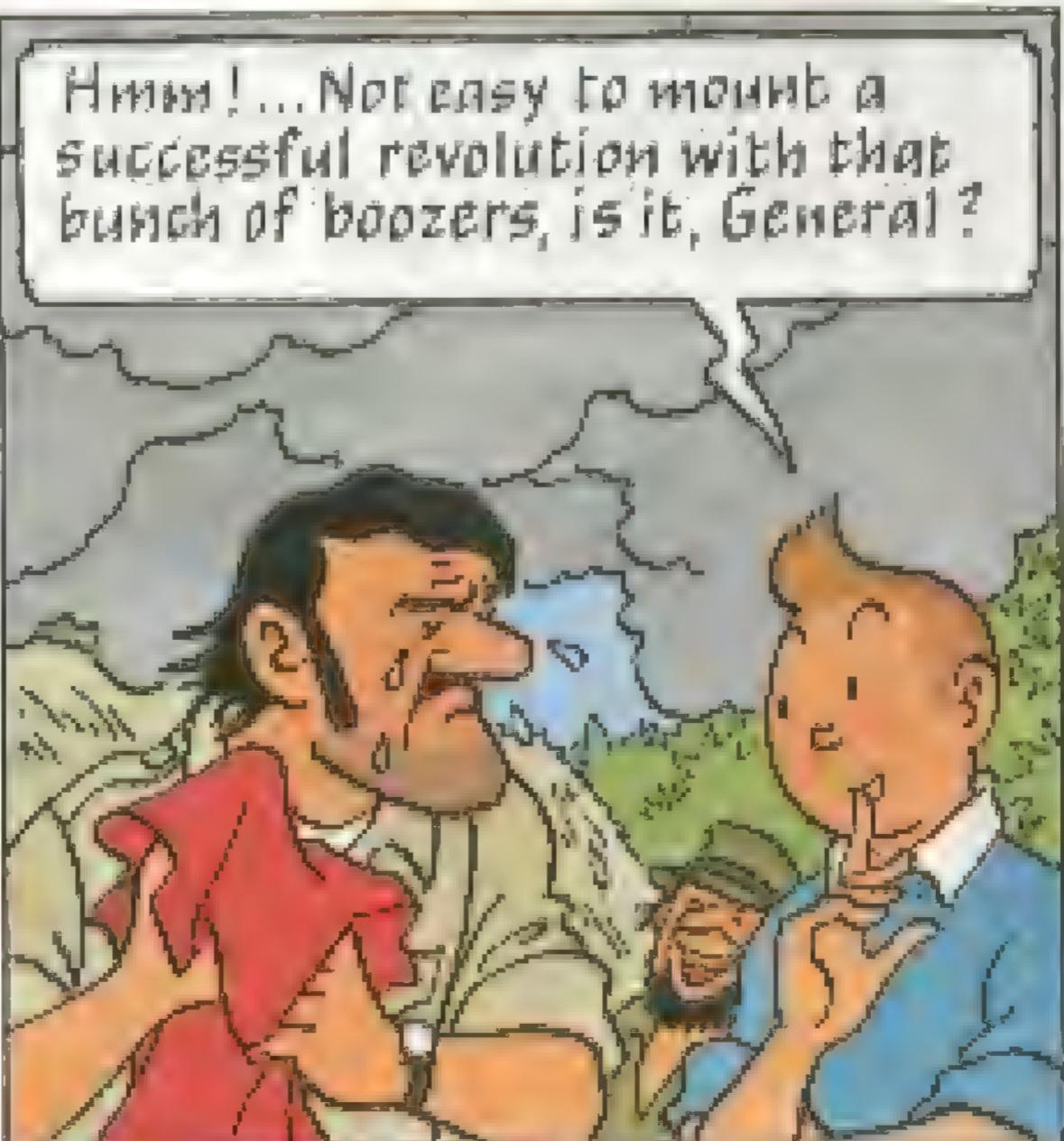
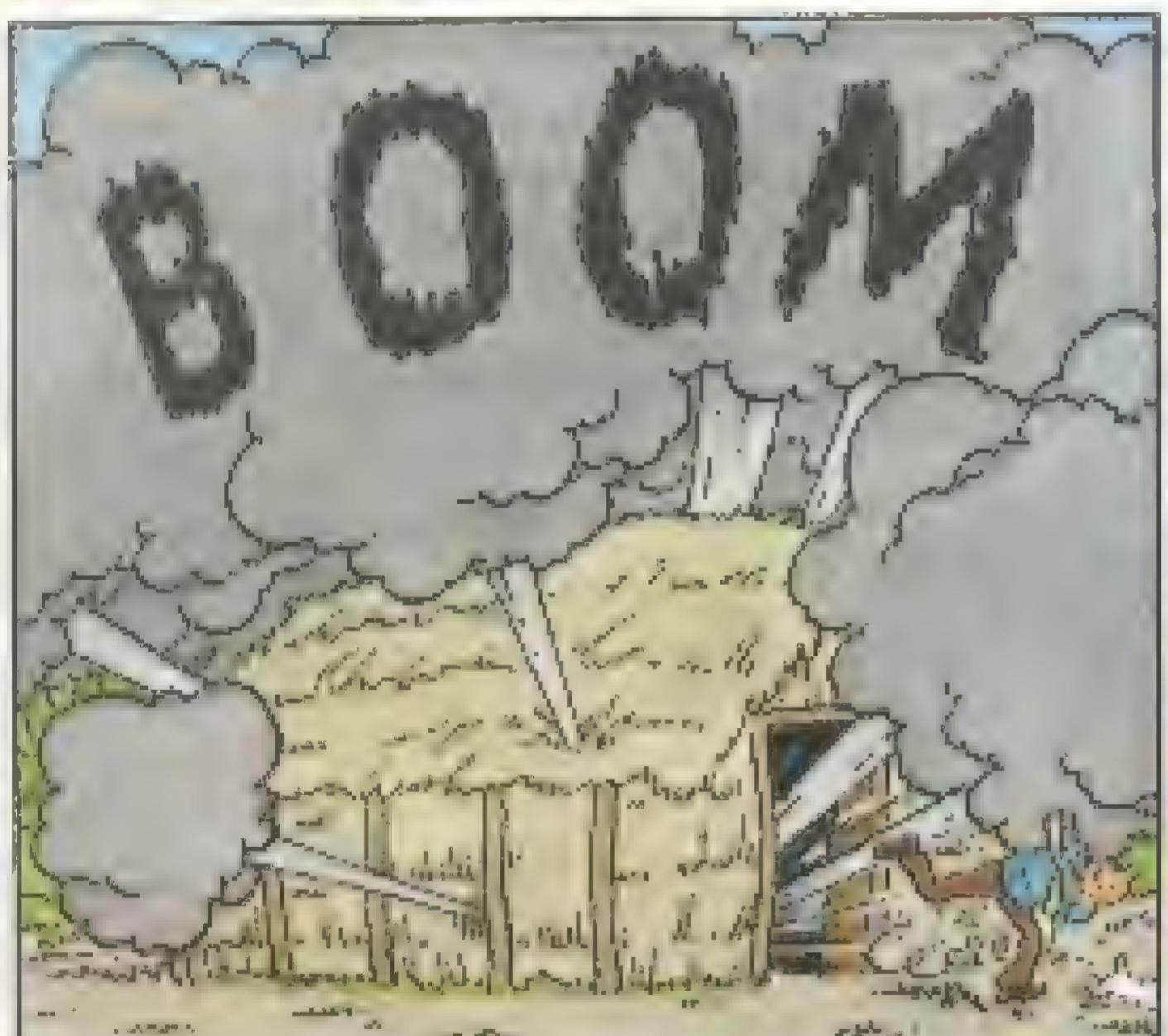
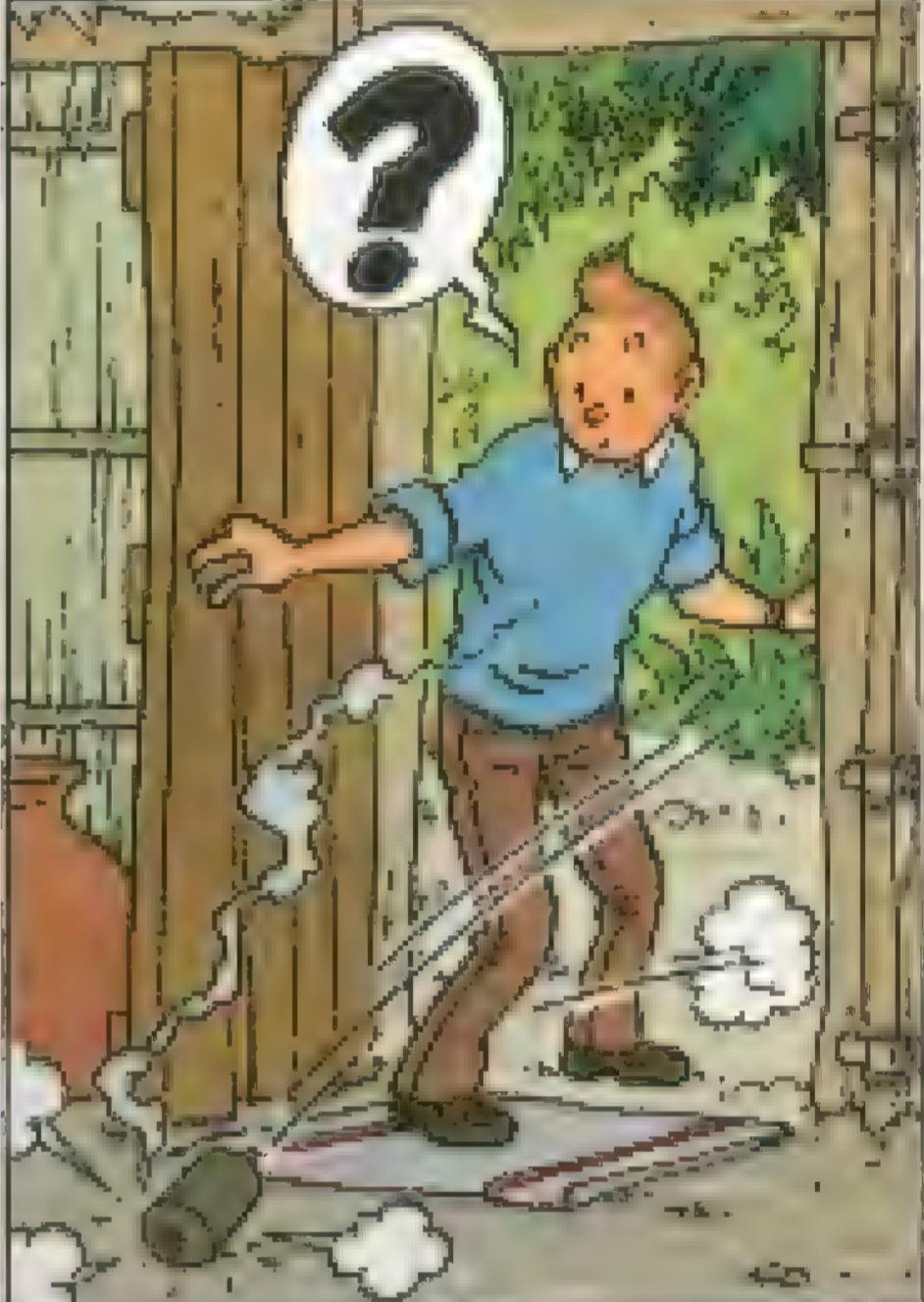
They must be shot!... Every man jack of them!... Shot, d'you hear me?

Very well, General.

We won't discuss it furcher... And forgive me for bothering you...

Hey! but... Wait... Perhaps we...

Goodbye, General.



But at least you'll let me shoot Tapioca and his ministers?... And his staff officers?... You wouldn't refuse me that?

You won't shoot anyone, General!

No one but Tapioca and his ministers, then...

I said no one! You can take it or leave it!

But it's mean! You're taking advantage of the situation!... D'you realise I'll be nothing but a figure of fun if I do as you say?

At least let me shoot Tapioca! ... Just Tapioca, I implore you!

No.

I'll cure your Picaros of their drunkenness, and you'll promise me not to use any violence while I'm helping you to regain power ... Agreed? ... All right, say after me: I promise!

I promise...

Good, I have your word... For my part, I promise that soon your Picaros won't touch a drop more alcohol.

Good!... But just you watch your step! If you've given me false hope... you'll be up against a wall, pronto! Understand?

Y... yes!

Ah, hello!

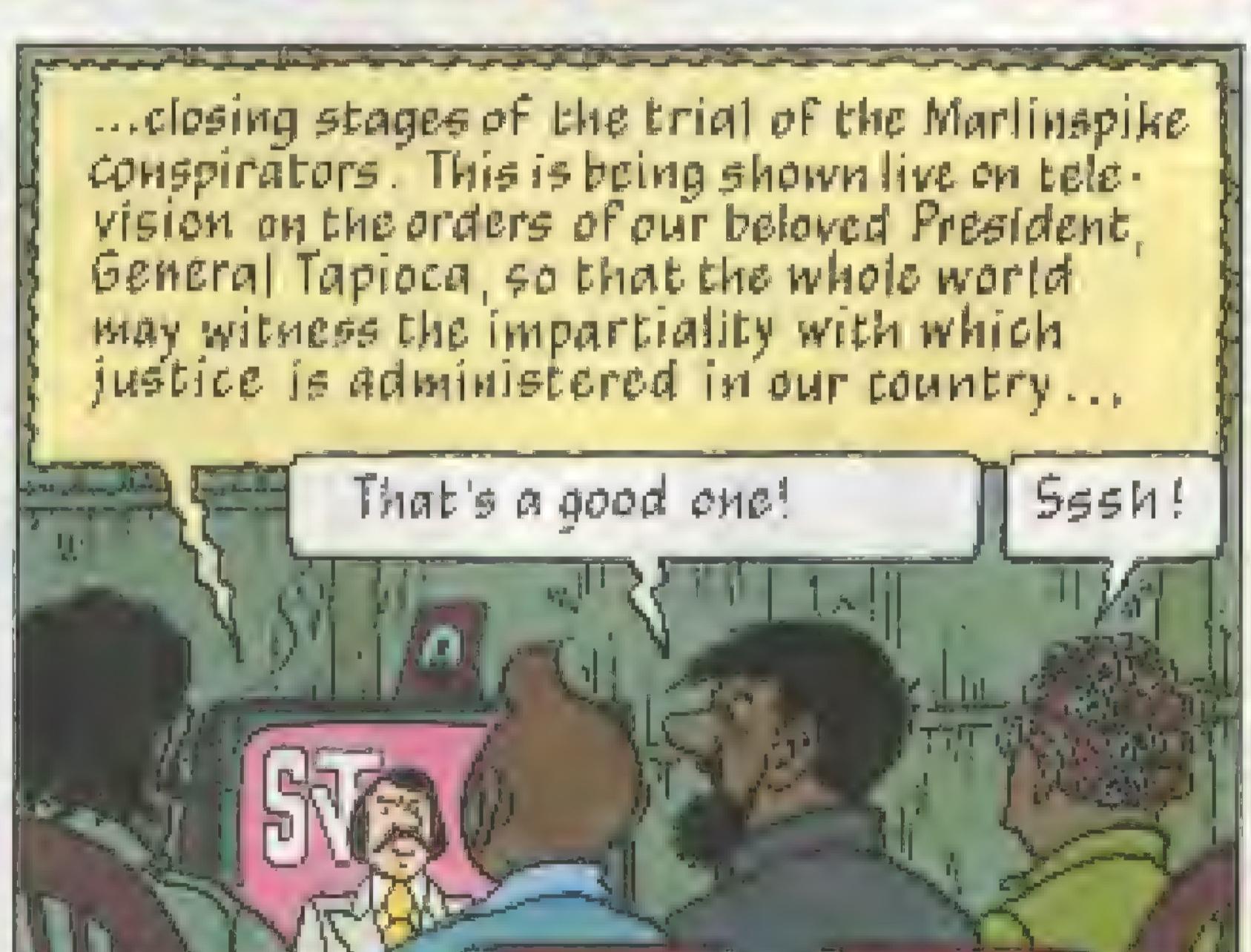
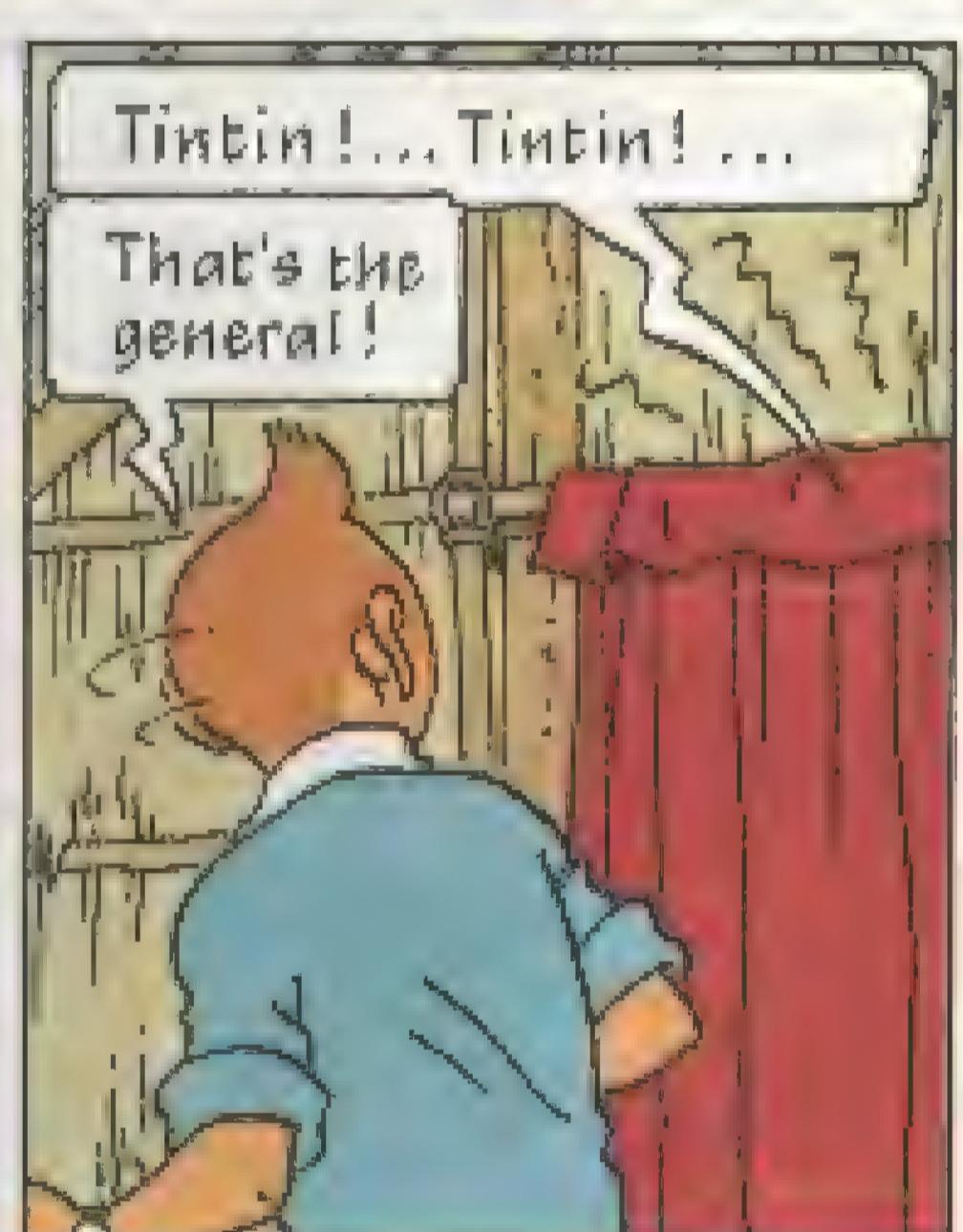
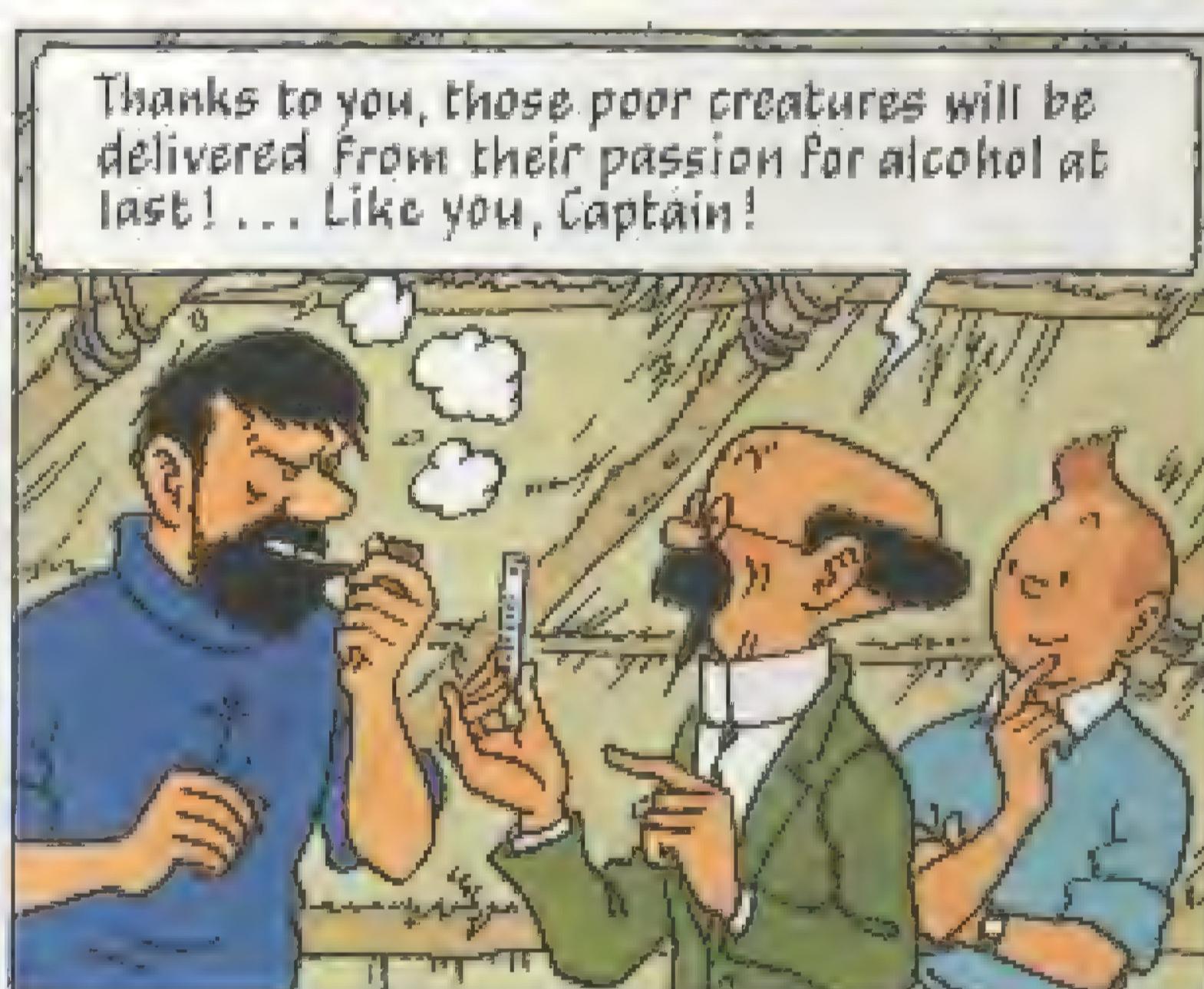
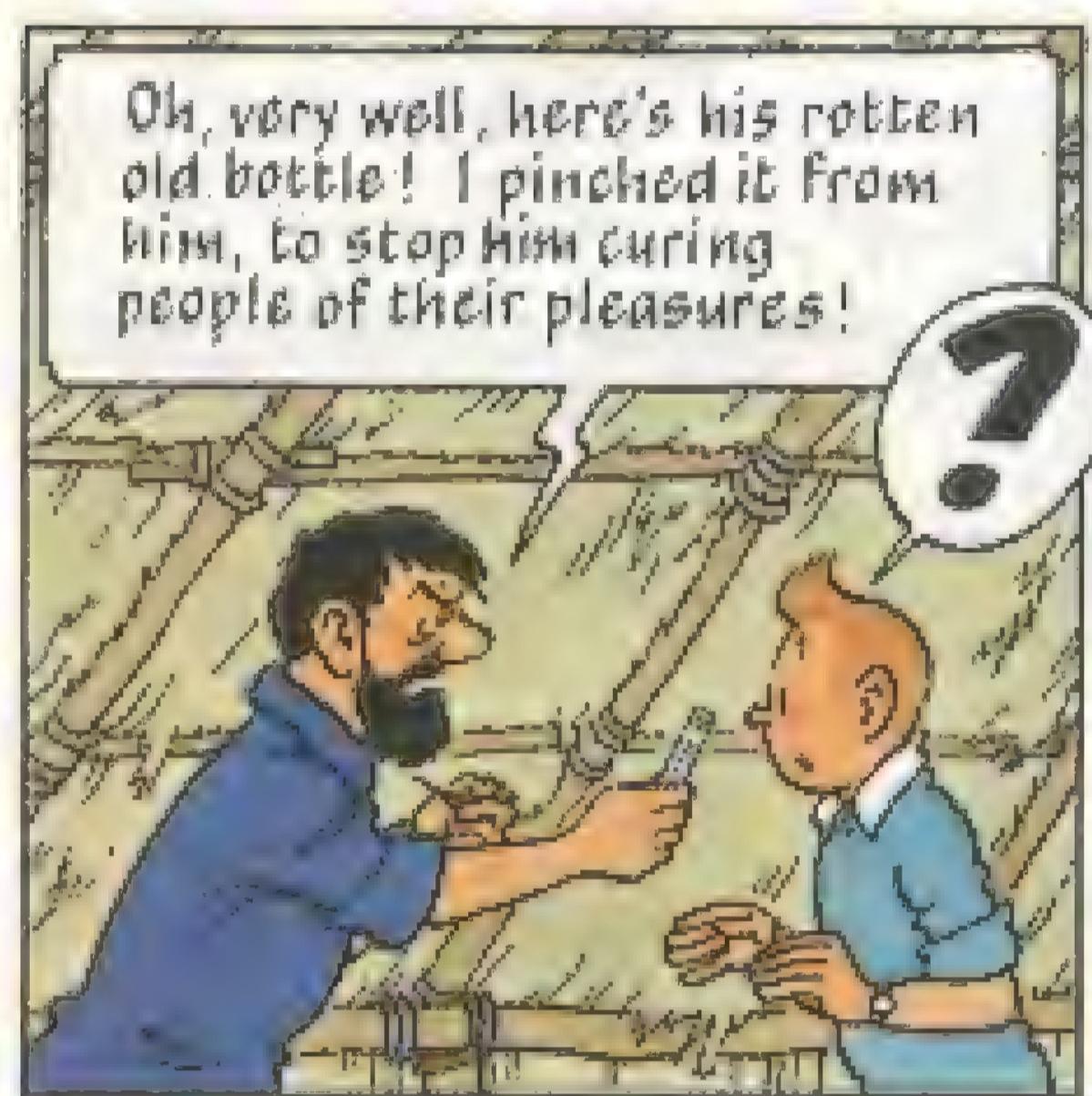
Has he lost something?

Yes, he must have lost something...

You seem to have lost something...

No, no, I've lost something...

The bottle of tablets I was telling you about just now... I can't find it anywhere... Isn't that curious?



Recently, our beloved President generously invited Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus and the reporter Tintin to our country to put their case. He guaranteed their freedom. And how did they repay him? With cold cynicism!

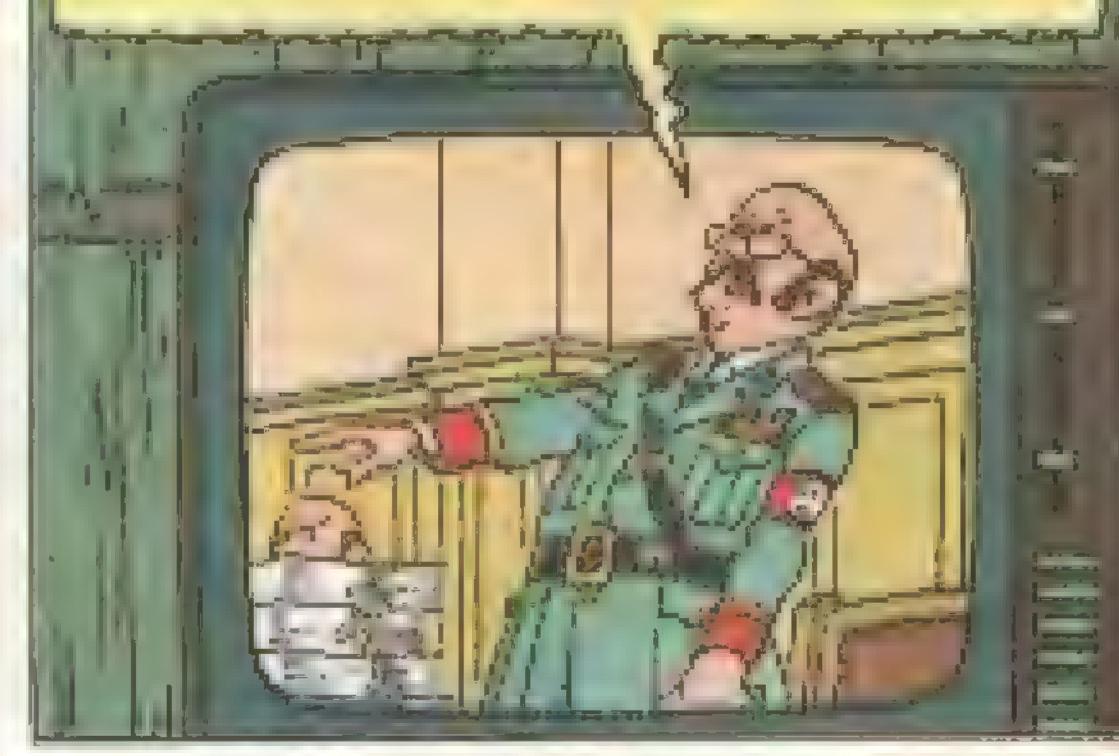
They took the first opportunity to flee into the jungle and join their accomplice Alcazar and his villainous Picaros!



This action alone is enough to prove that the grave accusations against the three defendants are entirely justified. But over now to the Palace of Justice where the Public Prosecutor is putting the case for the Republic...



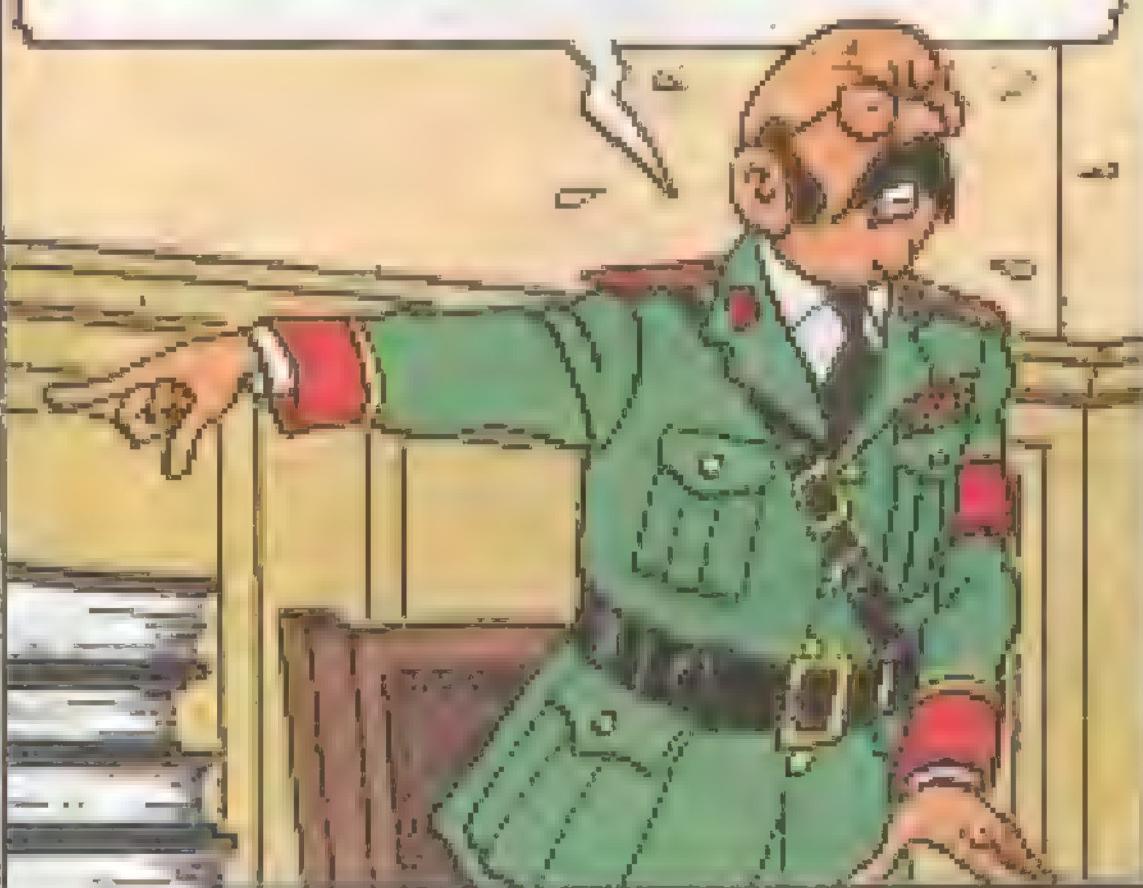
...You have before you, gentlemen, two sinister characters who, more easily to accomplish their evil purpose... Do I need to remind you of it? ...



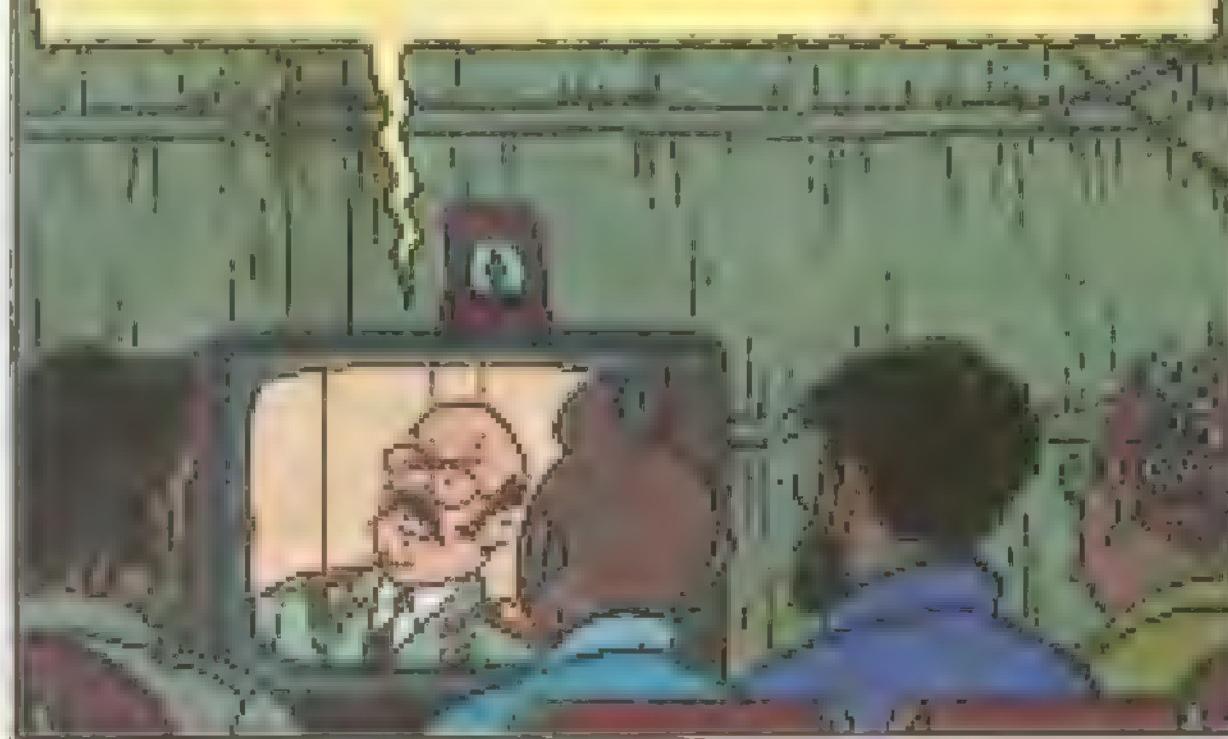
...to assassinate our beloved President... did not hesitate to pass themselves off as honest policemen! ... But their monstrous subterfuge deceived no one! Look at their low brows, their furtive glances!



...In short, look at their brutish faces! Policemen? Them? ... Cheats! Imposters! Assassins!

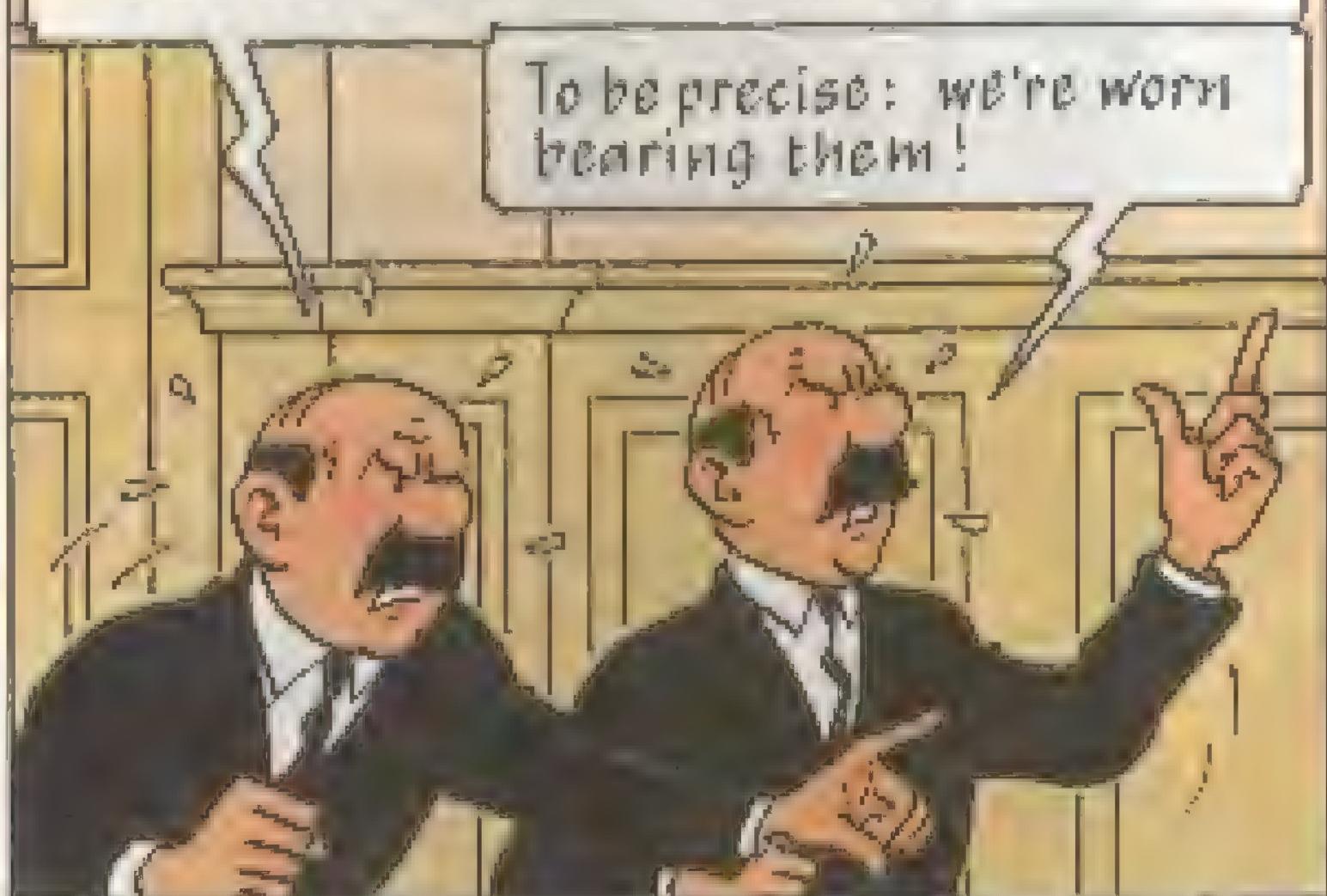


...Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kury-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!

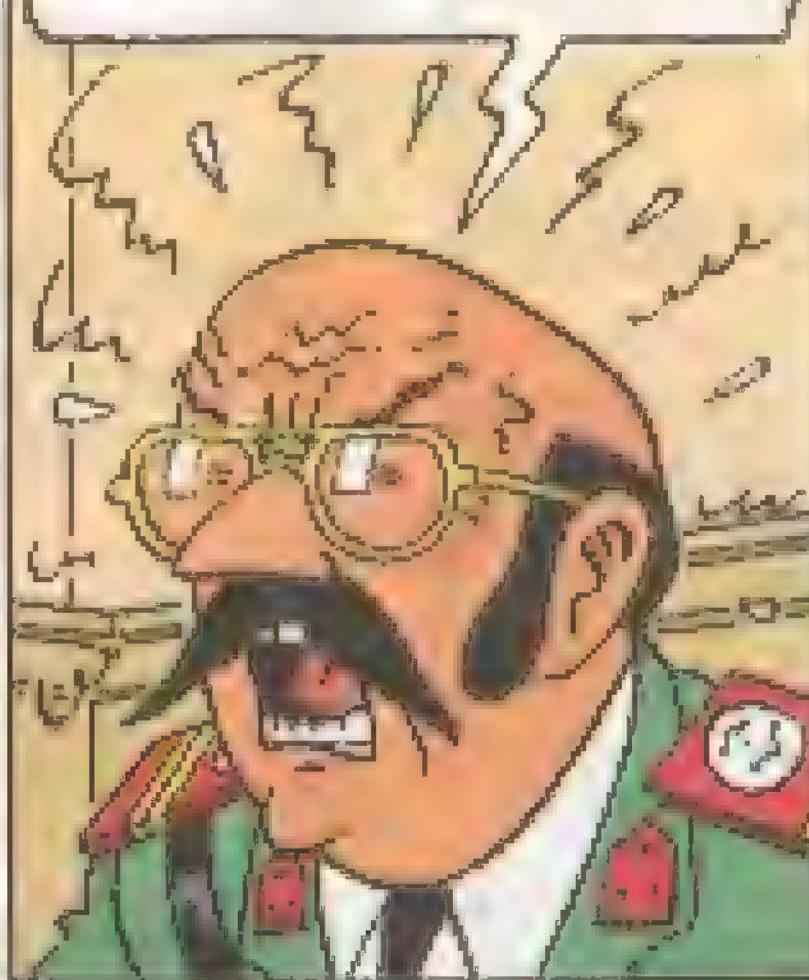


That's a lie!... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born!

To be precise: we're worn bearing them!



Silence!... You will speak when you are spoken to!



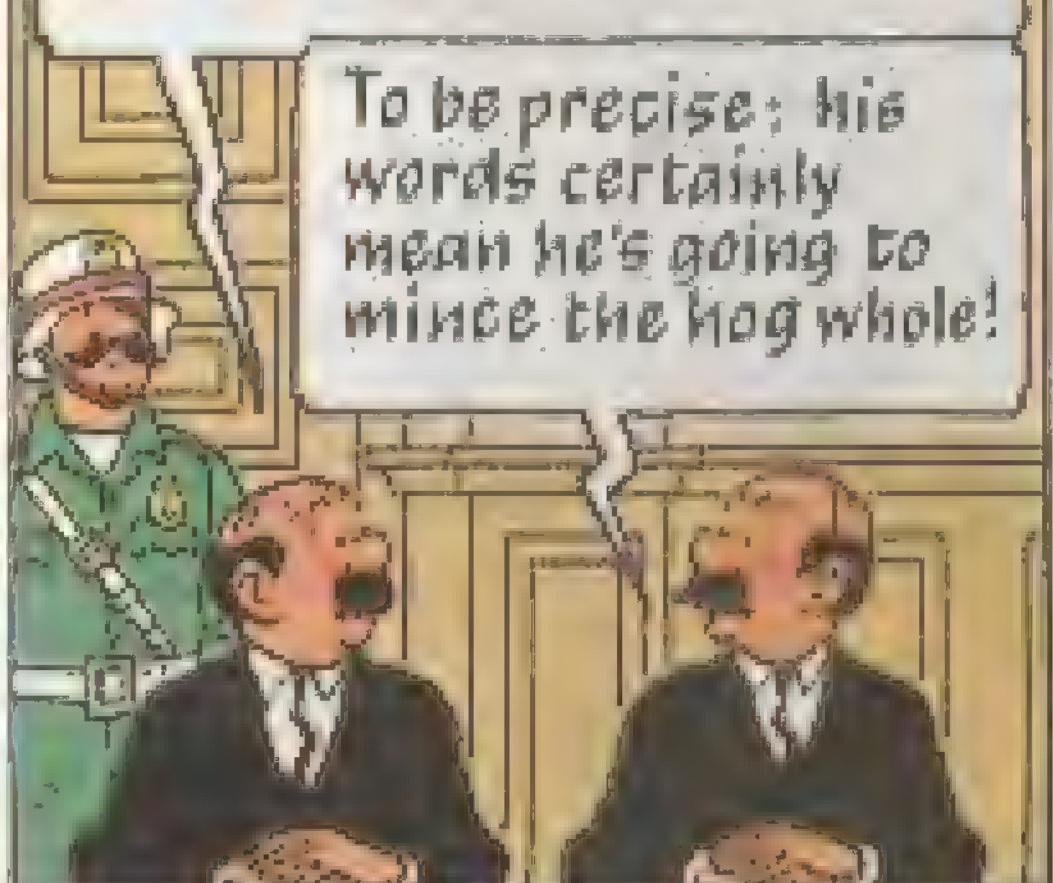
...Gentlemen, for these two wretches, who can have no claim to extenuating circumstances, I demand the DEATH PENALTY!

You see? None of your fancy scruples there, eh?

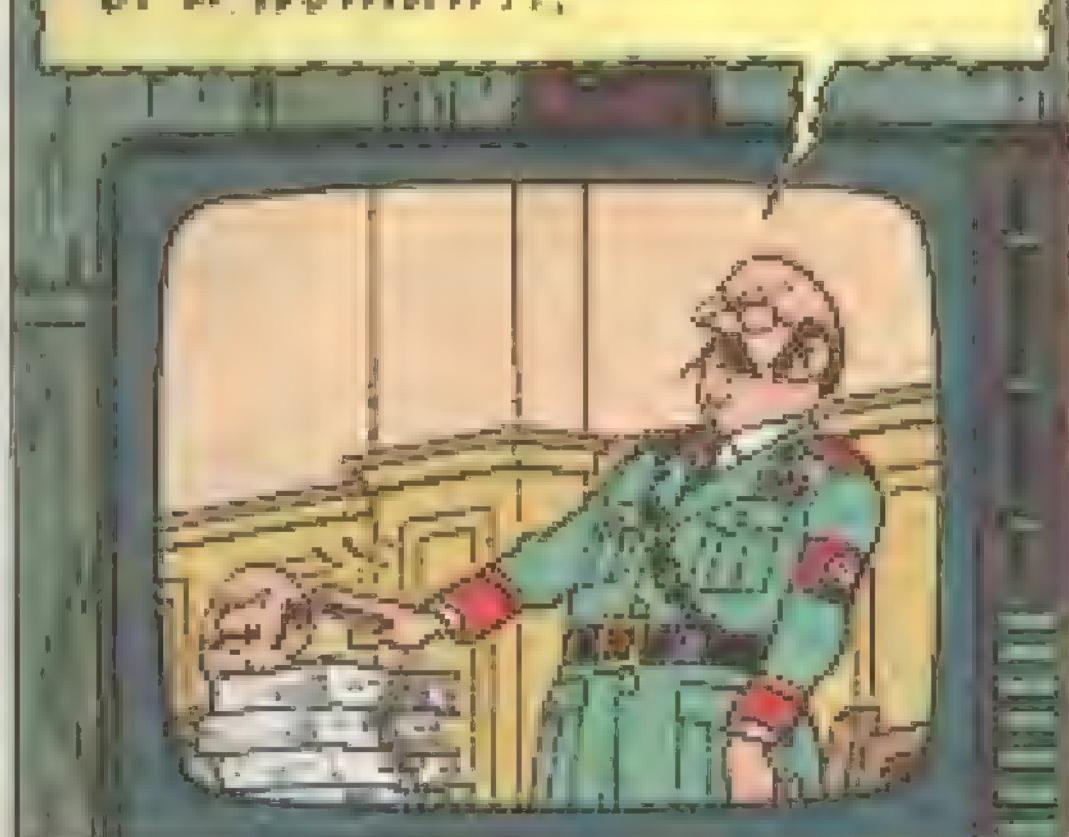


The death penalty!!!... He certainly doesn't mince his words... He means to go the whole hog!

To be precise: his words certainly mean he's going to mince the hog whole!

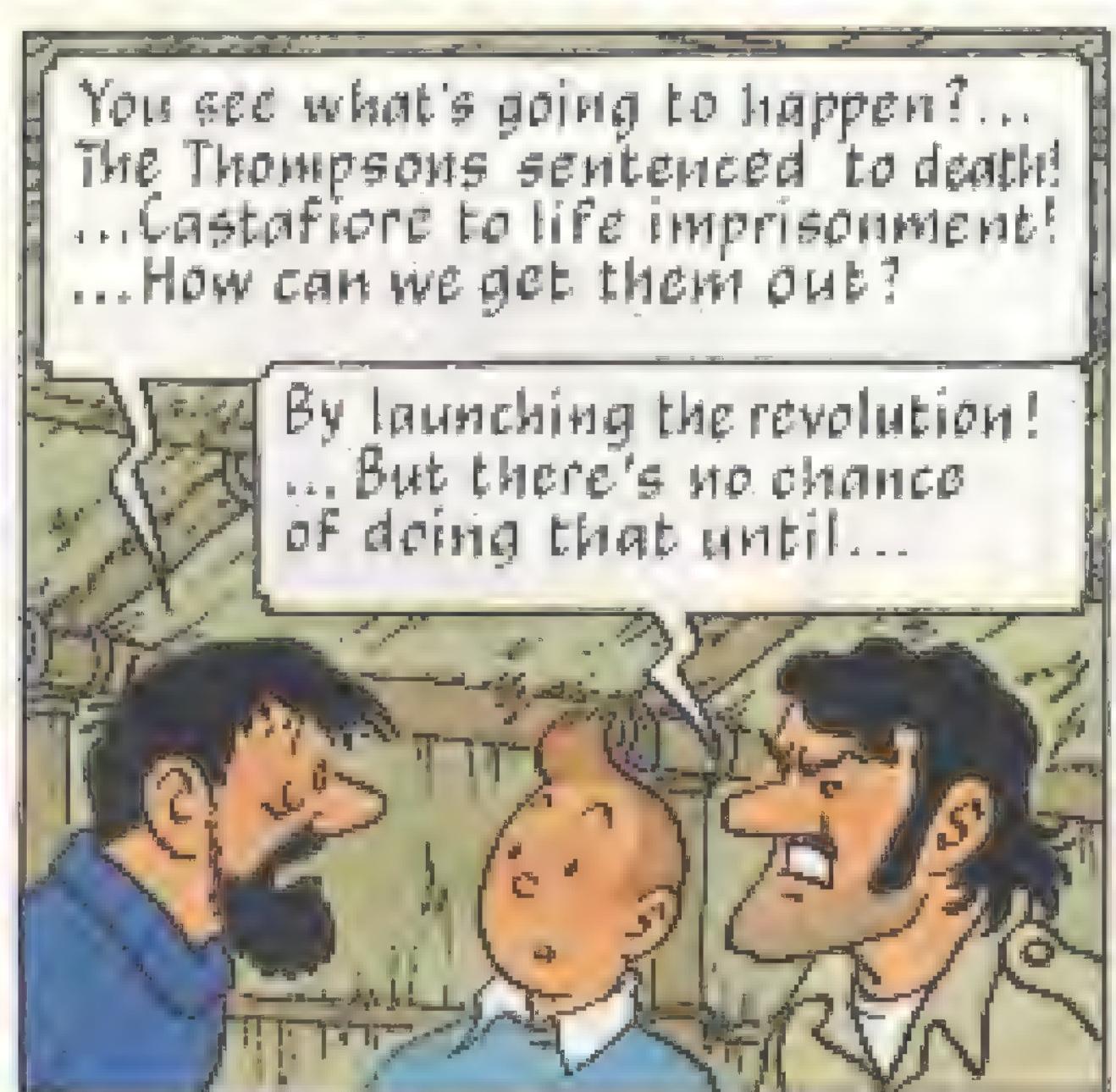
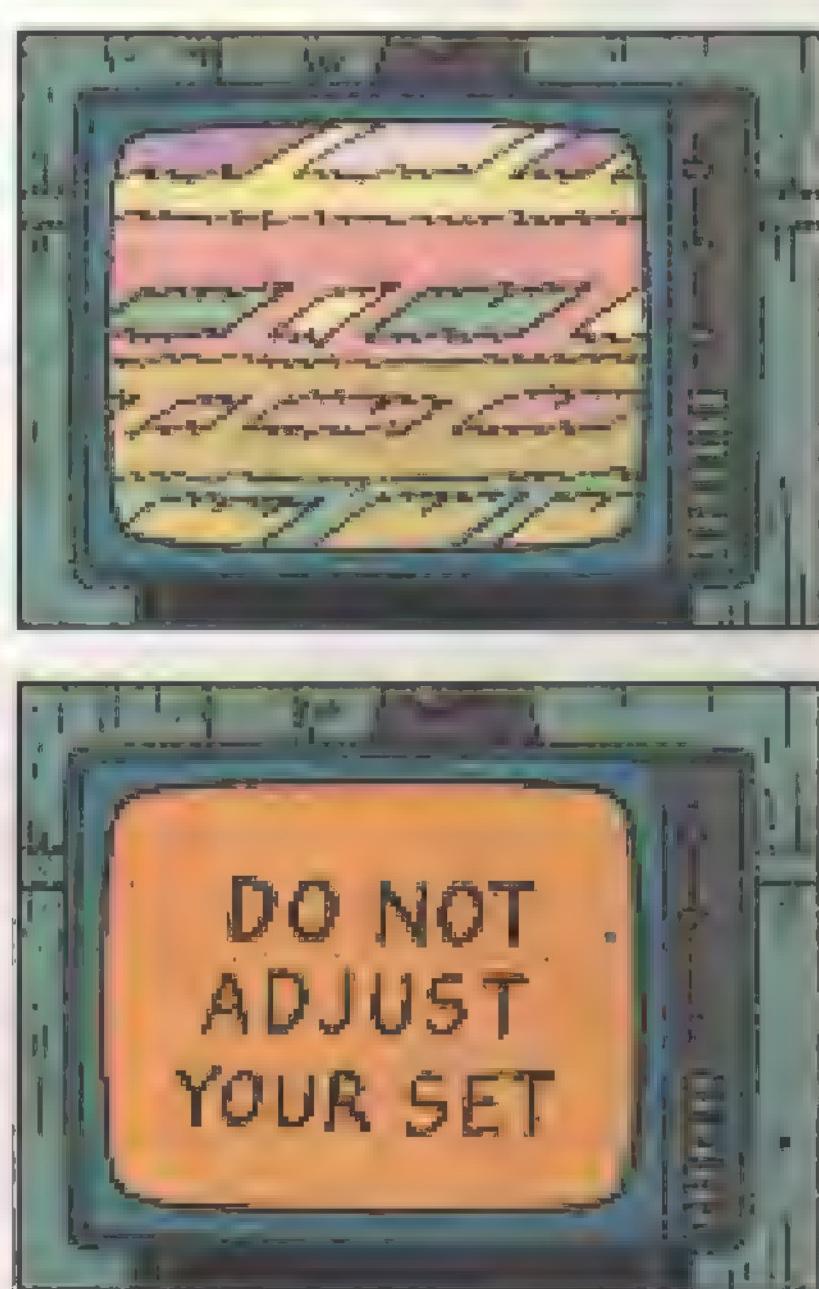
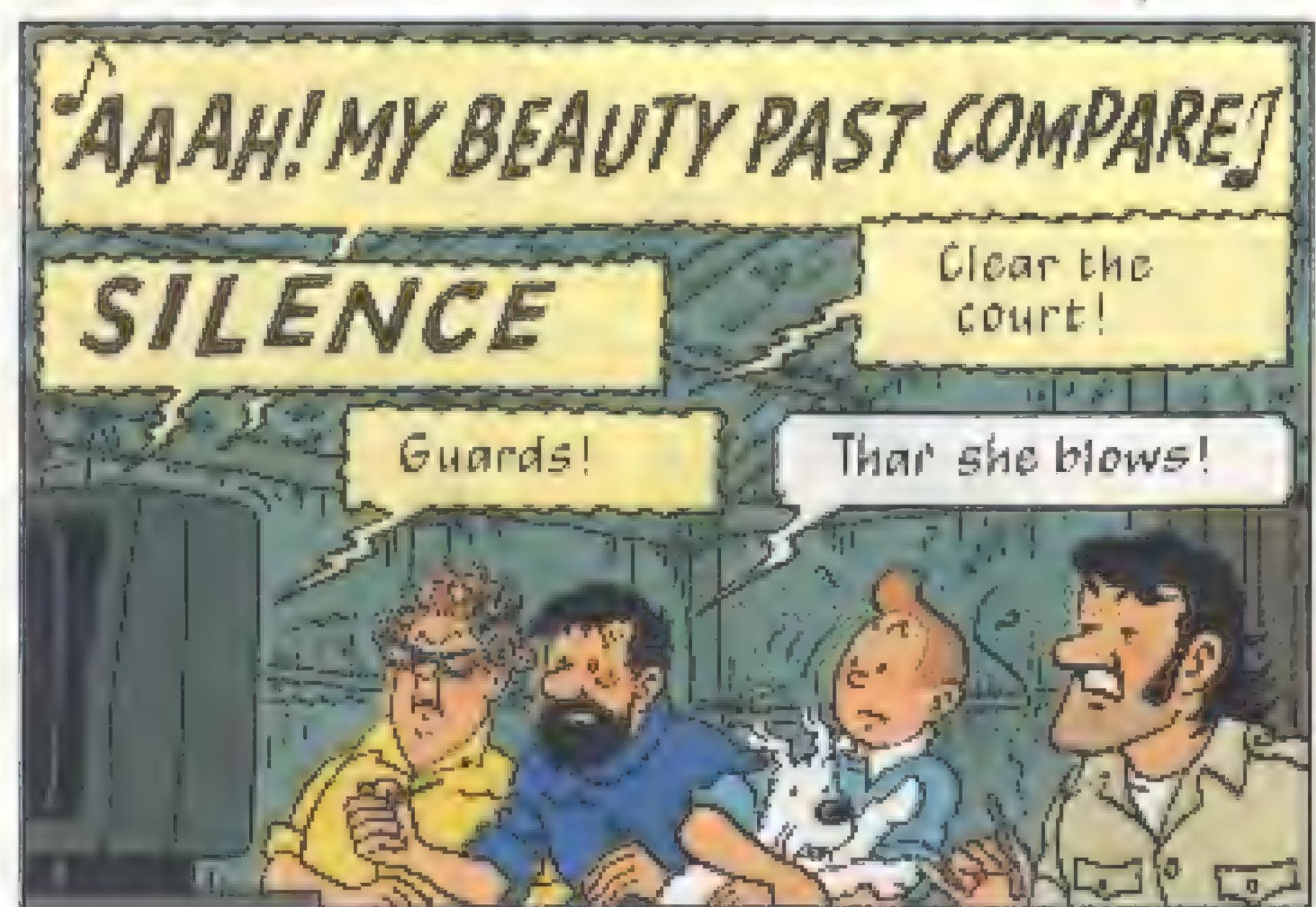
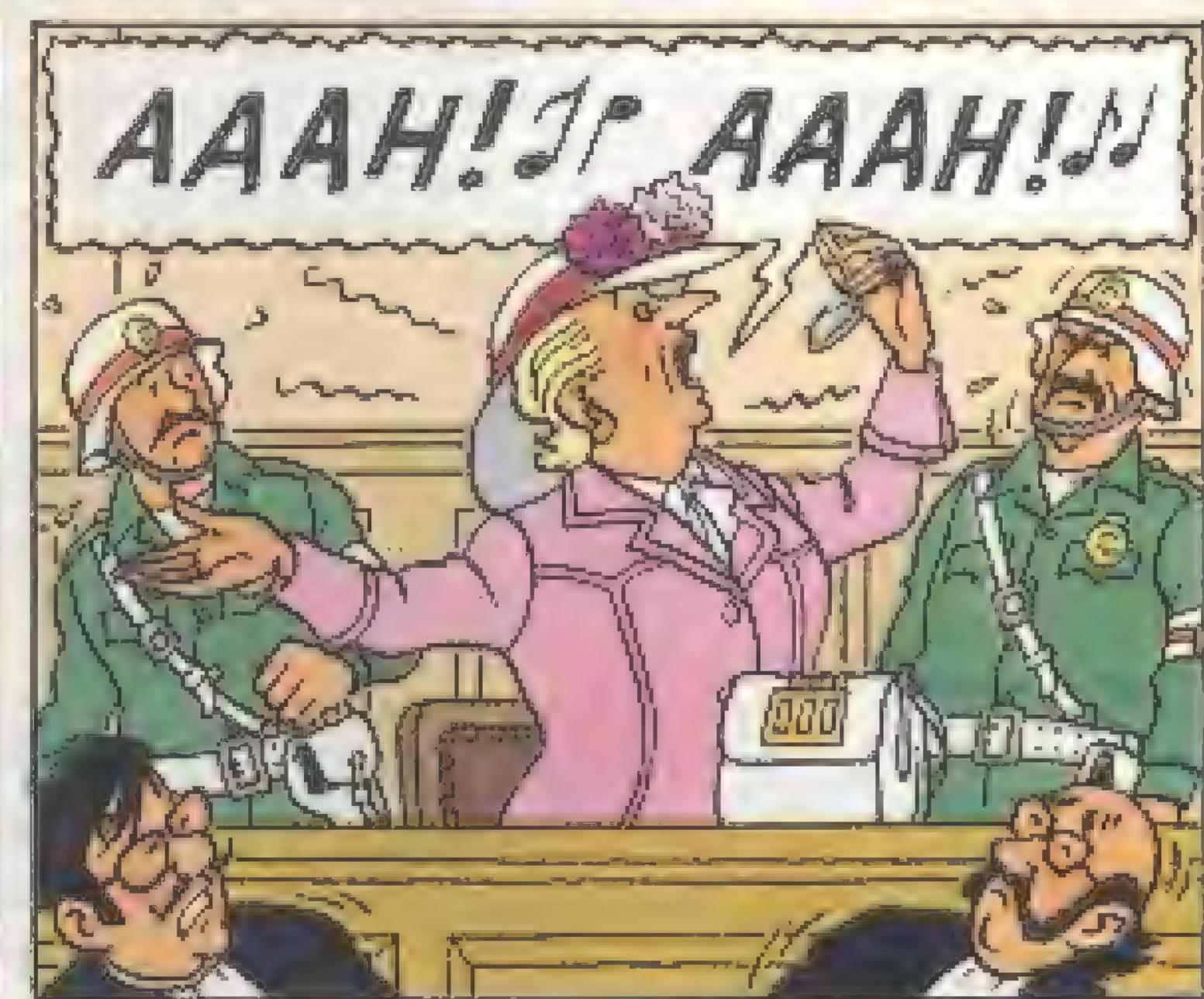
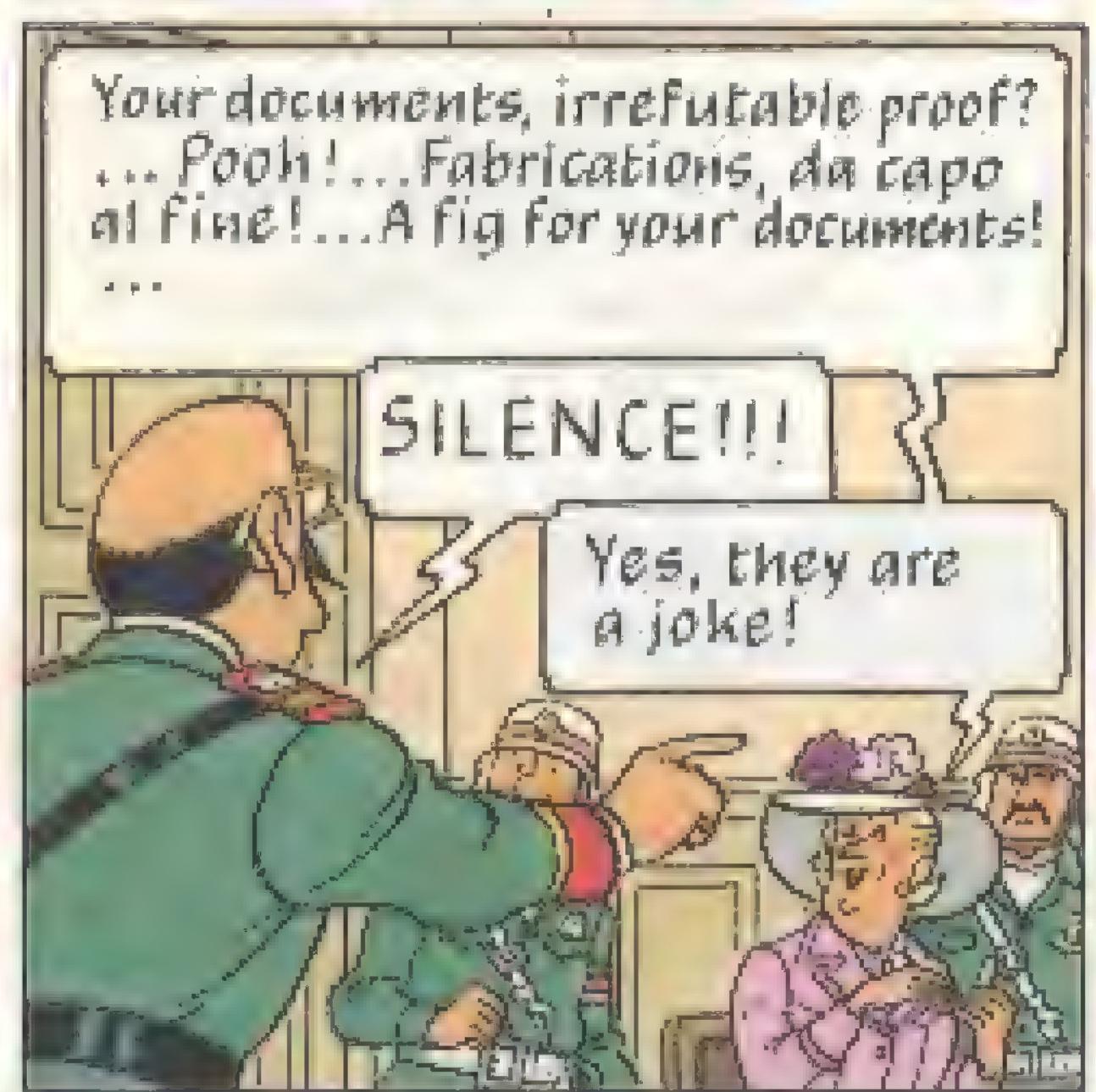
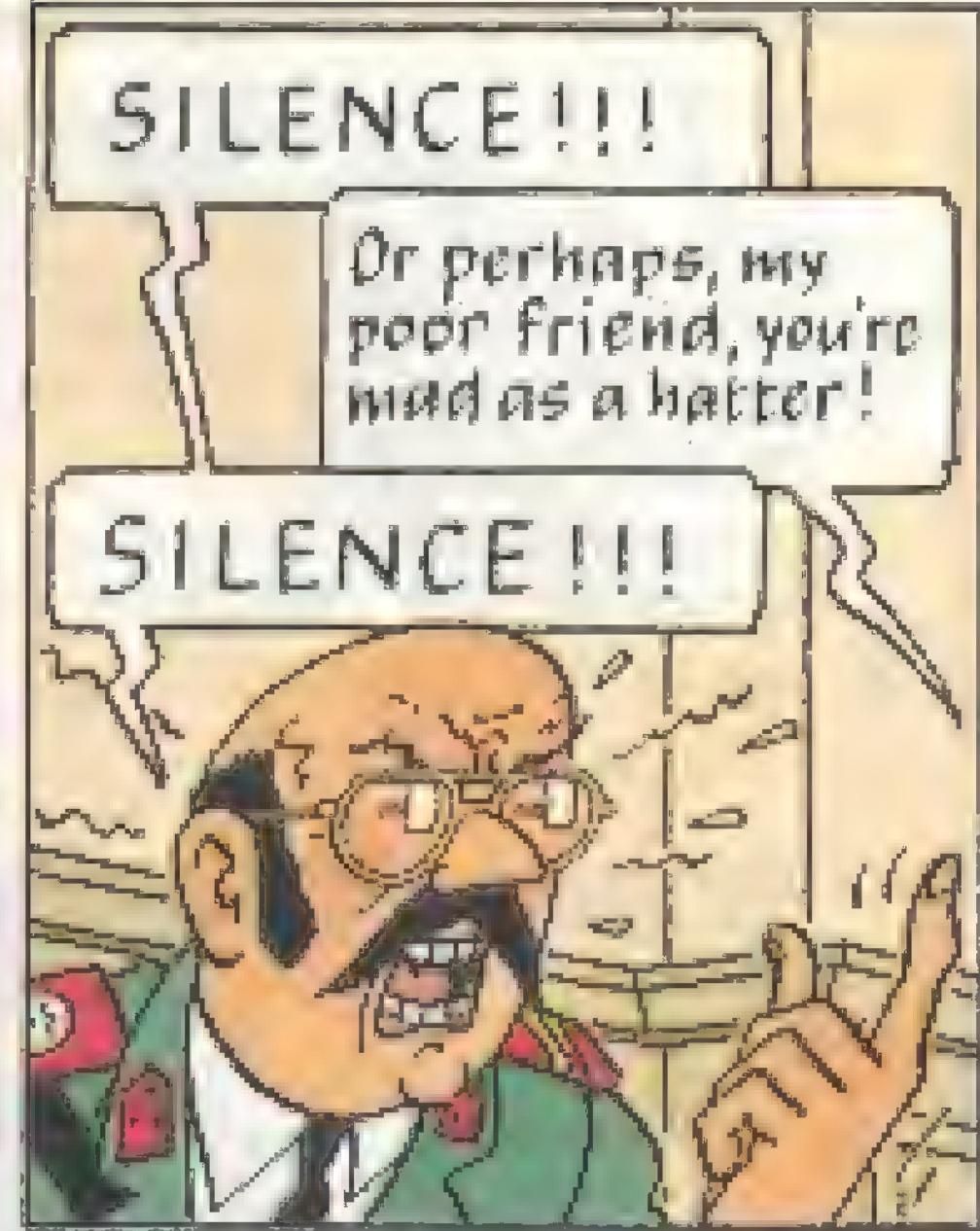
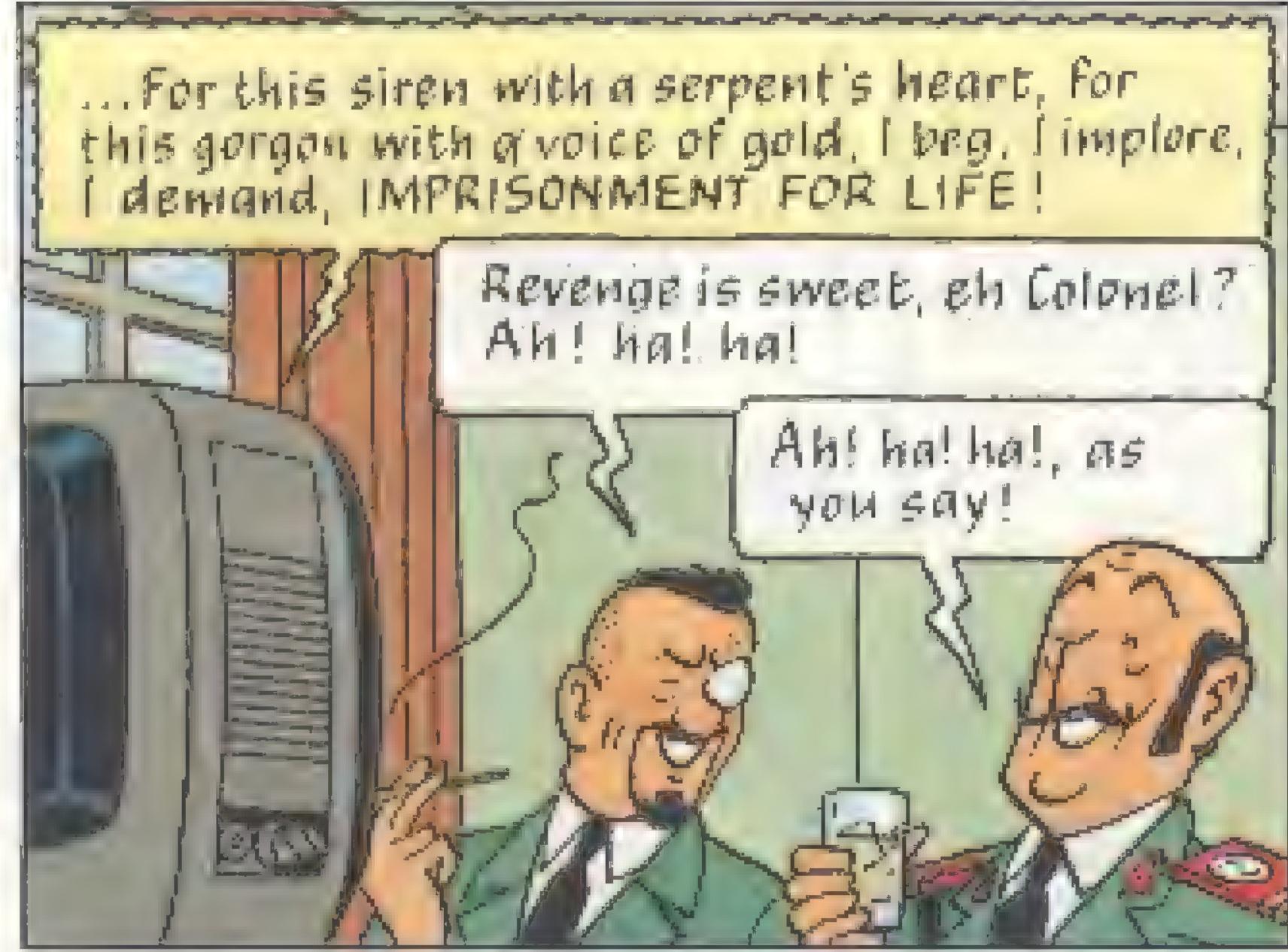


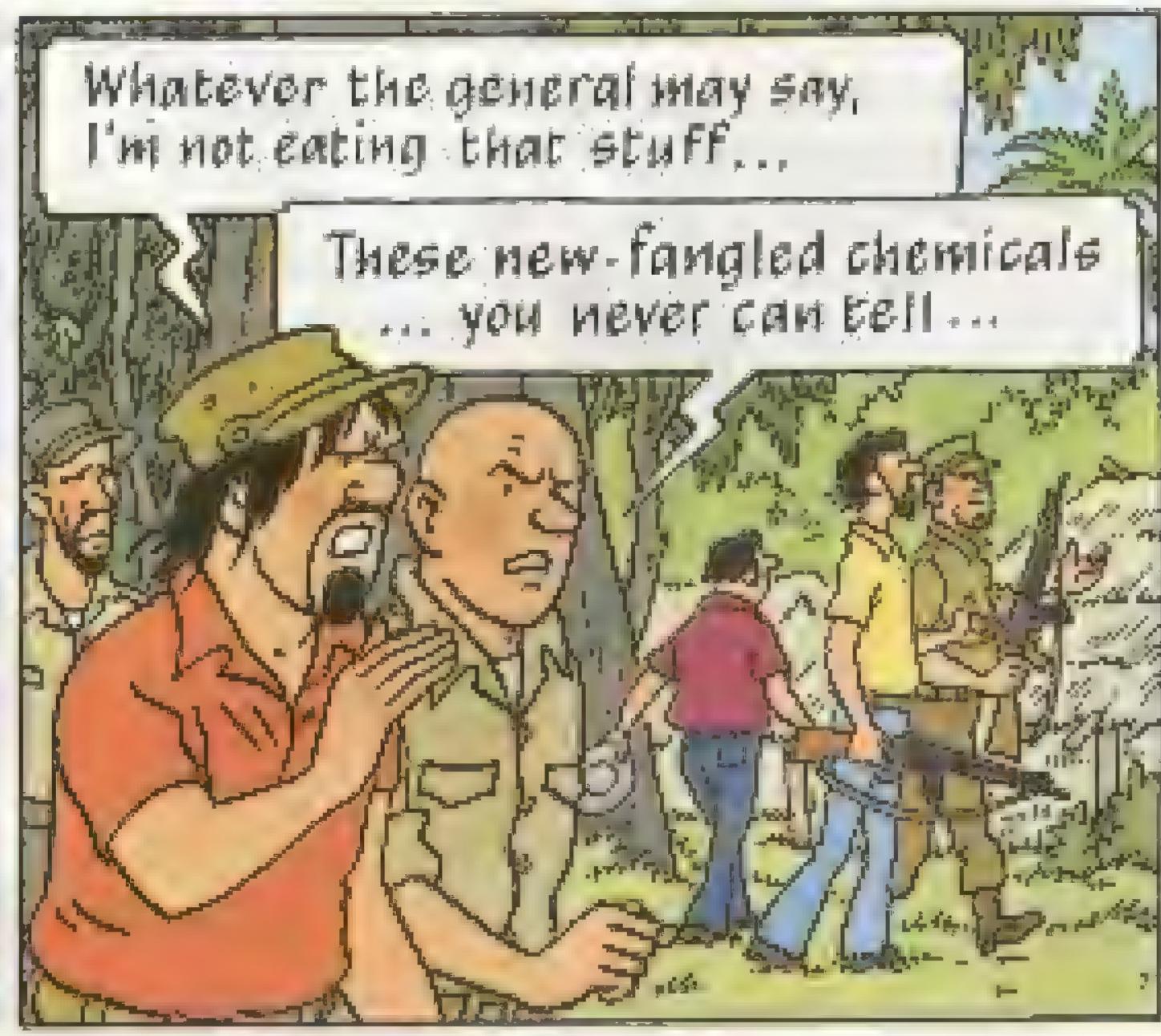
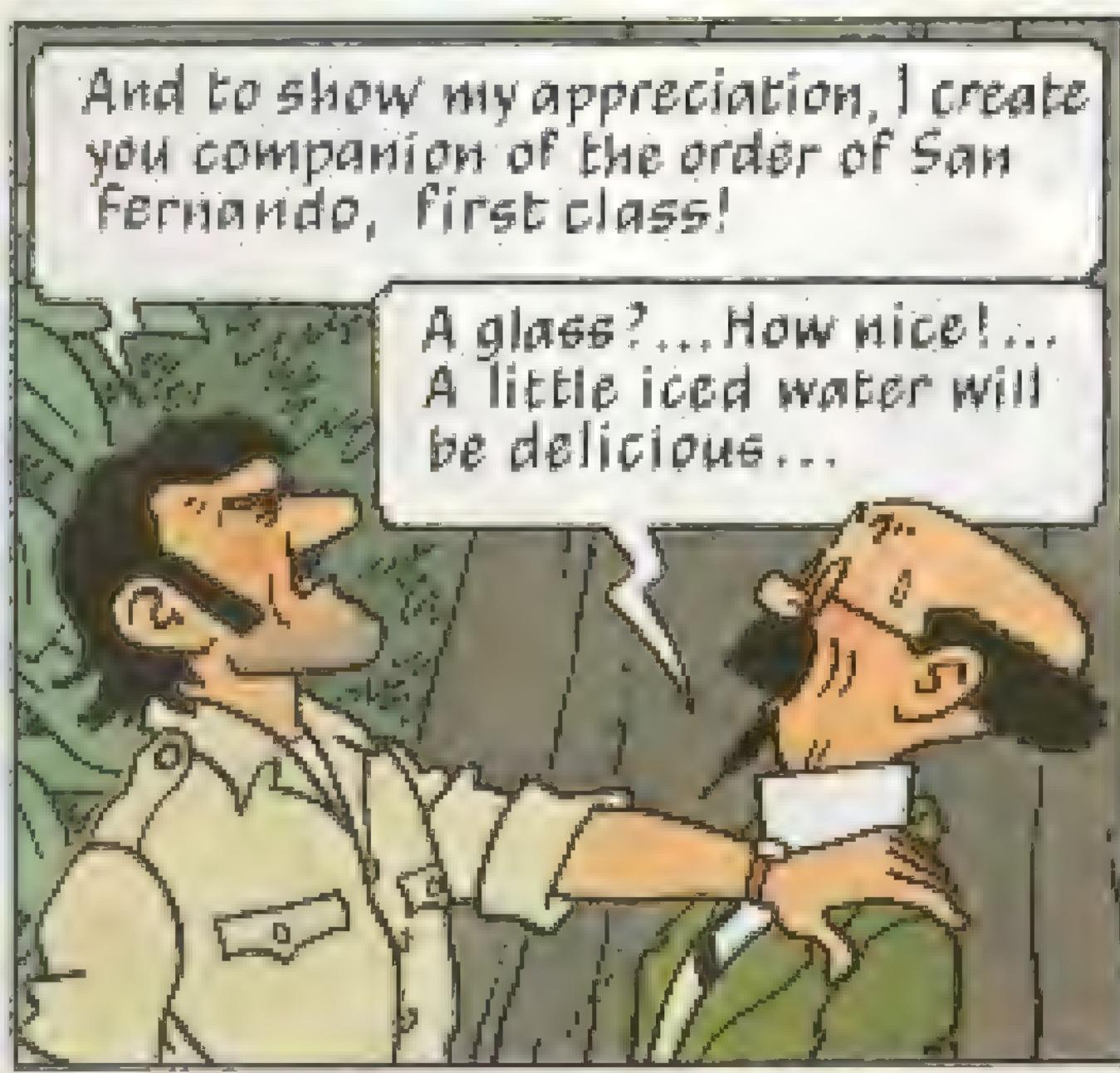
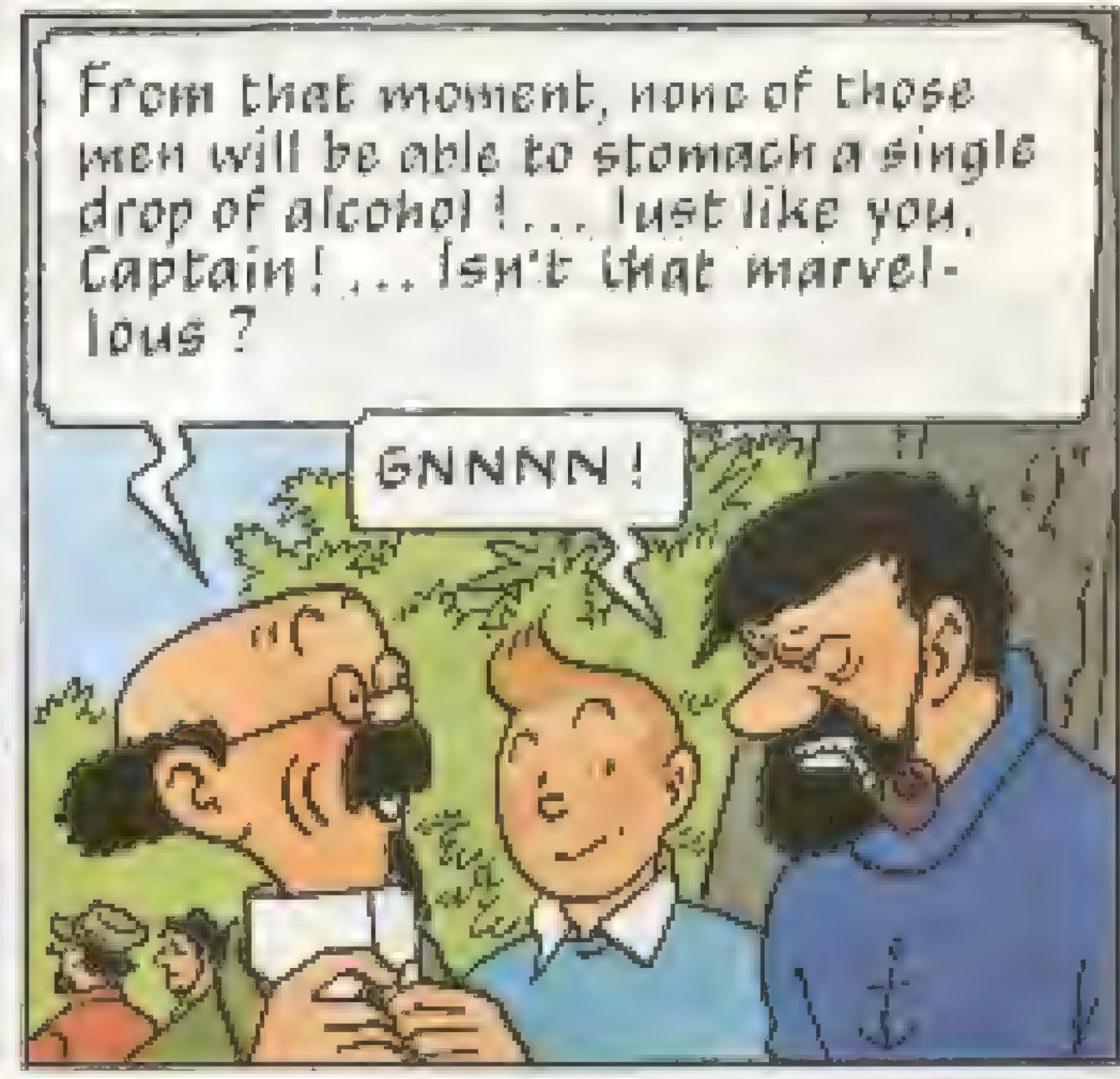
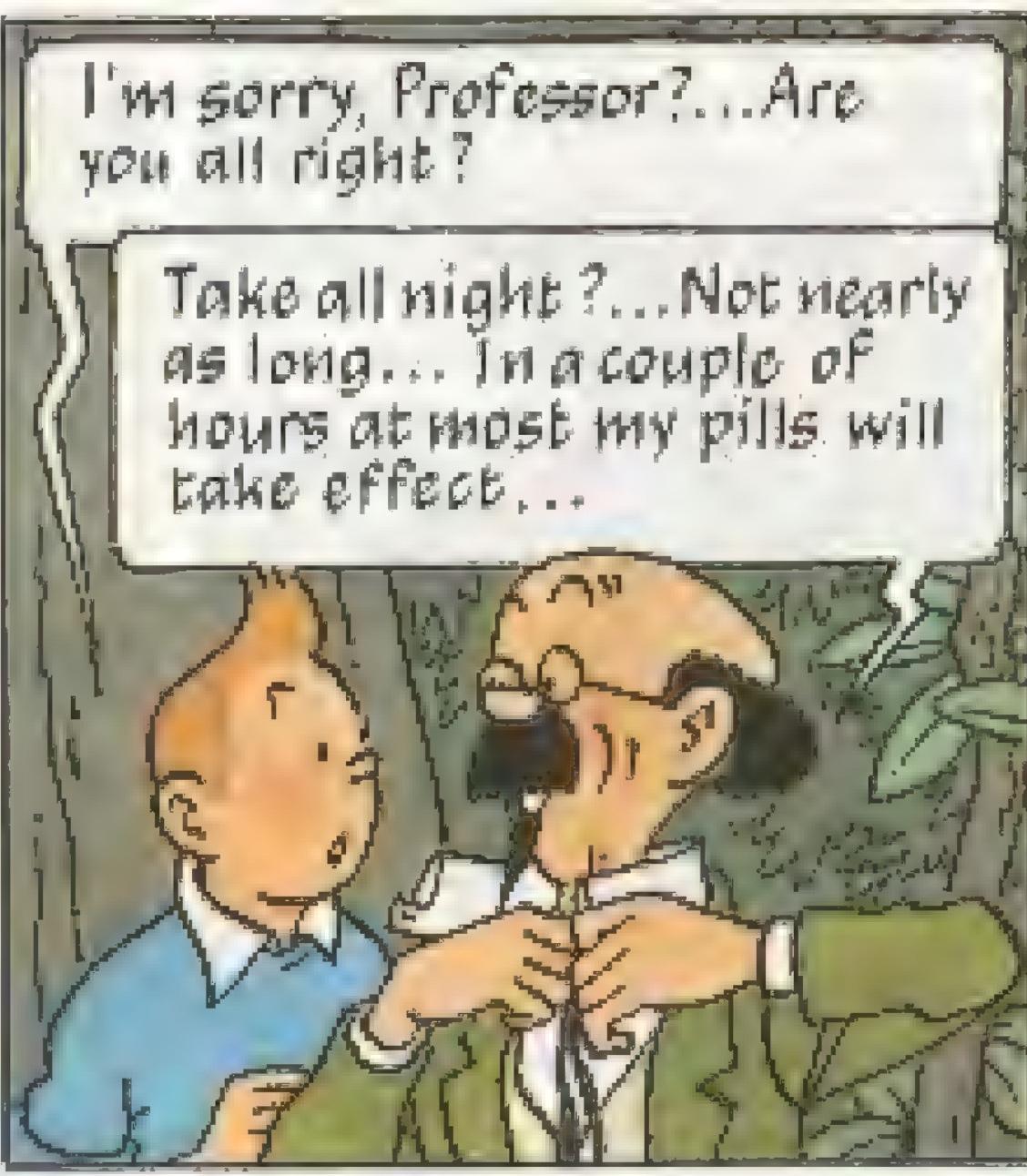
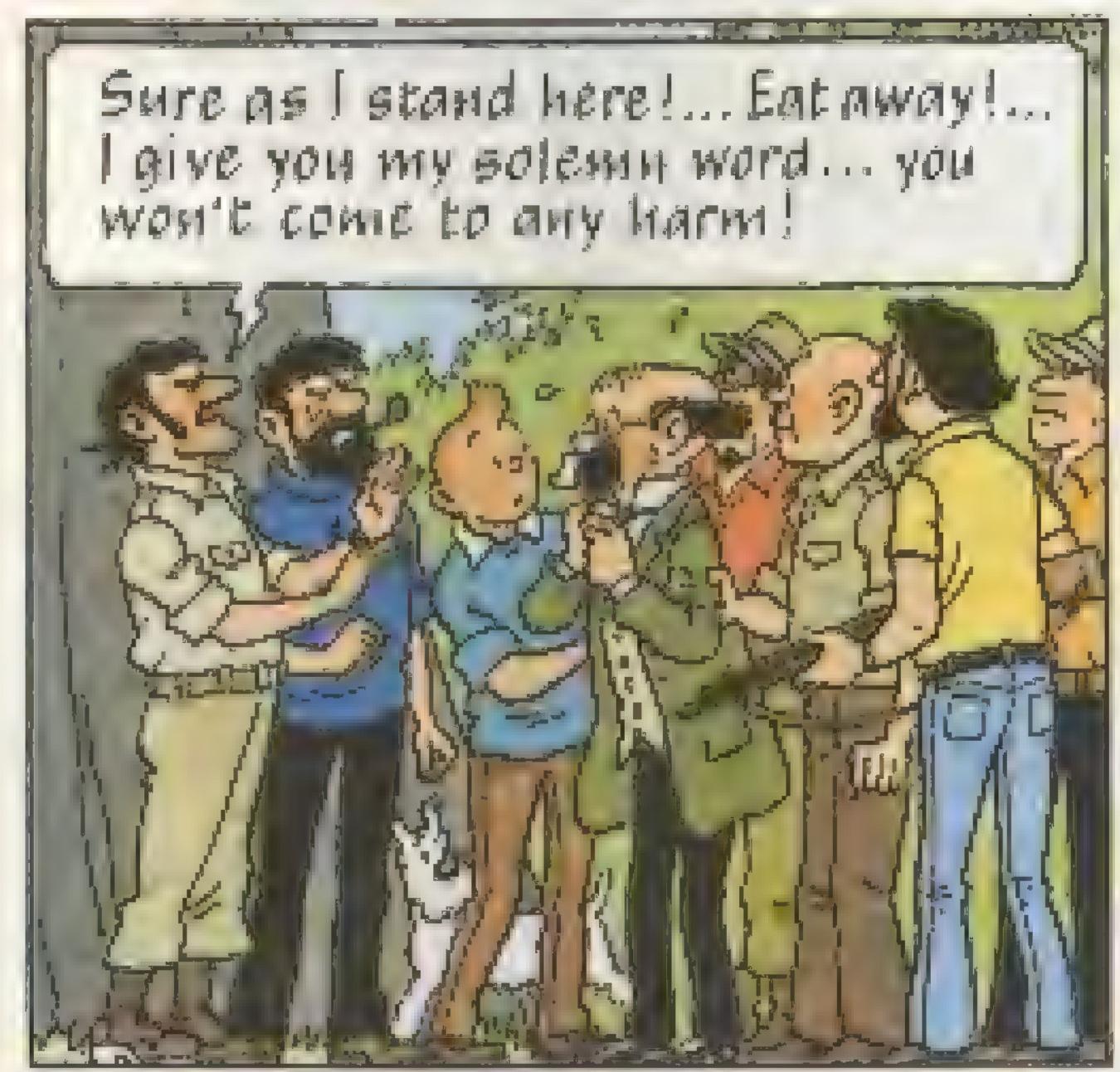
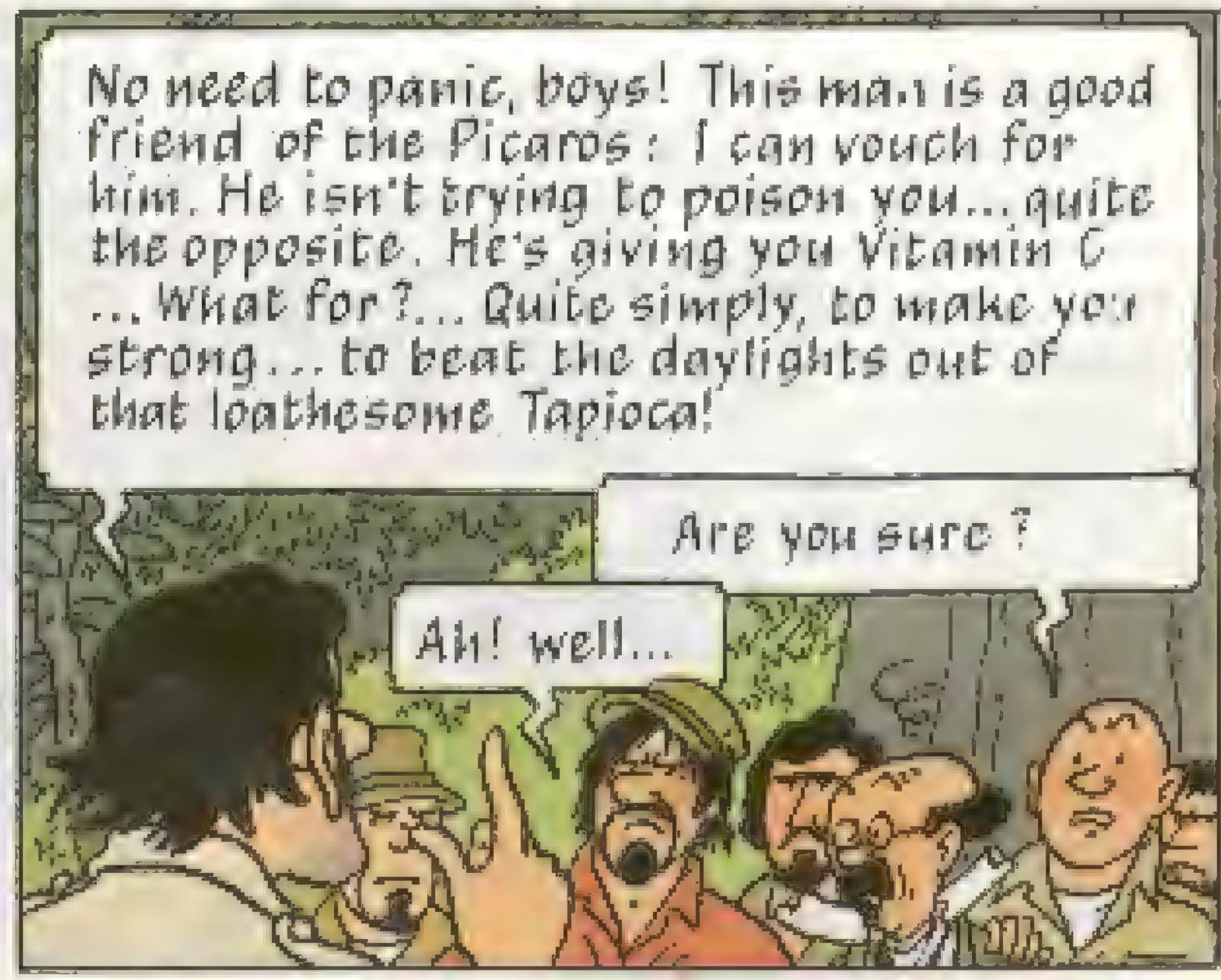
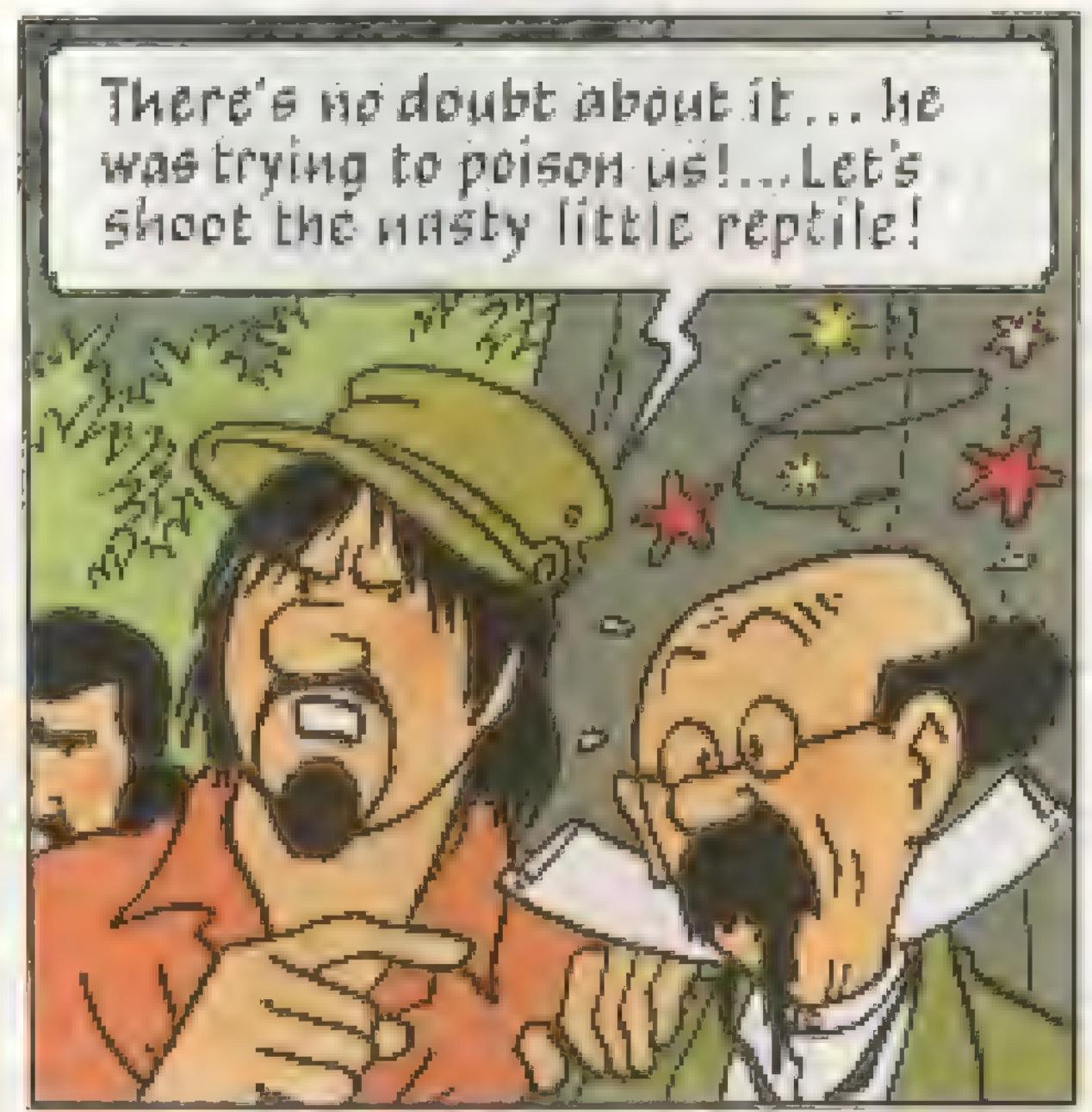
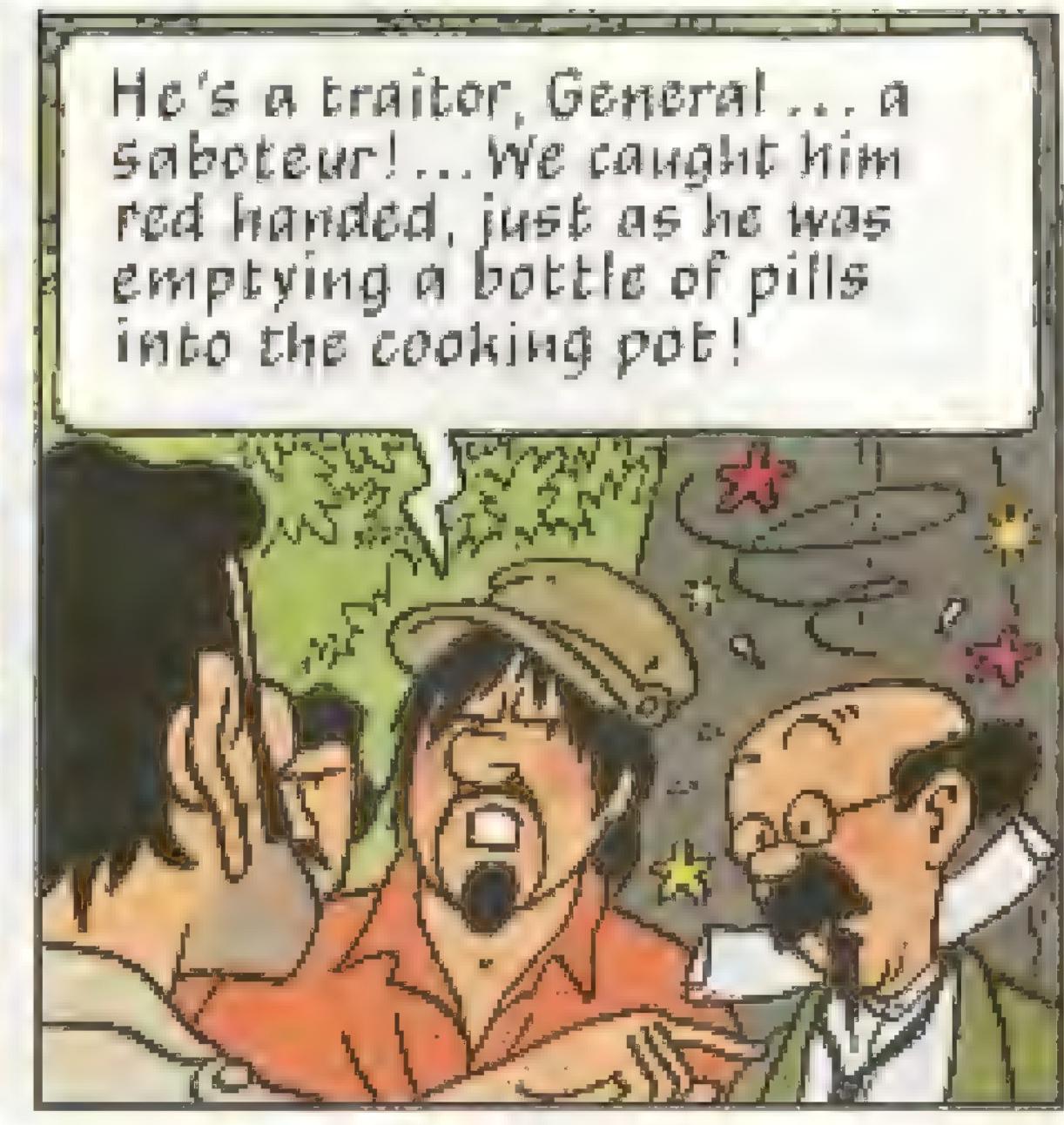
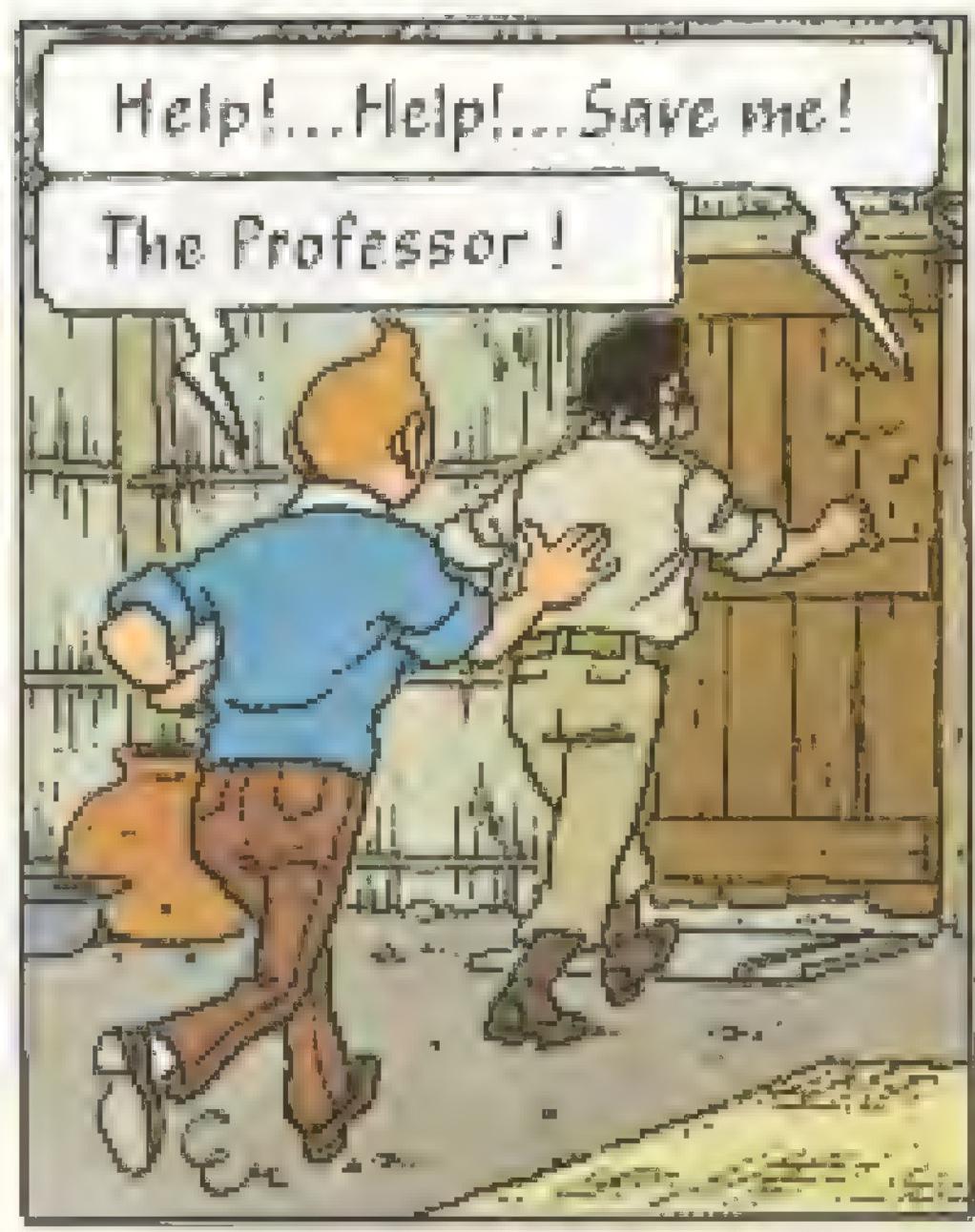
But the real brains behind the plot... and we have here documents which prove it irrefutably... are those of a woman!!!



A woman... or should we call her a monster? ... who lent her talents, her undoubted talents, to a criminal cause: her name is Bianca Castafiore, "the Milanese Nightingale"!







Look at them, Captain... They're obviously suspicious... And if they don't eat that food they'll go on drinking... So the revolution will fail... and our friends the Thompsons will be shot!

There's the dog... He belongs to the gringos. I'm going to give him some of that vitaminized stew... If he eats it, we will too... Otherwise...

He's right!

I agree!

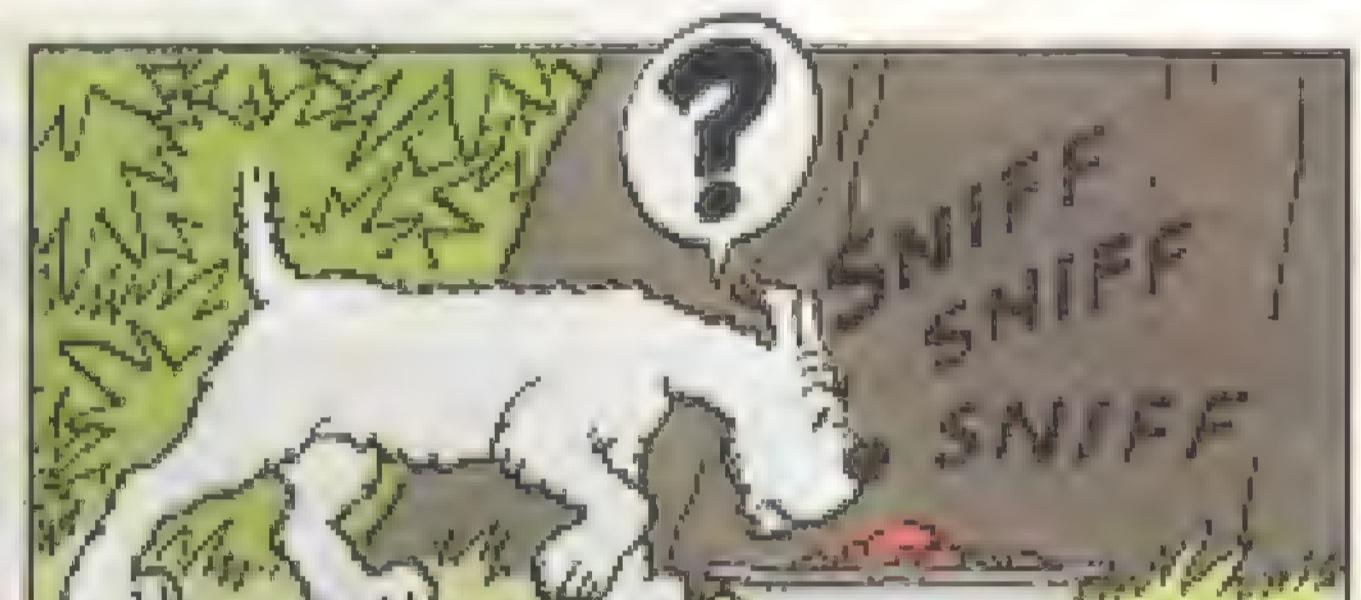
Doggy woggy?... Come come come come...

Hello, what does he want me for?

Come come come! ... Yummyum!... Looky dere! ... Looky dere, good for little dogsywogsies! ...

He must be daft, talking like that...

Let's hope... let's hope he'll eat the food ...



You saw that, boys?... Are we going to eat what even a dog won't touch?

You're right!

We won't eat that muck!

Go back at once, Snowy, and eat it!

But...

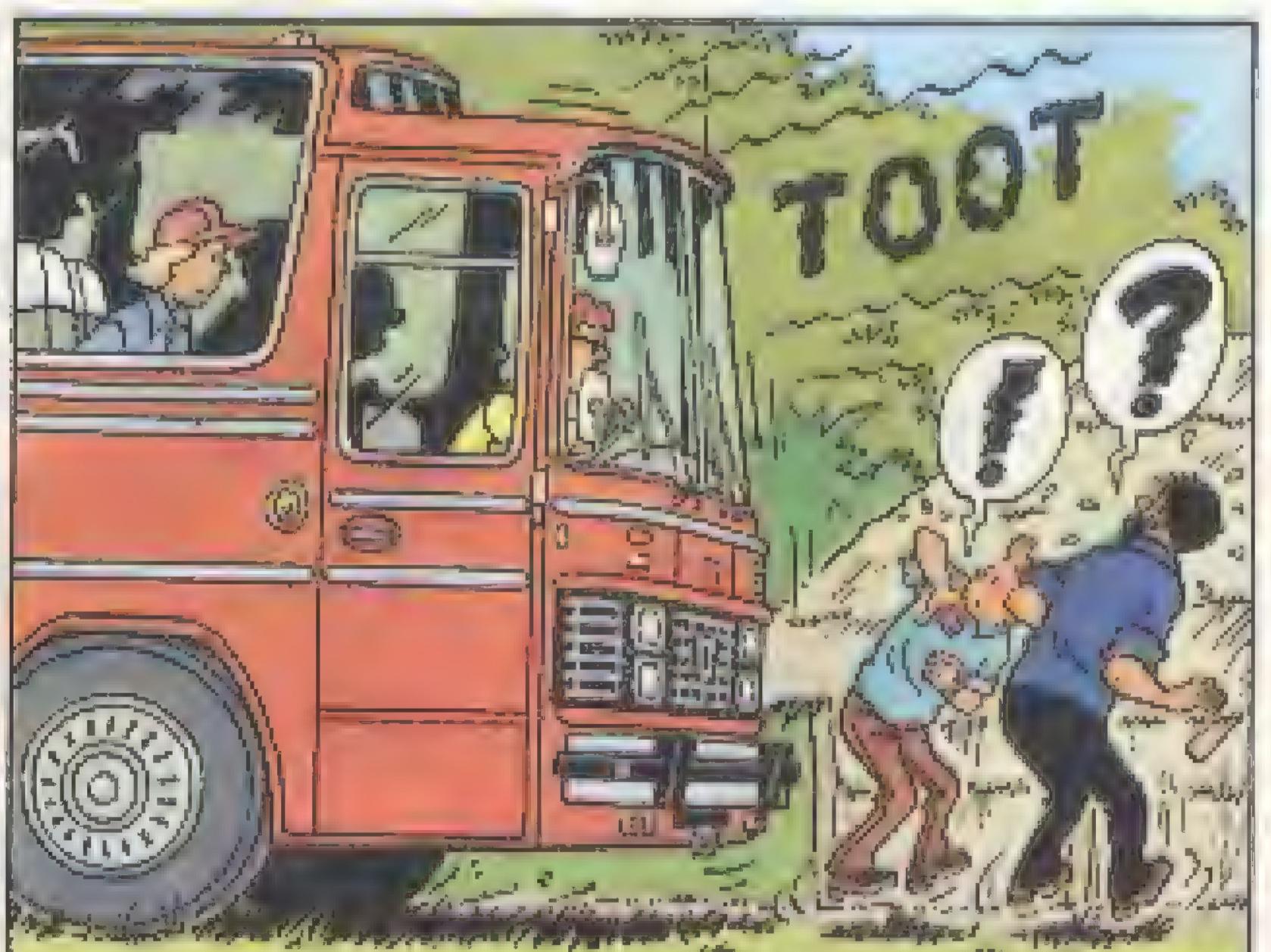
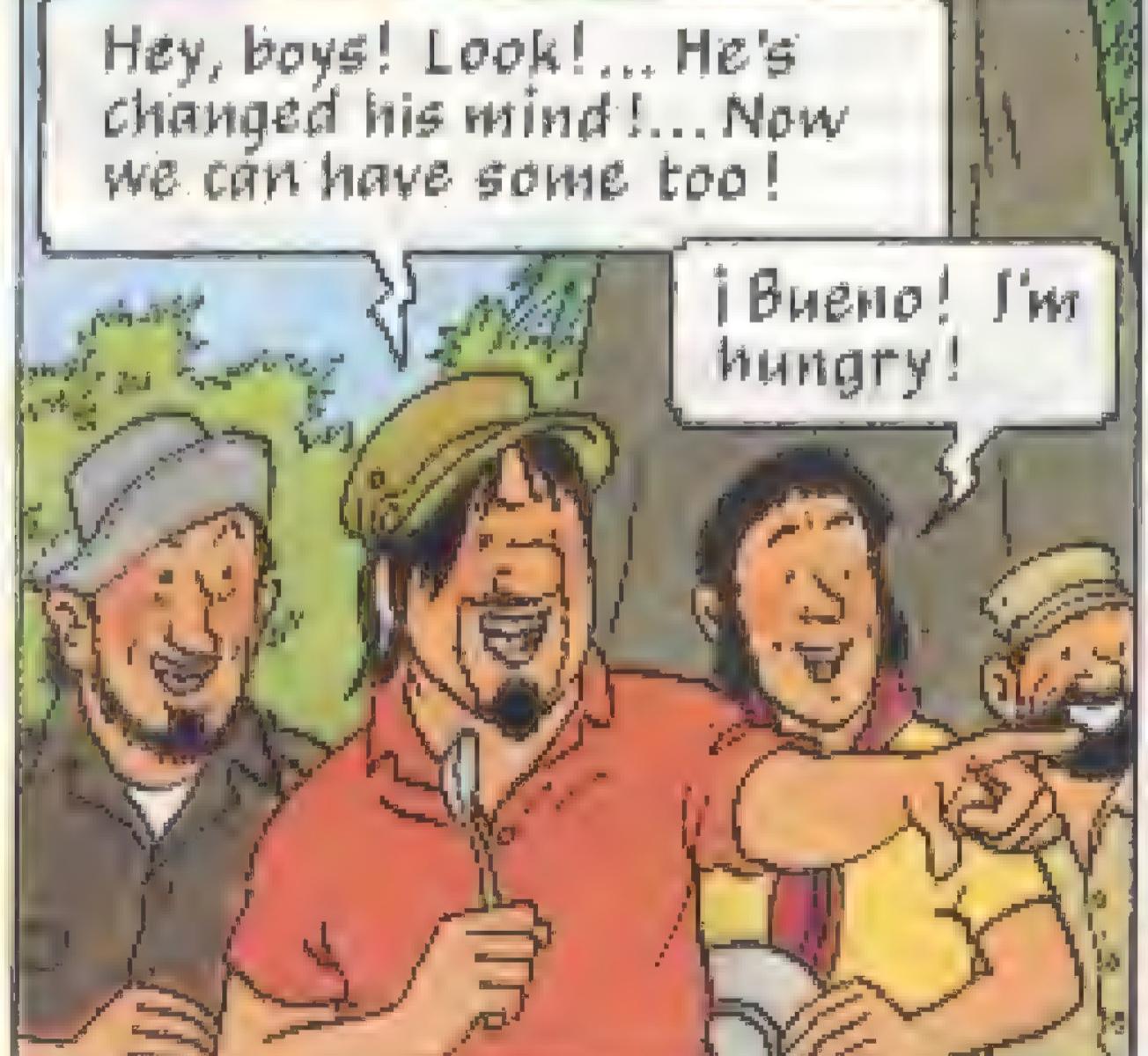
That slop! It's full of pimentos!



Hey, boys! Look!... He's changed his mind!... Now we can have some too!

¡Bueno! I'm hungry!

They're eating it! Now we can save our friends!



Hello, a b.b.b... hic... bus!

Ah! Not a pink elephant today, then?

Is it far to Tapioca-polis, chum?

Tapiocapolis?... Great snakes, you're hopelessly off the road.

Drat!... Could any of these soldiers escort us?... I've heard there's a risk of attack from guerrillas around here... they call them Picaros.

That's exactly where you are: among the Picaros!

No kidding?

Are these real guerrillas?

It's terrifically Tarzan, dear, don't you think?

I say, old man, where can we buy postcards?

Poshe... hic... cardsh?

They must have a souvenir shop somewhere about the place...

Blow me, look who's here!

Jolyon Wagg!

Doctor Livingstone, I presume! How are you, the old salt? On holiday?

No!

Don't tell me, you laid it on as a surprise! You're part of the welcome to the carnival! It's going to be a wow this year: thanks to us!

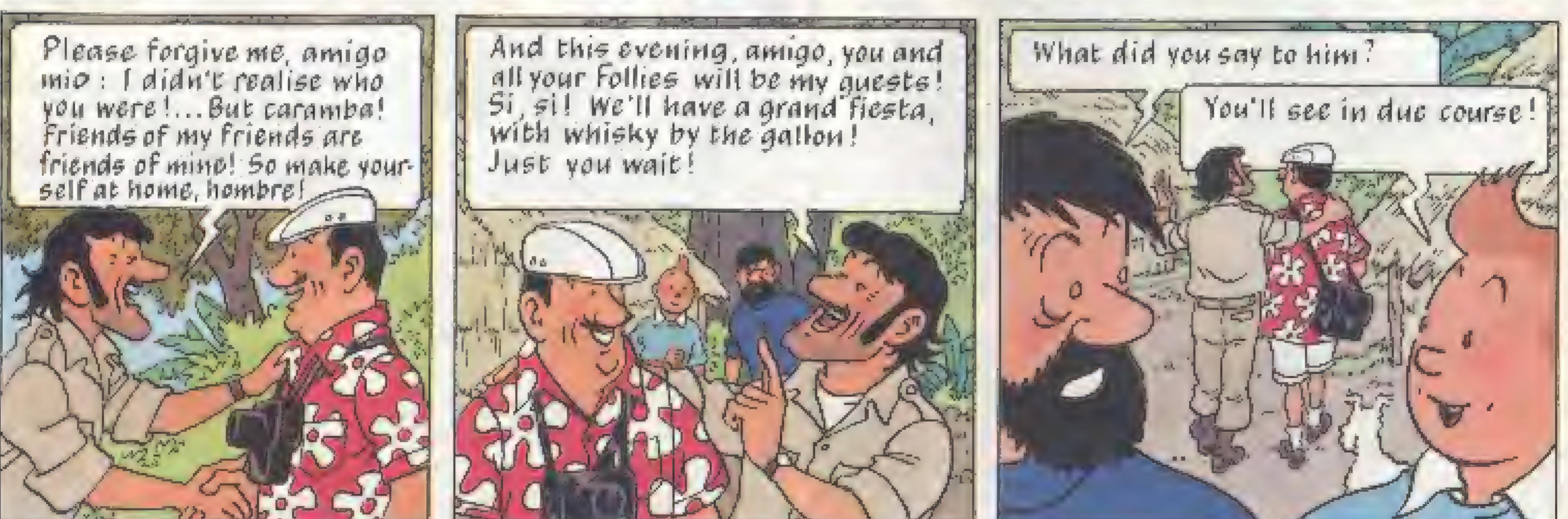
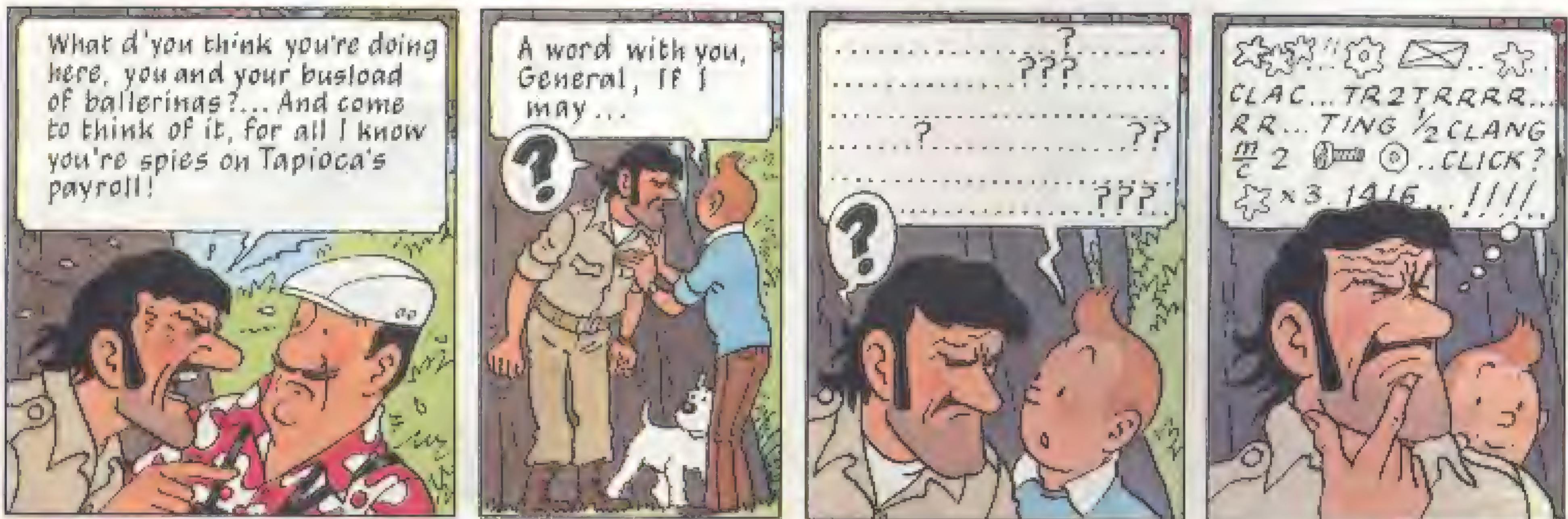
Thanks to you?

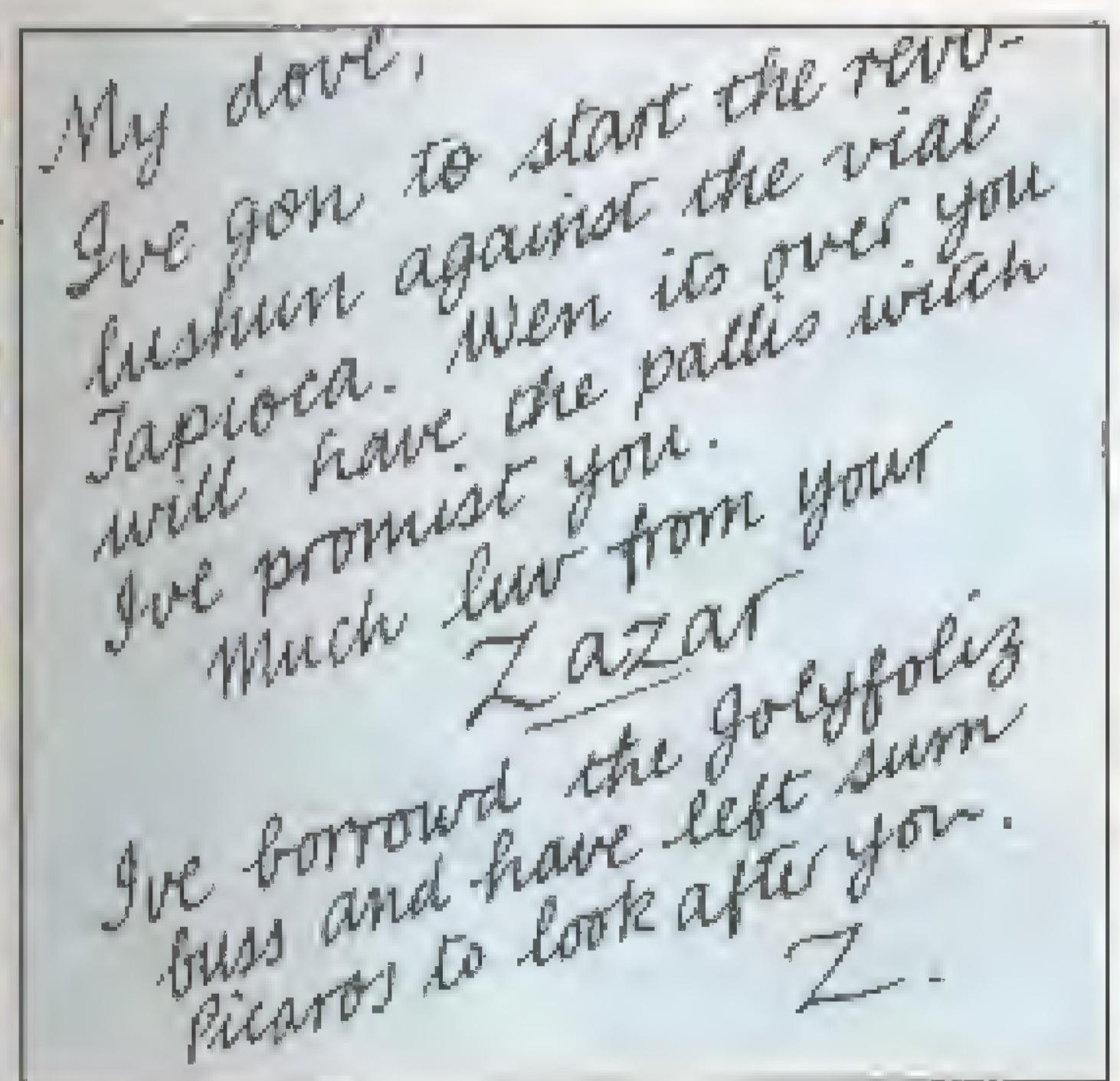
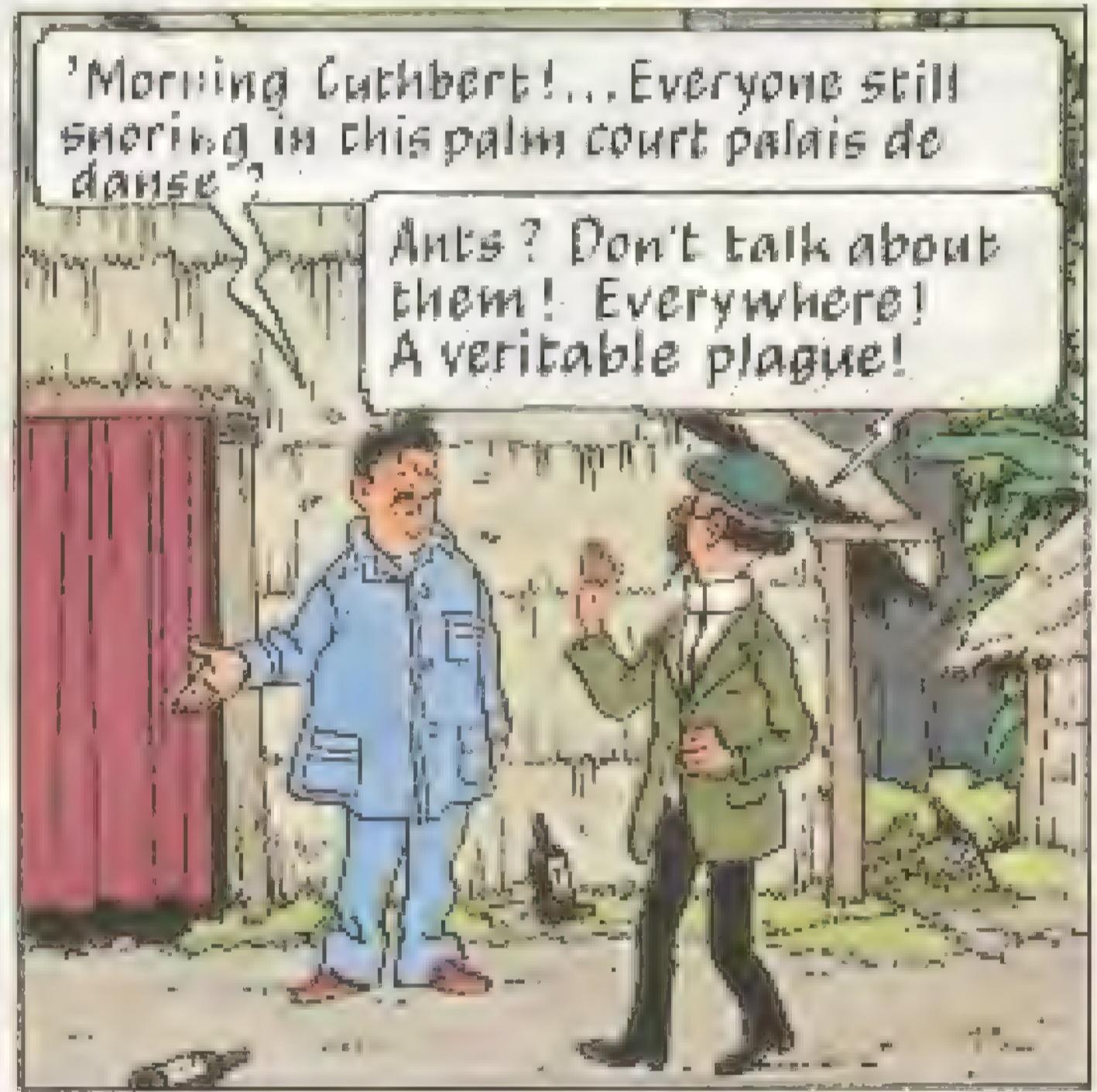
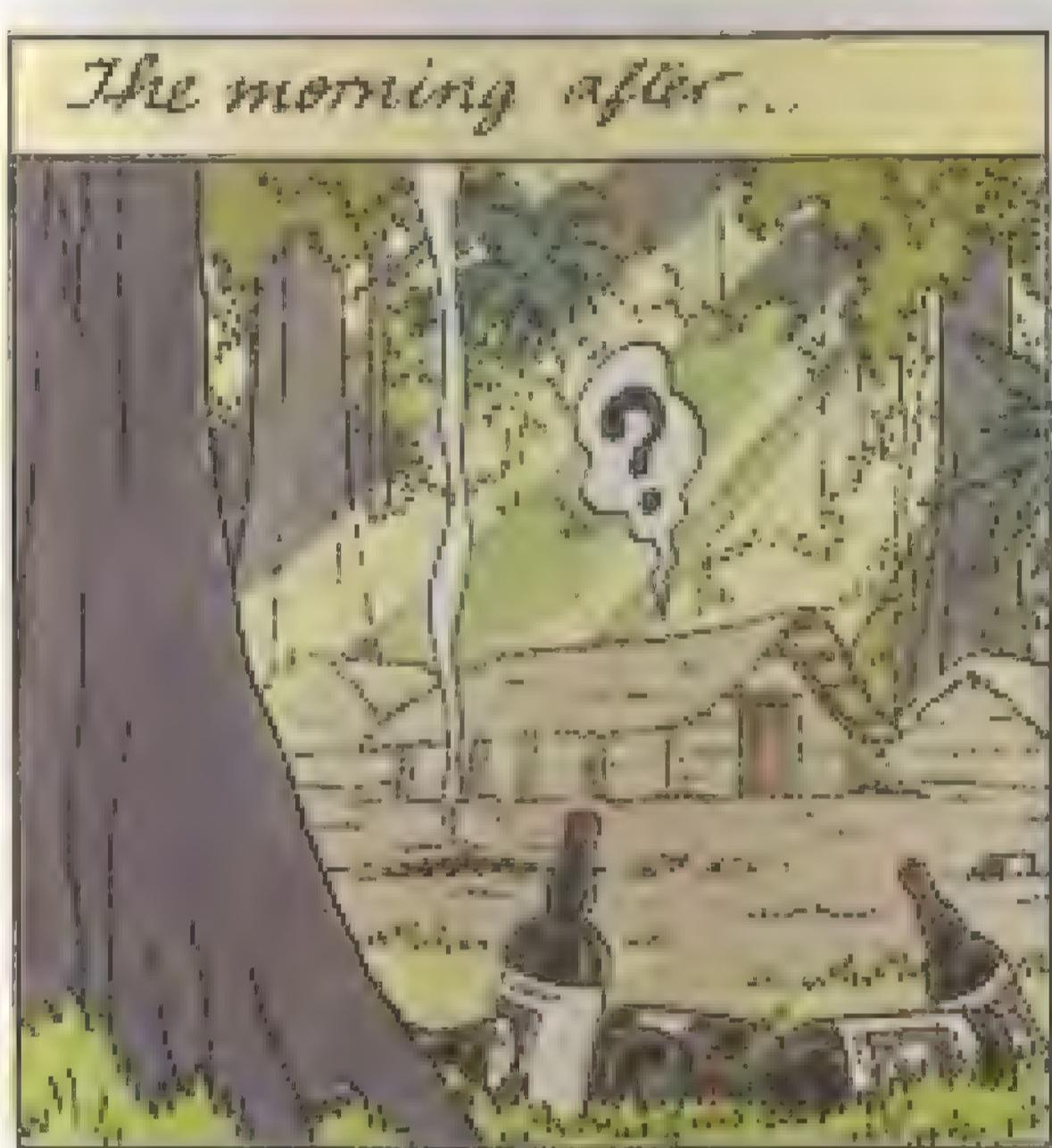
Get your life!... Know the charity concert party. The Jolly Follies?... That's us!... And guess who's leader of the band: yours truly!

Ah! er...

Sunny Jim designed their costumes... Smashing, eh?

Very... original!





Caramba! These Jolly Follies were sent from heaven!... Thanks to them and to your friend Calculus I'll soon be back in power...



It's a shabby way to treat those poor people, sneaking off with their bus and their costumes. But it's the only way to save our friends...



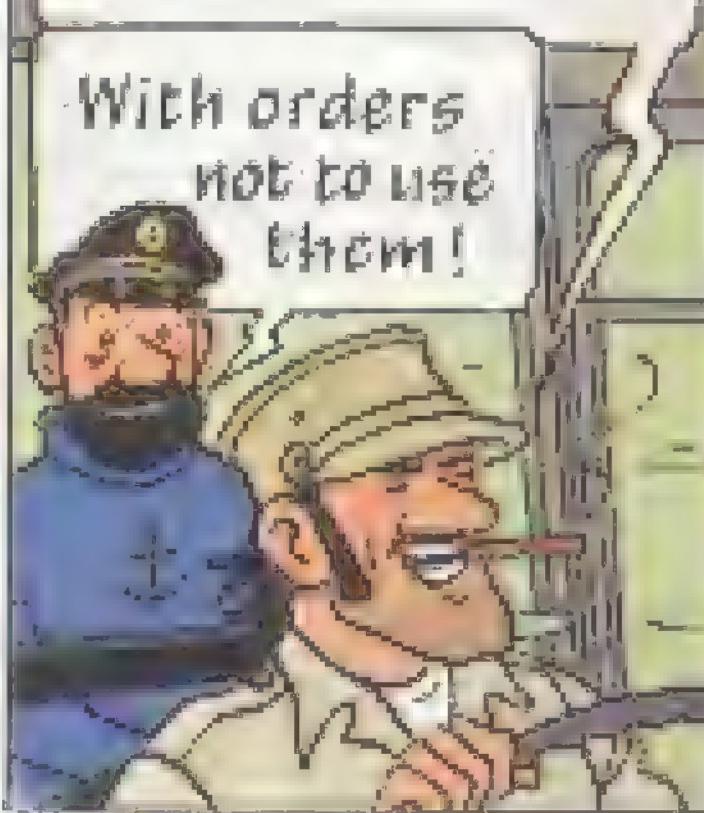
Never mind, I'll be able to reward them with appropriate generosity as soon as I've chucked out that vile Tapioca: I'll admit them all to the Order of San Fernando!



Tomorrow afternoon we'll arrive in Tapiocapolis... and that'll soon be renamed Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail...

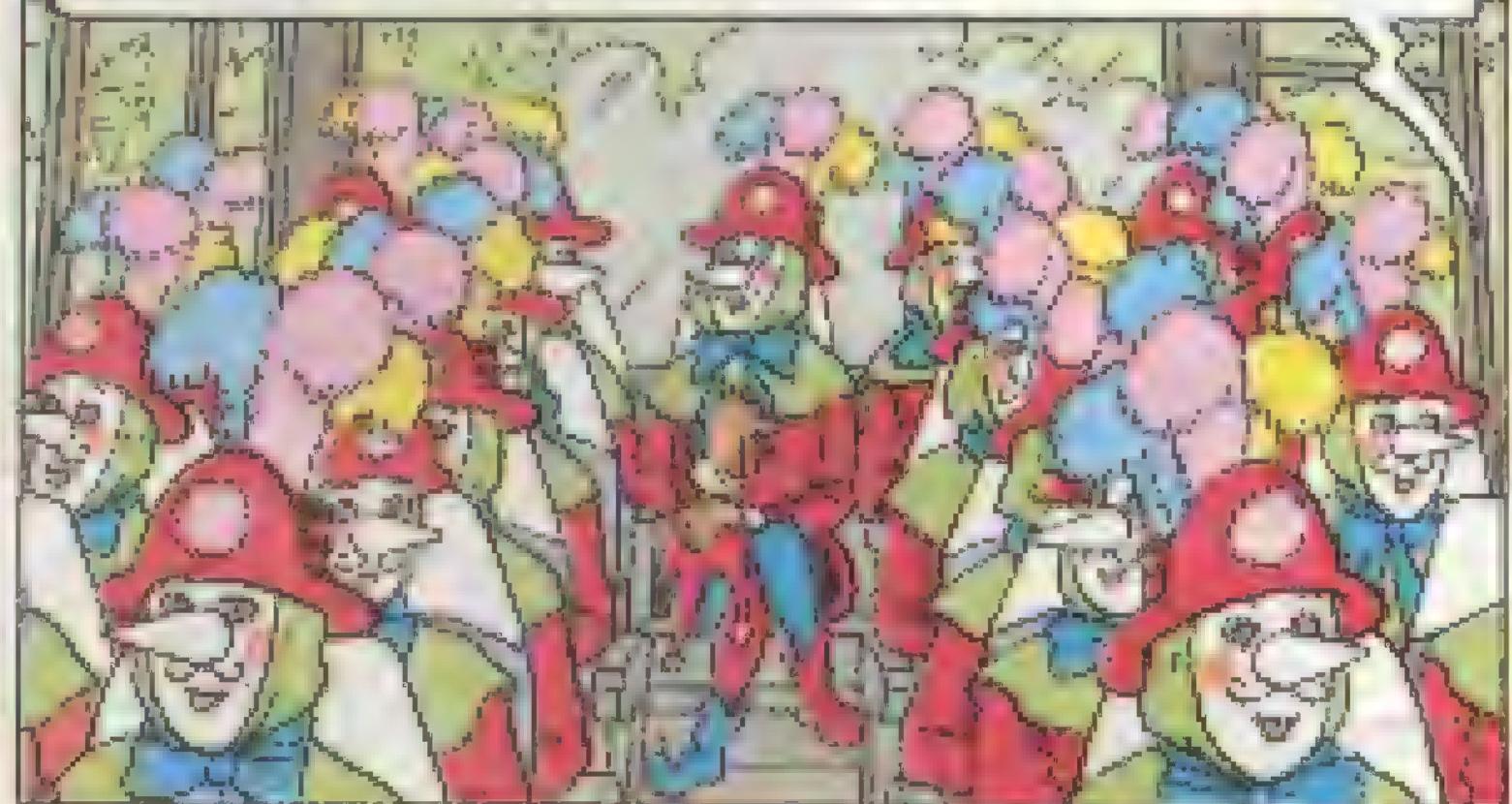


We'll be dressed in the Jolly Follies costumes, with our guns at the ready...



The next afternoon...

This is it, my brave Picaros! We're here!... Now each of you guys: remember what you have to do...



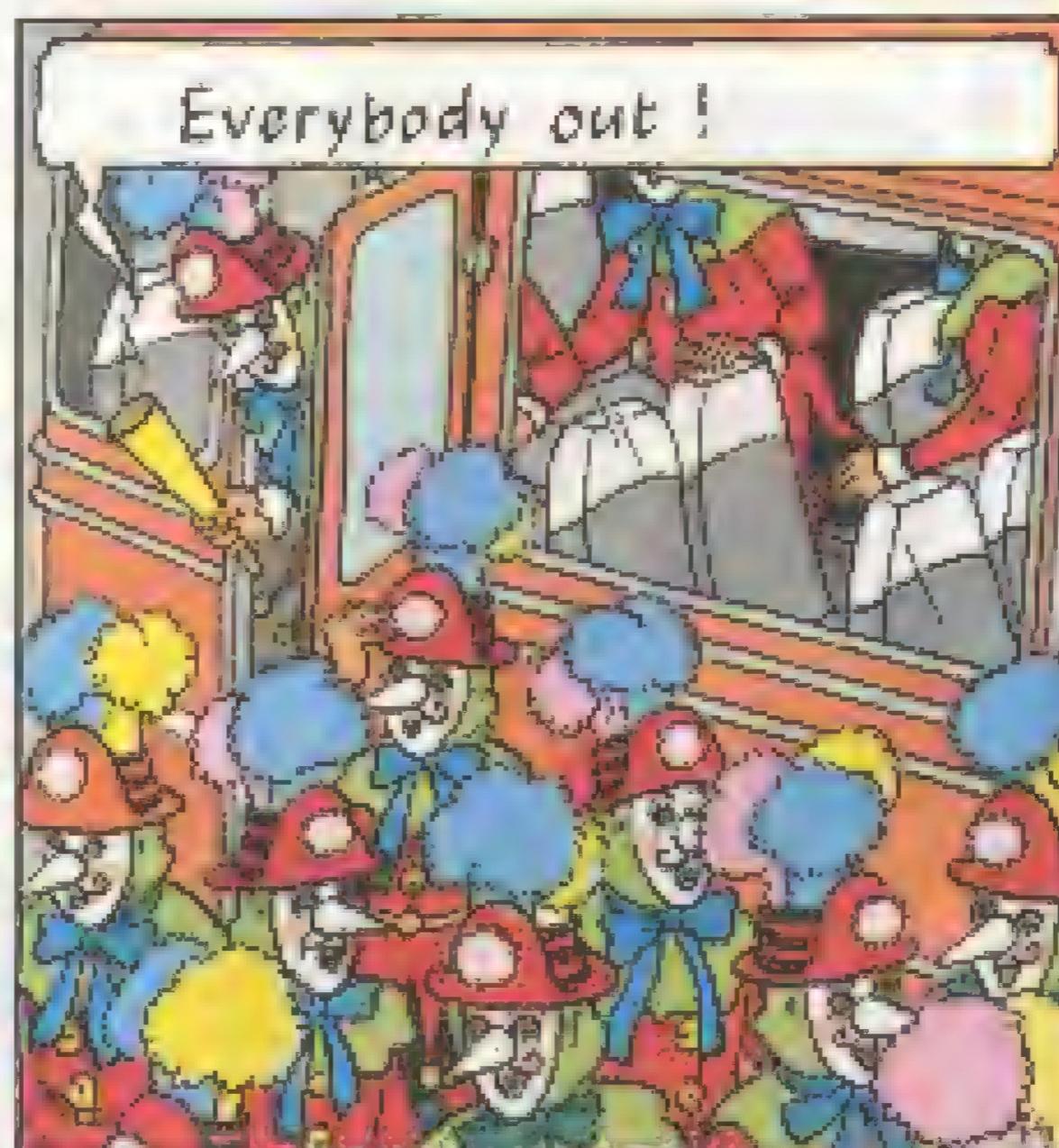
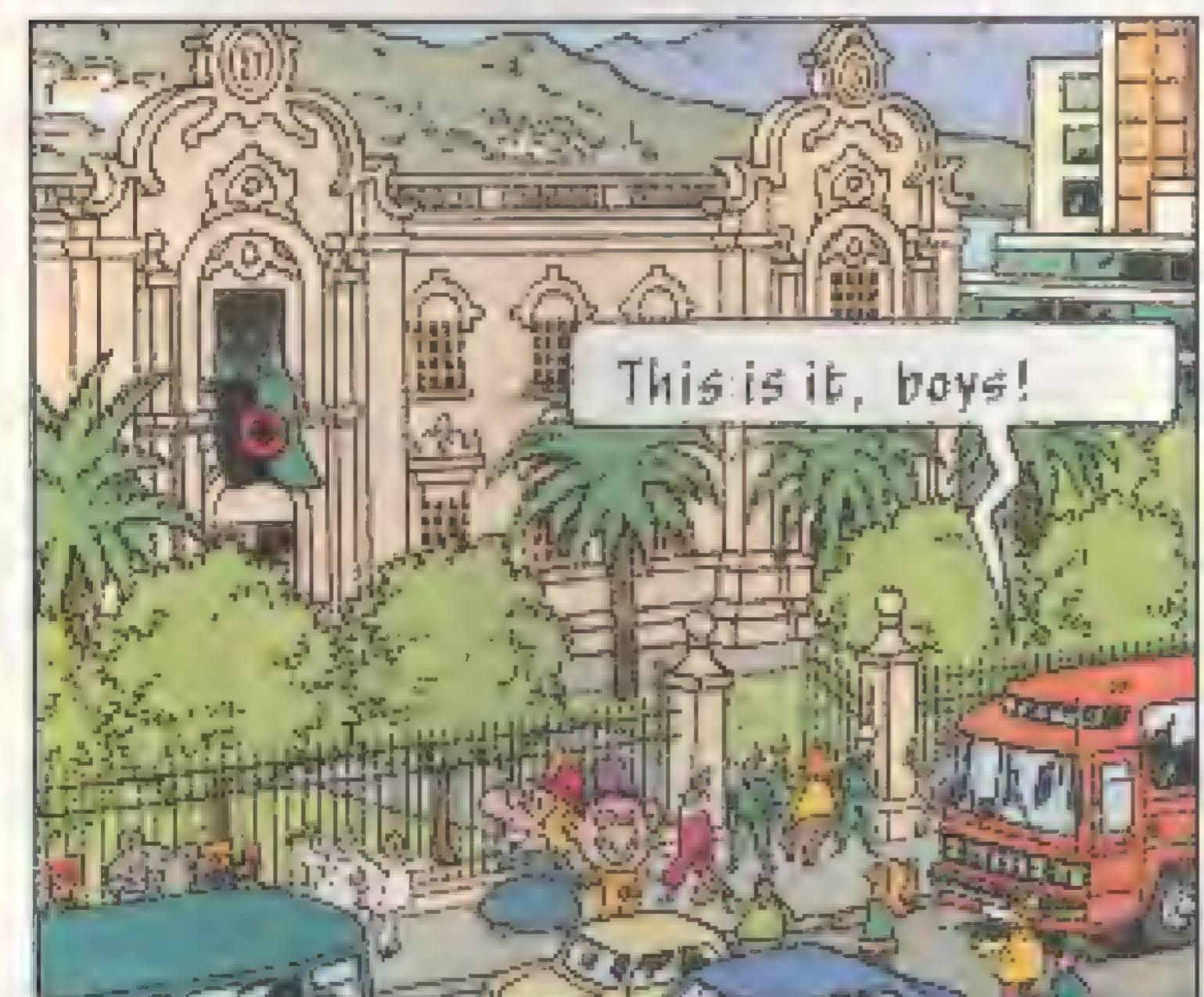
Meanwhile...

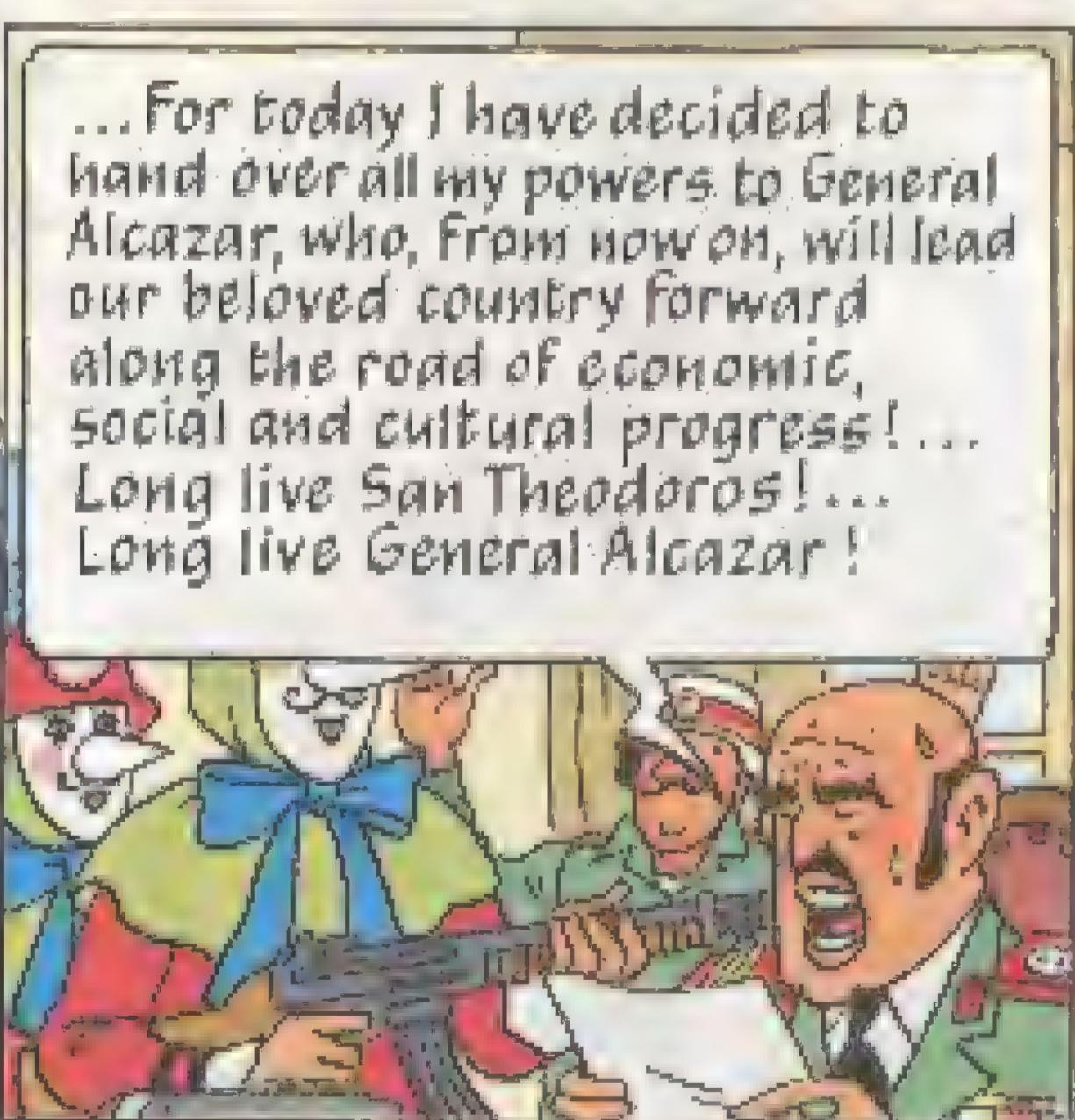
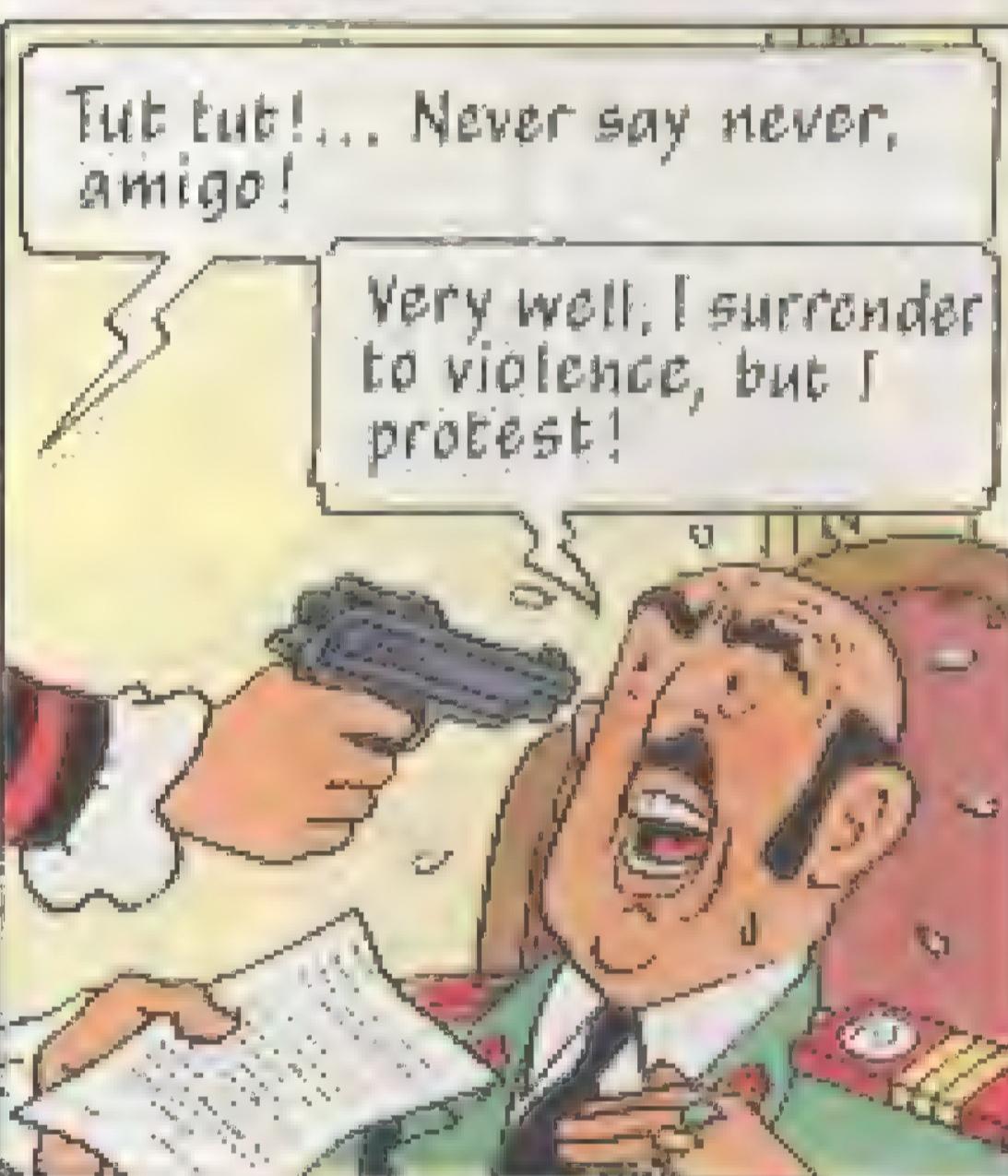
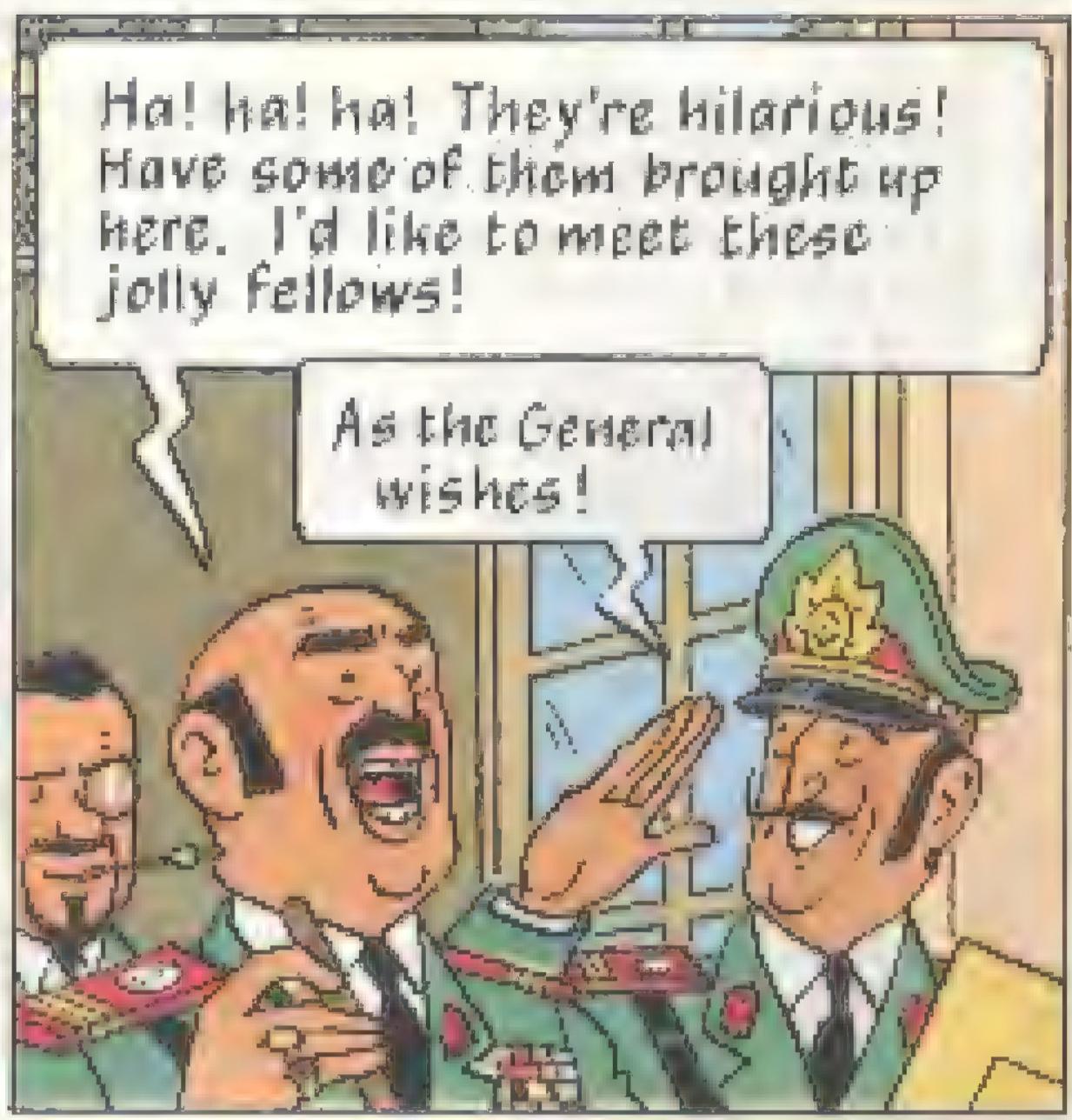
Are you sure it isn't dangerous, General, letting all these people assemble in front of the windows? You'll be a sitting target for the first Picaro...

No danger, Colonel...

... Even if by some extraordinary chance armed Picaros managed to infiltrate the crowd, they'd be far too drunk to shoot straight!  
... As you know, my parachute drops of whisky have been a total success.

My spies have been quite definite: Alcazar's men are never sober... And they'd be quite incapable of engaging in any serious action, poor fools...





There it is... in the bag!... Pedro, you and your section hop along to the Radio Building and see this statement is broadcast immediately... Understand?

Si!

My heartiest congratulations, General!... Death to Tapioca!... Would you like him shot at once?

Long live General Alcazar!

Shoot Tapioca!

Long live General Alcazar!

Executions are out!... His life will be spared.

But General, it's contrary to every custom... The people will be terribly disappointed...

The colonel is right, General... For pity's sake don't pardon me! Do you want me completely dishonoured?

Permit me to insist, General!

My decision is irrevocable: your life will be spared! An aircraft will be placed at your disposal, to convey you wherever you may wish to go.

Are you mad?

No, I'm not... But he is!... This muchacho made me give my word that the coup would be bloodless!... I'm desperately sorry...

Come on, let's greet old Sponsz...

Ah, an idealist, is he?... Young chaps nowadays have absolutely no respect for anything... Not even the oldest traditions!

We live in sad times!

We meet again, Colonel Sponsz!

Don't worry, Sponsz, even you have nothing to fear. They're pining for you in Borduria, so your ticket to Szohod is booked for the morning...

We caught this joker trying to escape...

It's Tintin!... I'm finished!

Pablo!

Mercy, Señor Tintin, mercy! Please don't shoot me!

That's less than you deserve, you subtropical sea-louse!

Don't be afraid, Pablo; no one is going to hurt you. You once saved my life, and I haven't forgotten that... You are free to go... Adios, Pablo!

You made a mistake there, Tintin, and you'll live to regret it. You're making a rod for your own back... To be precise...

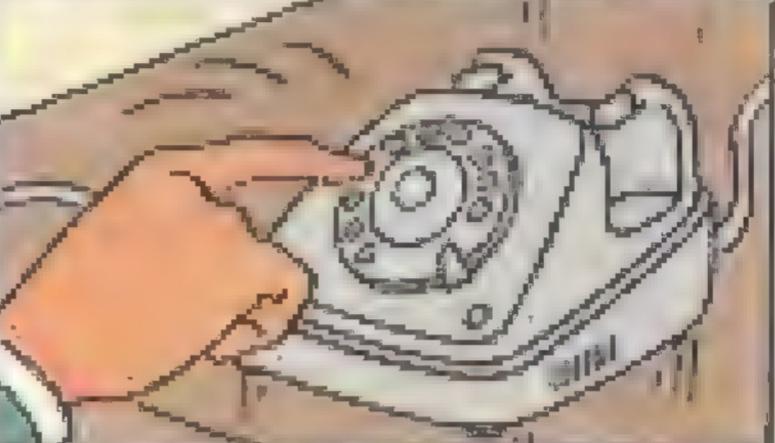
The Thompsons, General!... The Thompsons!... They could be shot while we stand here talking!

Ah, yes... you think so?

Yes, General. The execution is due to take place in twenty-two minutes, precisely!

¡Mil bombas! Quick, call the prison and cancel the execution!

At once, General!



...fifty seconds... Pip Pip Pip... At the third stroke it will be five thirty-eight precisely... Pip Pip Pip... At the third...

You did it on purpose! Dial the right number this time, or I'll have you shot!

RRRRRING  
-----  
RRRRRING  
-----

...precisely... Pip Pip Pip... At the third stroke it will be five forty and ten seconds.

If it doesn't work this time, I'll personally shoot the Minister of Telecommunications!!

The number you have dialled does not exist. Please consult your directory.

Only one thing to do: dash to the prison and save them ourselves!

Take B Section with you! The colonel will guide you! I'll have his head if you're too late!

¡Rápido!... ¡Rápido... por Dios!

Meanwhile ...

I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but we must go, please ... It's time ...

And one must be on time.

To be precise: time, gentlemen please!

Don't worry: it's a nasty moment, but you'll soon forget it ...

This is San Theodore's National Radio. We are interrupting our programmes for a special announcement by His Excellency General Tapioca...

A car! ... We must commandeer a car!

Useless! No vehicle could get through this crowd ...

What can we do?

Look! That float ...

What? You mean...

Yes! It's the only possible answer!

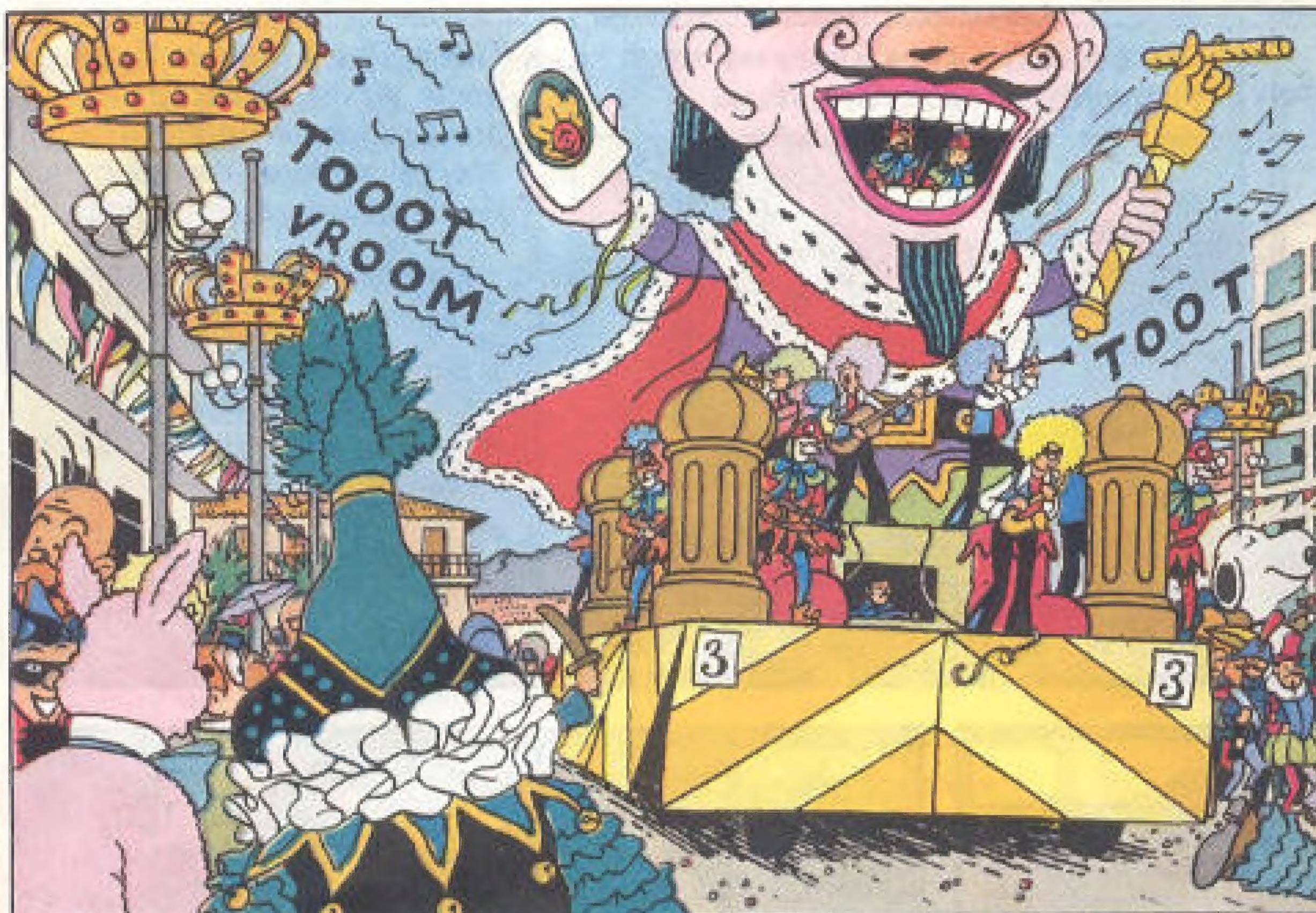
You! ... Keep on playing!

Keep playing! ... Don't stop!

Driver! ... To the State Prison!  
And put your foot down!

Put my foot down? ... With this crate? ... You must be joking!

3



Meanwhile ...

Blindfolds? Certainly not! ... A Thompson looks death straight in the face!

To be precise : A Thomson with a straight face looks like death!



It's your lucky day. The music adds a little gaiety to the party, doesn't it?

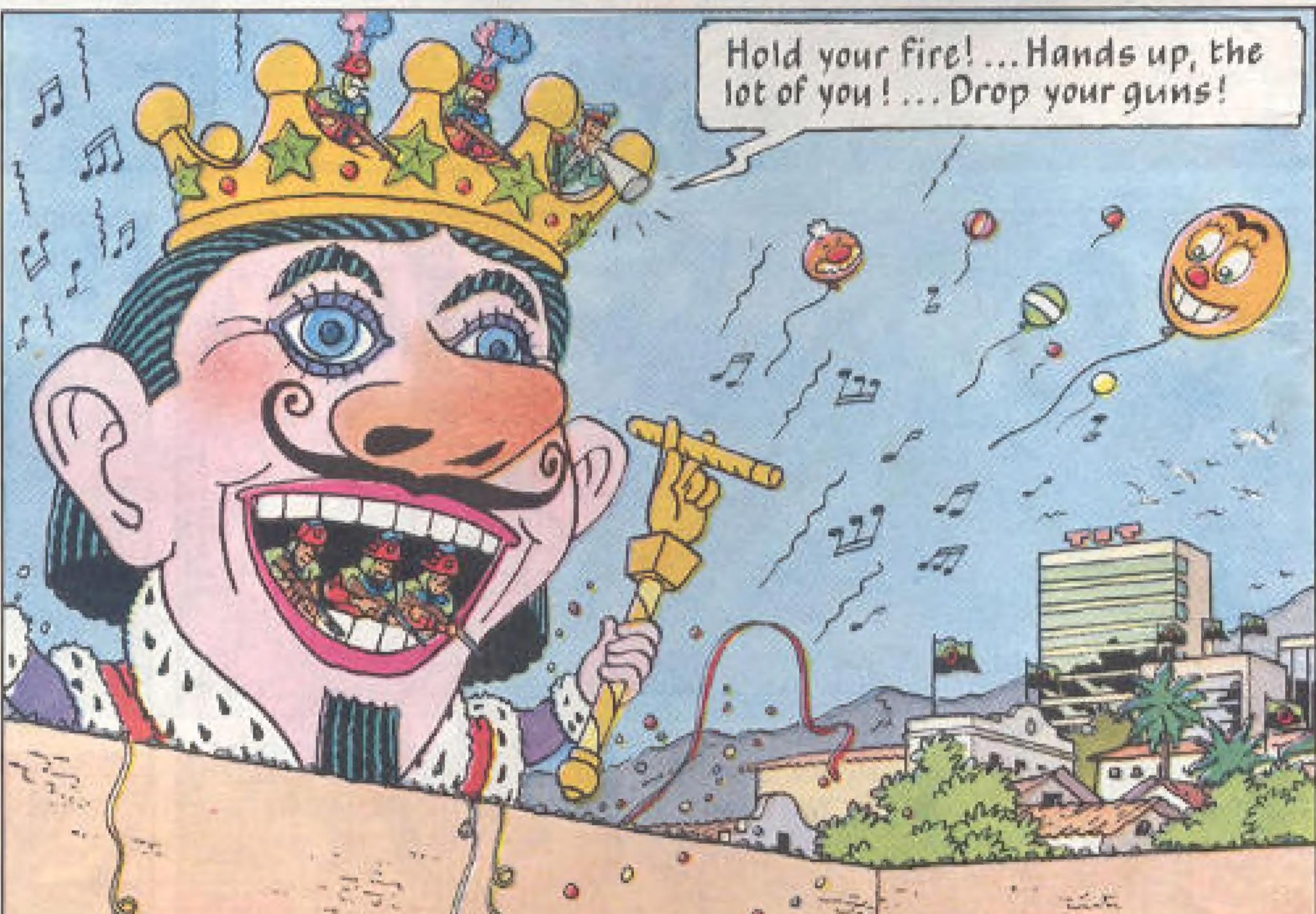
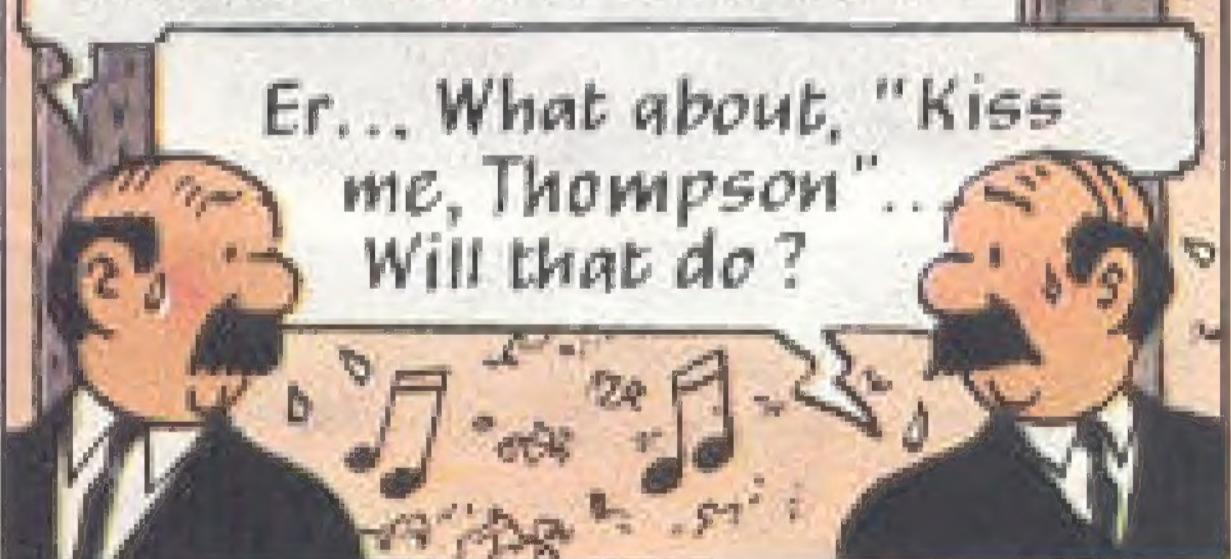


Squ-a-a-a-d! ... Ready!



Hold your fire! ... Hands up, the lot of you! ... Drop your guns!

Can you perhaps think of some famous last words?



Squad! Take aim! ...



A few minutes later...

Saved by the bell, eh? ...

Oh? I didn't hear it, with the music...

And the friends of these gentlemen... Where are they?

I'll take you there at once, Colonel!

They've been very well treated, Colonel. They'll tell you so themselves...

I hope so, for your sake!

This is Signora Castafiore's cell. They've just taken in her lunch...

...and I'm telling you for the last time!

... I want my pasta cooked properly, d'you hear? ... "al dente", as we say at home in Italy!

Ah, Madonna!... Captain Hemlock!

Come, caro mio!... Come to my arms!

No!!

I knew you'd come to rescue me from this dreadful place!

Ahem!... Here is Señor Igor Wagner, señora...

... and your maid...

Ah, my dear Irma, how I have missed you!

Ah, what joy to be all together again! I simply must sing!

No! No!

No!

Not that!

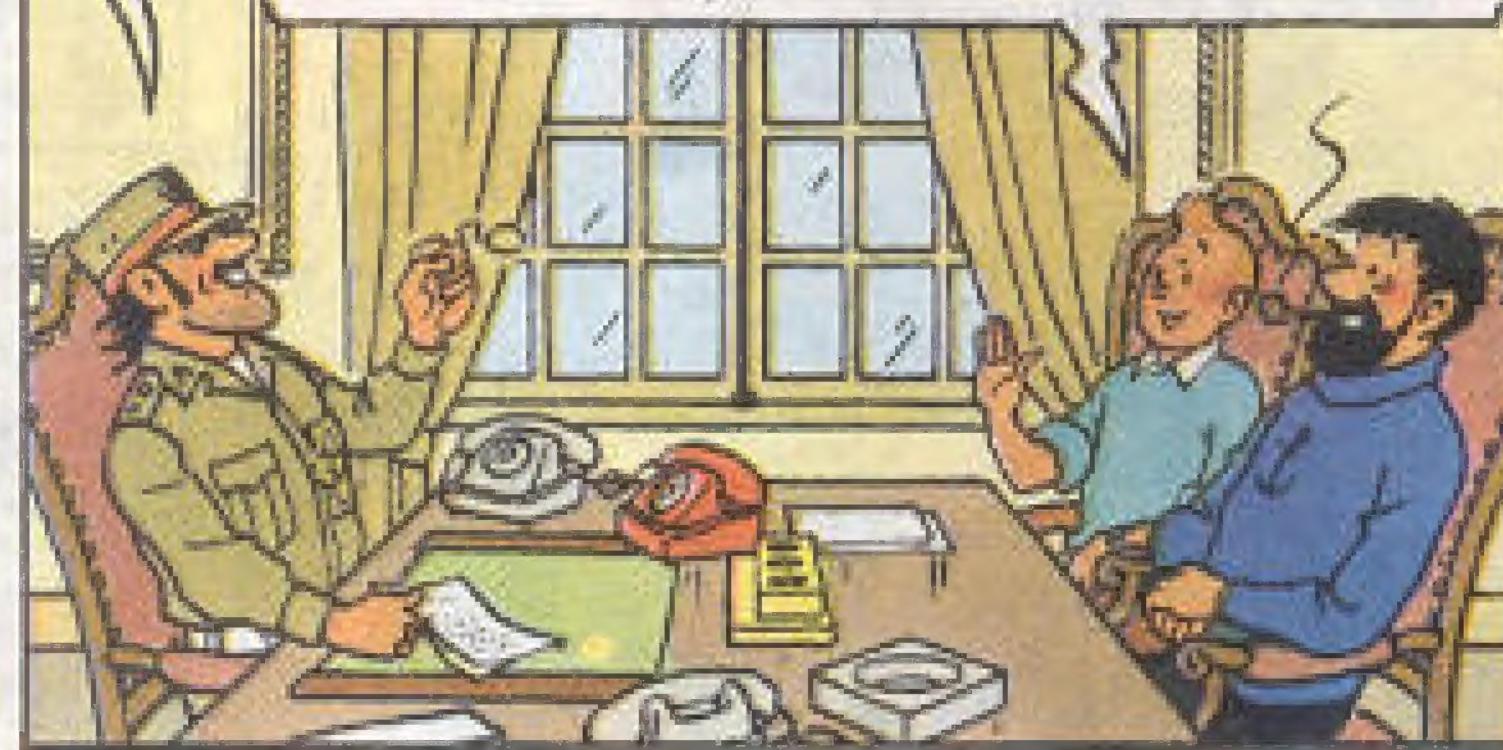
Next morning ...

The army, the navy and the air force have come over to me! ¡Mil bombas! It's an overwhelming triumph!



And it's partly due, of course, to you... Si, si, si!... Alcazar is not ungenerous: you will be decorated with the order of San Fernando!... As for your five percent...

Please forget that, General!



General, the bus you sent to the camp to fetch Señora Alcazar and the Jolly Follies has returned.

Good! Show them in here...

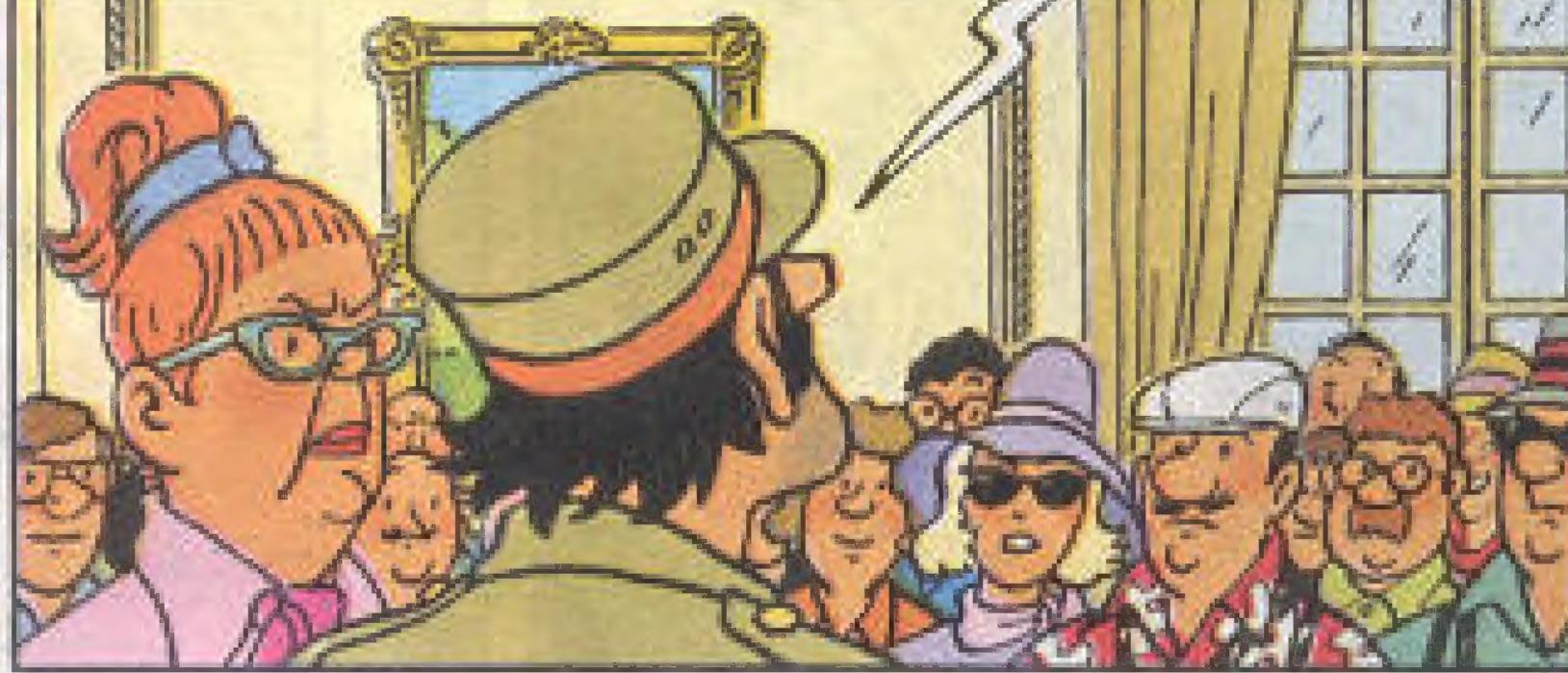


So there you are, Alcazar! What's the game, eh? You've been absent without leave again!

I can explain, palomita mia...



Señor Wagg, allow me to express the deep gratitude of the San Theodorian people for the help you have given to our cause. I therefore appoint you and your Jolly Follies to the order of San Fernando, and invite you to next year's carnival.



And Señor Professor... In recognition of the magnificent role you played, I appoint you Knight Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando, with Oak Leaves.

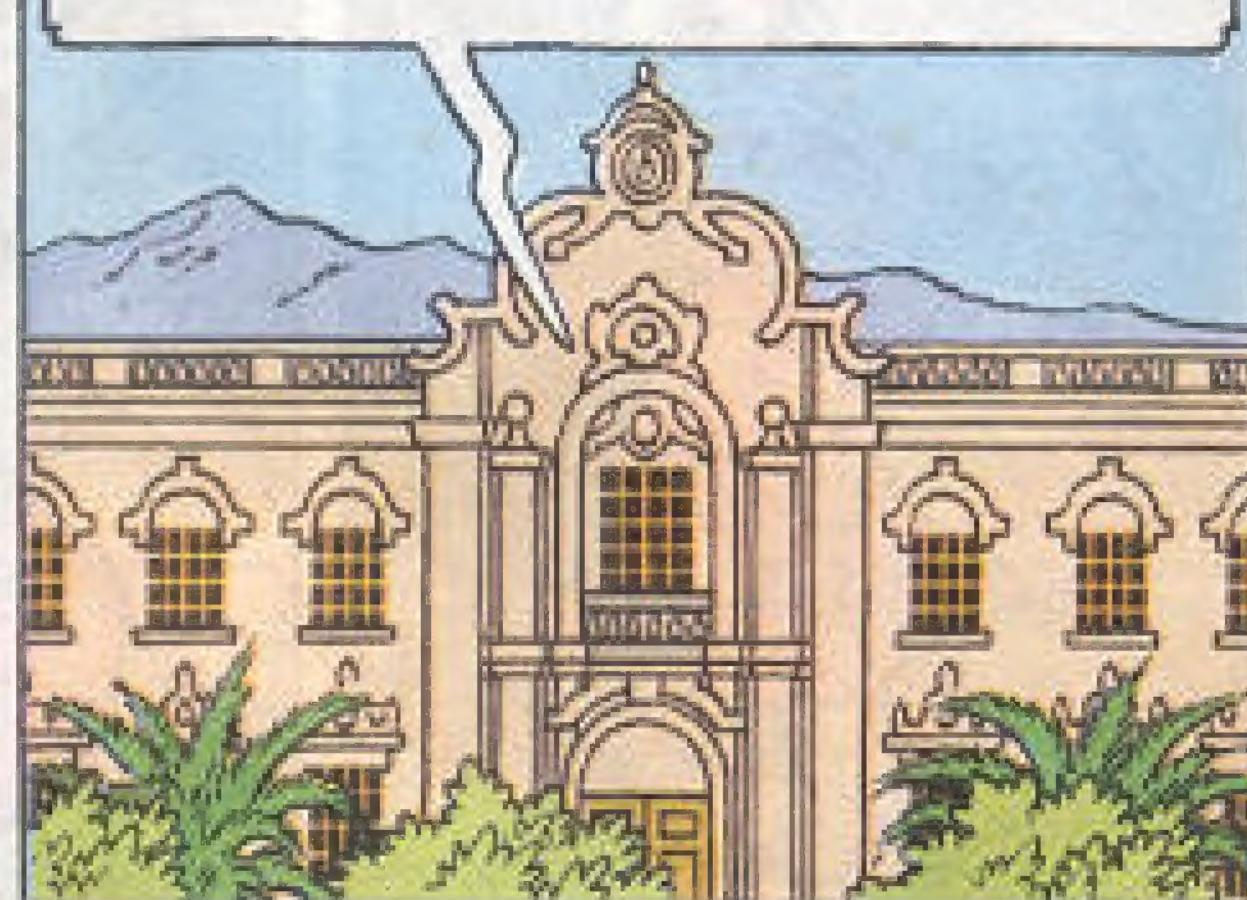
No thank you, my friend. Never between meals.



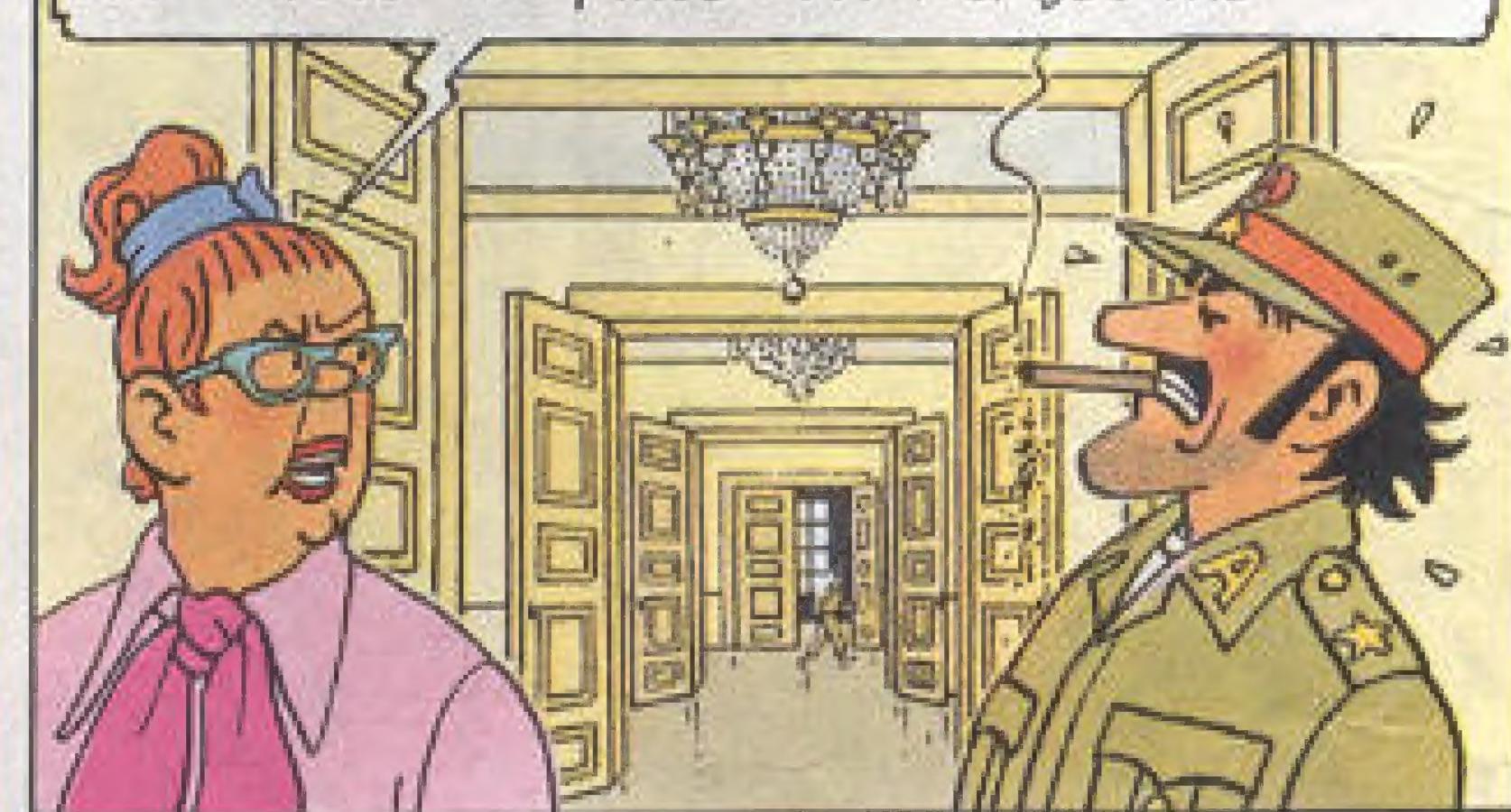
Good old Alcazar! Give him a big hurrah!



As for you, my dove... I promised you a palace. Bueno, I keep my word. This is all yours, from now on.



Fine and dandy!... Anyone can see it isn't you who's expected to keep this dump clean... So for a start, stop dropping cigar ash all over the place!... You get me?



Two days later...

Blistering barnacles, I shan't be sorry to be back home in Marlinspike...

Me too, Captain...



Me too, but with a little mustard if you please.



THE  
END